THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D[illegible] by Benj. Franklin

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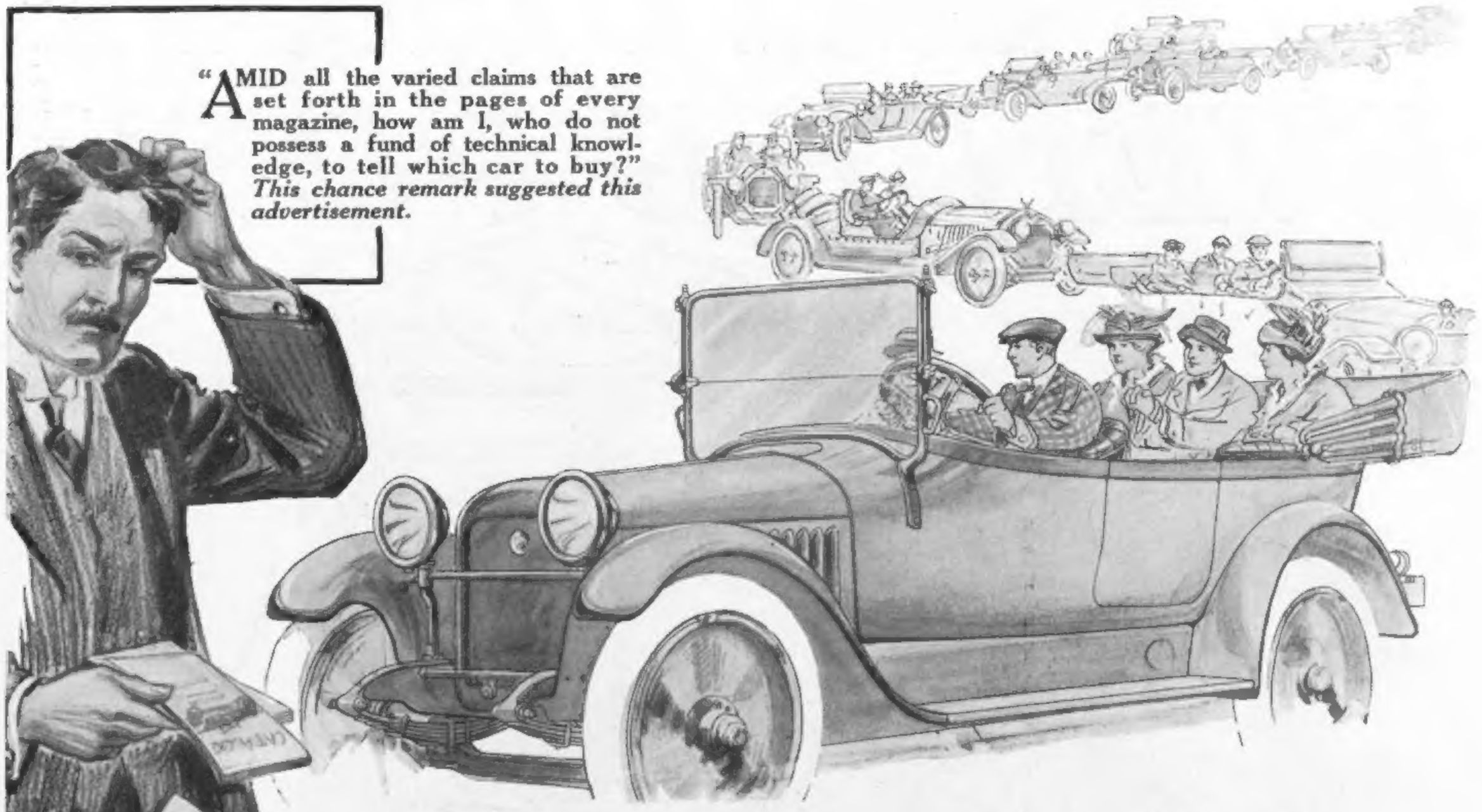
DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

In This Number: SAMUEL G. BLYTHE—RING W. LARDNER—IRVIN S. COBB—WILL PAYNE
JOHN FLEMING WILSON—CHARLES E. VAN LOAN—WOODS HUTCHINSON—E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

"AMID all the varied claims that are set forth in the pages of every magazine, how am I, who do not possess a fund of technical knowledge, to tell which car to buy?" *This chance remark suggested this advertisement.*



"How Am I to Tell Which Car to Buy?"

1 ***Know the Company*—** For seven years the Chalmers Motor Company has been recognized as one of the strongest companies financially in the automobile industry. Its organization and methods are acknowledged, even by other makers, to be unexcelled. During these seven years it has introduced many of the most noted improvements in motor car building.

2 ***Then the Factory*—** Chalmers cars are manufactured cars. Every essential part is made completely in the great Chalmers plant by nearly 4000 men working on the Chalmers principle of "Quality First." The millions invested in the most up-to-date machinery and latest special equipment for building special Chalmers features are the best pledge we can give you of the faith the Chalmers Company has in its product.

3 ***The Record of the Car with Owners*—** 40,000 Chalmers cars now in use prove Chalmers principles of motor car construction right. We sincerely wish that you could talk with these 40,000 owners. Then you would have ample evidence that Chalmers cars are the greatest automobile values offered within several hundred dollars of their price. Nearly 10,000 owners in all parts of the country have demonstrated in actual road service that both the "Light Six" and the larger "Master Six" "stay put" and keep sweet-running even in the hardest kind of usage.

4 ***The Style in the Car*—** People turn to admire Chalmers cars. They stand out from others through their superior style and smartness. From the graceful radiator and sloping bonnet, throughout the beautiful bell-back, streamline body, Chalmers "Sixes" possess a distinctive style and a "different" kind of automobile beauty that make owners proud to say, "My car is a Chalmers."

5 ***The Special Features*—** Among many special features Chalmers cars have non-stallable, six-cylinder motors with practically noiseless Chalmers-Entz one-motion starter; molded oval fenders of greater grace than flat or merely crowned fenders and so firm and sturdy as to save the car from bumps or knocks; larger tires than usual with "Nobby" treads on rear wheels; wide, flush-fitting doors; deep-upholstered seats sloped to give utmost comfort; and every detailed improvement and refinement known to the most up-to-date automobile building. Point by point comparison will show you the big "over-value" in Chalmers "Sixes" at their prices.

With these 5 points in mind consider the dollar-for-dollar value in the car. Chalmers cars have always given big value for the money. Chalmers owners will tell you that each year we have made Chalmers cars bigger values at the price. But in the "Light Six" and the larger "Master Six" there is greater automobile value than we have ever offered—greater value, we believe, than any maker has ever offered at anywhere near the price.

Automobile buyers, in greater number this year than ever before, find in these reasons for buying a Chalmers "Six" the best answer to the question, "How Am I to Tell Which Car to Buy?" Our shipments thus far this season exceed those of the same period of 1913, which was the biggest Chalmers year. The satisfactory answer in the 1915 Chalmers "Sixes" to the question above has made these our fastest selling cars—**The Most Successful Cars of Seven Successful Seasons.**

1915 "Light Six" 5-passenger Touring Car—$1650

1915 Chalmers "Master Six" 5-passenger Torpedo—$2400

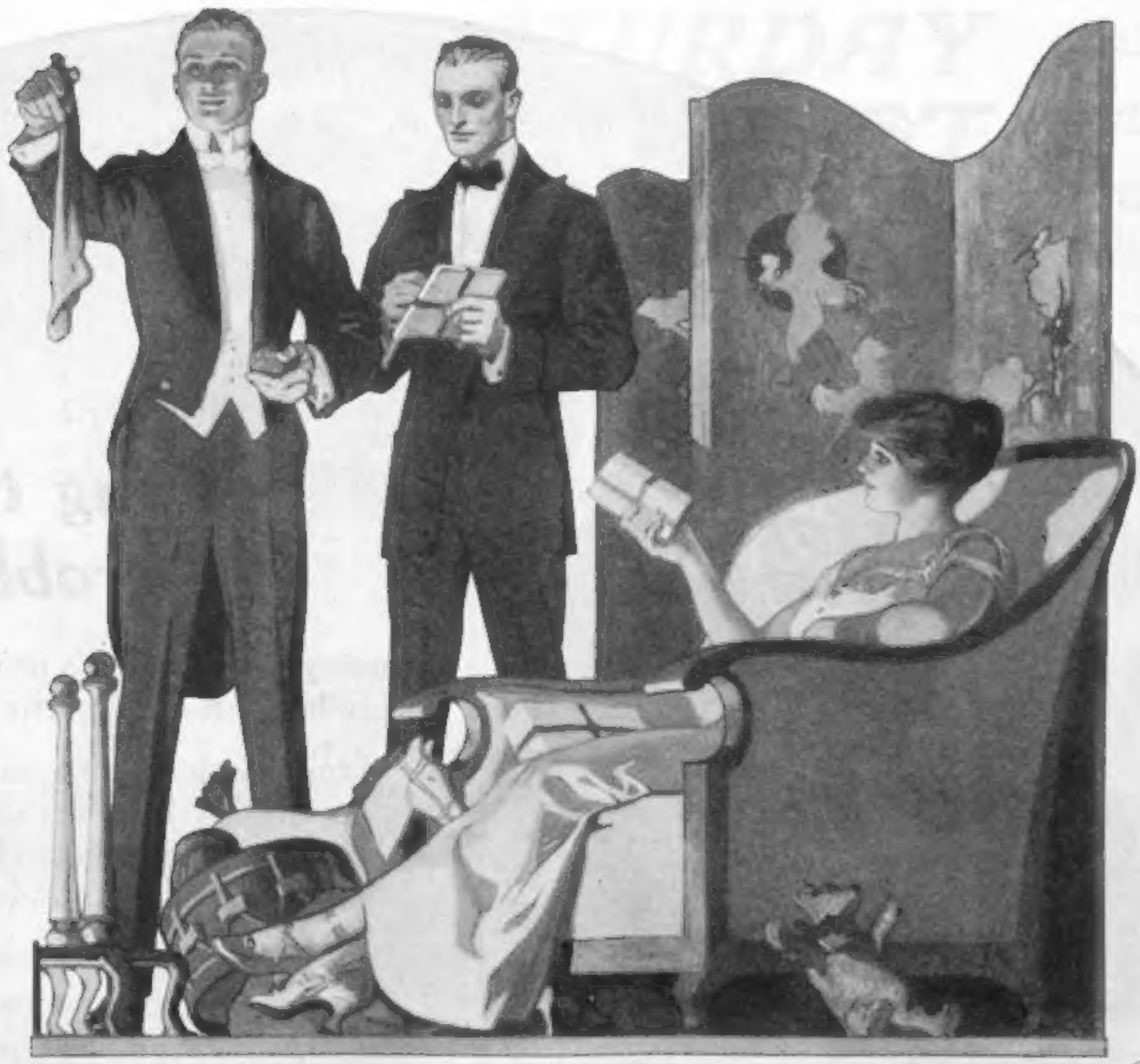
1915 Chalmers Limousine—$3200

"Quality First"

"Light Six"—$1650 "Master Six"—$2400

Fully Equipped, F. O. B. Detroit

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit



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Hart Schaffner & Marx

Chicago New York

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In many homes pie is a problem. In almost every home it is a favorite dessert.

Many people cannot eat pie without discomfort. Mothers oftentimes do not care to have their children eat it because they consider it indigestible.

Crisco solves the entire problem by giving to pastry a new wholesomeness and delicacy. Crisco pie crust is light and flaky, and digests readily.

Plain Crisco Pastry

1½ cupfuls flour — 1 teaspoonful salt
½ cupful Crisco — cold water
(Use level measurements)

Sift flour and salt and cut Crisco into flour with knife until finely divided. Finger tips may be used to finish blending materials. Add gradually sufficient water to make stiff paste. Water should be added sparingly and mixed with knife through dry ingredients. Form lightly and quickly with hand into dough; roll out on slightly floured board, about one-quarter inch thick. Use light motion in handling rolling-pin, and roll from center outward. Sufficient for one small pie.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening For Cake Making

Crisco is purely vegetable and is delightfully wholesome, whether used as a shortening or in frying.

You will have no difficulty in making tender, light pie crust if you will carefully follow this recipe.

Beautiful cloth-bound book of new recipes and a "Calendar of Dinners" for five 2-cent stamps!

This handsome book by Marion Harris Neil gives 615 excellent tested recipes. Also contains a "Calendar of Dinners"—a dinner menu for every day in the year. The Calendar tells *what*; the recipes tell *how*. Book also contains cookery hints and the interesting story of Crisco's development. Bound in blue and gold cloth. To those answering this advertisement it will be sent for *five 2-cent stamps*. Address Dept. K-11, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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THE TOLL—By Samuel G. Blythe

DRAWN BY HENRY J. SOULEN

WHAT remains of one slaughtered man is a hideous sight. What remains of a thousand slaughtered men excites no more attention than a thousand sacks of grain. Dead men, torn men, maimed men, shattered parts of men and blood-stained wrecks of men cause small comment now in France, in Belgium, in Prussia, in Austria, in Russia—anywhere in Continental Europe where the war has been; and the appalling stories of how they were killed, or maimed, or wrecked, cause even less comment in places remote from the scenes of action. Death has become an accustomed visitor. The forms of death vary, but the multiplication of the event has made it commonplace. The theory of this modern warfare takes no account of the individual. He dies or he does not die. If he dies the sole concern is to find another man to push into his vacated place, where perchance he will die also.

Last July—only so long ago as that—these countries were at peace and peaceful. Since the early days of August death in the most frightful forms has been visiting them every minute of every hour of every day, and taking death's terrible toll—a toll so terrible that there never will be, never can be, an adequate recital of it from now until the end of time; a toll so terrible that no human intelligence can understand it, and no pen and no tongue can describe it.

It is war—such a war as the world has never seen and never should see again. It is a war that has brutalized half a world. It is a war that will daub with blood the lintel of almost every home in all Europe, and that will leave its crimson mark on the children of children yet to come.

It is war; and it has made the supreme suffering seem, in the aggregate, of as small consequence as the puny terrors of little children. The mother who has lost her son, the wife who has lost her husband, the child who has lost his father—these have their individual sorrows. The lives of these have been darkened and desolated; but, in the mass, the sensibilities of the people are dulled. The minds of the people have not grasped it—cannot grasp it.

It is too big—too hideous! The people do not get it. That is not remarkable. No mind or any collection of minds can comprehend a million of anything save relatively. How, then, can any mind or any collection of minds imagine a battle of three million men or more who are facing one another in France as I write this, and two million more who are facing one another in Prussia; and more in Belgium, and in Austria, and in Servia—facing one another with no other thought or desire than to kill one another—to slay—to exterminate?

War has passed beyond our ken. We can understand a charge, a sortie, an engagement of divisions, a bombardment. We can sense, vaguely perhaps, such a battle as Gettysburg or Waterloo; but the fighting contact of all these millions is not intelligible. So, too, is it with the toll. That is beyond us. The vastness of the horror of it dulls our sympathies as it has dulled our comprehension. One man is killed; we know him and are shocked. Ten thousand men die, and we callously say, "It is war!" and think of other things.

Let me put it another way: You live on a certain street, in a certain place, and war comes. Your neighbor's son John enlists; and so do your own son and the son of the man two houses beyond yours. They go away to war. Presently they bring back your son with a leg gone or an arm. Presently a brief "Your son has fallen!" comes from the War Office to your neighbor. Presently in your newspaper there starts from a long list of dead or wounded the name of the pride of the house two doors beyond. You get that. It is real, vital, personal.

Or these boys march up the street carrying guns, arrayed for war. Some of the enemy appear from round a corner. Firing begins. There is fierce fighting. When it is over these boys of yours are lying in the road or in the adjoining field, some dead, some wounded—and you know what that means.

From hundreds of other streets like yours hundreds of sons of other mothers march away. They go to battle. You read uncomprehendingly in the official dispatches that the center advanced or the left wing was repulsed. You read that there was a sharp engagement at some place, a daring assault at another; that the troops are intrenched; that the great flanking movement has succeeded or has failed. You read these things, and then what? Nothing. It means little.

The battle line is two hundred miles long; but on every foot of it there is the son John of somebody's neighbor, the husband of the woman up some street, the child of some mother—millions of them; and they are being wounded and killed because it is their part to be wounded and killed in order that a certain contention may prevail over a certain other contention—both of which will seem absurd in a few years—or that a certain ambition may surmount a certain other ambition, neither of which ambitions will be reckoned, in the long run, as worthy of civilized consideration. We have reverted to the primitive. The humane in us has been subjugated by the necessities of the state.

Perhaps you remember that order made by the British Admiralty a day or so after the three British cruisers were sunk by a German submarine or submarines, as the case happened to be. When the first of the three ships that went down was hit by a torpedo and began to sink, the two other ships closed in to help her and to pick up her men who were struggling in the water. They were torpedoed and they sank too. Some days after the news came the Admiralty published an order to all ships in the British Navy. That order will long rank as a remarkable exposition of the grim necessities of war. Though there was no blame for the men who gallantly went to the rescue of their comrades in arms, there was no praise.

Instead the Admiralty reminded the captains of all ships in the British Navy that the individual is of no account in this struggle. They were instructed that in future similar circumstances the duty of the commanders of all ships is to look out for their own ships and for their own men, and let the other ships do the same.

This order had the force of a reprimand. The sailors were told that when a ship, lying near other ships, is torpedoed, that ship must sink, and that must be the end of it. Because two other captains rushed in to help another ship, three ships were lost instead of one. The humaneness of it amounts to nothing. The heroism of it is nil.

What do men amount to? Nothing. What do ships amount to? Much. Men to feed cannons and to feed fishes can be obtained by hundreds of thousands. Ships can be made only by long processes of construction. A ship is something of value for offense or defense. Men—a hundred men or a thousand—are simply little flesh-and-blood units in a great scheme that does not reckon in terms of flesh and blood, but keenly computes in terms of guns and armor plate.

We read that order and made no comment other than "It is war!" The fact that the directors of this war care more for one little ship than for a thousand men was merely a consequence of conditions. Men are the cheapest of all commodities of war. Perhaps it is rightly so. Men must be sacrificed to protect other men and other women, and the institutions of all men. That is the theory and the practice. If you have a ship you may be able to prevent the slaughter of defenseless people ashore. So it becomes the greater good for the greater number; and the loss of the seven hundred men on the

Aboukir and their ship was lamentable, but not so lamentable as the loss of two more ships and their men.

That is the cold war side of it. That is part of the toll. The state is supreme. The individual is an unconsidered trifle. And the remarkable part of it is that the people themselves adopt this view. There is no protest when the lists of dead and wounded come out. There is no protest when the trains bring in the torn and bleeding soldiers. There is no protest when the liberties of the individual are restricted in every way. There is no protest over the impending and enormous tax increase in every country affected. There is no protest over anything. It is all a part of war. Nothing matters save that enough of one side or the other shall be killed to enable one side or the other to lay a heavier impost to repay that side in money for what it has lost in men.

Sherman said: "War is hell!" Butler said: "War is the sum of all human wrongdoing and holds every other possible injustice in it." Both were right so far as they went; but both understated the case. These men, great warriors though they were, knew nothing of a war like this, nor conceived it. They fought their thousands, with muskets, with small cannon; they did their part and saw the horrors, and made them.

Here, however, is a war where millions are fighting, and fighting with cannon three times as big as Sherman ever saw; with rapid-fire guns of all sorts—a regimental battery of quick-firing guns numbers twenty-four, and ten shots a minute can be fired easily, or two hundred and forty shots a minute from one regiment, and there are hundreds of regiments—to say nothing of the smaller quick-firers and the greater; the high explosives; the high-powered rifles, the tremendous advance on the medical and sanitary side; the thousand new appliances for relieving the wounded; the airships; the searchlights; the universal use of automobile transportation; the motor cycles; the wireless; the submarines; the dirigibles; the bomb-dropping areas.

Sherman Didn't Say Enough

THESE men knew nothing about war of the present day—nor did any men alive now until this war began. If Sherman's war was hell this war is a million hells, each one more of an inferno than the other.

My experience with wars has been limited. I saw some few phases of the Spanish War, but that was the total of it until I came into this zone of operations. Since I have been here I have not concerned myself with news, but have spent a good many days in watching the human side of it. After all, even though the blood of men and the tears of women and children are necessary concomitants of war, and not to be considered by the artificers of war—the professional soldiers—the shedding of blood of men and the tears of women and children are more to be regretted than the rise or fall of an empire.

I have been in Belgium and in France where, thus far, the fighting has been done; and I have been in England and in Germany, where the interests are even more vital than on the battlefields. Laying aside the cost of war—the toll it takes in money, which has come to be our standard of measurement of cost in these days—the price that will be paid, that has already been paid in sorrow and in suffering, in wreck and in ruin, in death and in desolation, in the destruction of all that makes any life worth the living, is so stupendous and so horrifying that there will be no excuse, save frank and utter barbarism, if any other nations, at any future time, resort to arms to settle a difference.

I am as keenly sensitive to the honor of my country and the maintenance of that honor as any American. I am as jealous of her rights and as zealous of her name as any other. My tendency has been to be a modified sort of jingo; but I am for peace now—peace, unless there is actual assault, actual invasion. I have heard myriad orators declaim on the glories of my country and boast of her prowess. I have listened to hundreds of we-can-lick-all-creation shouts—and I believe we can—but I am firmly convinced it is our part never to try.

No person has seen much of this war. It is too vast. No person can or will see much of it. The multitude of observers travel about and see incidents, trifles—a bit of a battle here; a few shells bursting there; hear the thunder of the guns in the distance; see the bloody straggle of a rear-guard retreat, the edge of a triumphant charge, the shelling of a little place; and mostly the after effects—the ruin of it.

The men fighting in it know only their own little parts. They hold their microscopic trench. They do their small foray. They fire their few cartridges. They work their guns. They sweep about in airships. They toil unendingly with supplies. They march uncounted miles. They shiver in the fall rains and they swelter in the sun. They grow weary almost beyond endurance. They starve and they fall sick. They are cut to pieces by shrapnel. They are torn apart by machine guns. They are eviscerated by bayonets. They are riddled with rifle bullets. They fall dead in their places and are shoved unceremoniously into shallow graves. They receive grievous wounds and are hurried to base hospitals to suffer agonies while they live, or to be thrown from their cots if they die—to make way for others suffering agonies too.

They know nothing about it save their own minute part. Their officers know nothing about it save their minute part. Their commanding generals know nothing about it save that they direct certain forces to do this and certain forces to do that. They play chess with corps and with divisions. They send hundreds and thousands and hundreds of thousands of human beings like themselves, with the same love of living, to frightful deaths. They push buttons and pull strings; but they do not see the results. No person sees it—all.

Even though there were unrestricted facilities for observing there could be none but partial observations made. As it is, with no facilities afforded for observation, with no sources of information save guarded official reports, the thing is as impossible as it would be incomprehensible if it could be observed.

However, there is no limit to the deductions that can be made. If one sees a hundred wounded men one knows that thousands of other wounded men are suffering the same agonies. If one watches a company of soldiers dragging themselves wearily from place to place one knows that a corps or a division of soldiers do the same thing in the same way. If one sees twenty heaps of earth that scantily cover twenty distorted and bloody things which were men a short time before, one knows that a thousand heaps of earth as scantily cover a thousand others distorted and bloody too.

If one walks through the ward of a hospital and looks at the bandaged soldiers on the cots one knows that in all other hospitals there are thousands of other bandaged soldiers enduring the same agonies. And if one sees a woman weeping at a railroad station, or in the third-class compartment of a train coming from a hospital or a cemetery, or in the doorway of a house or elsewhere, one knows that millions of other women are weeping also; for war is hell!

I went through one of the great English hospitals. The men in this hospital were not the most grievously wounded of the men in this war. They were men who had been shot in legs and arms, and in hands and shoulders, and in such nonvital parts. The men who were shot in the body—in the stomach or in the chest—or in the head were not there. Good reason for that too; for most of those died, and those who did not die were too badly torn to be taken farther than the base hospitals on the field of action. You cannot move a man with a great hole in his abdomen or his chest or his head to a far-away hospital. He must have immediate attention—on the spot.

I went through this hospital. I do not know how many wounded men were in it, for I did not ask—hundreds probably. They had bandaged legs and bandaged arms and bandaged heads. A good many of them were in exceeding pain. A good many were in no pain at all, but were disabled, either temporarily or permanently. The point is, this was but one hospital of a great number—only one; and here were men, shot and cut to pieces, who six weeks before were going about their daily tasks, with no more idea of what was in store for them and their families, and for their dependents, than they had ideas of metamorphoses of themselves into cattle or waterfowl. There they were—and why? War! War that each Alliance says was the fault of the other Alliance! War that was not necessary!

Every man who was in that hospital paid the toll, and gallantly enough; but those were not the only tollpayers; nor those in the scores and scores of other hospitals from Southampton to Petrograd. Think of the women and the children! Think of the men who cannot go to war! Think of the prostrate business; the check to industry; the collapse of commerce; the end of comfort; the cessation of those pleasures that make existence tolerable; the wreck and ruin and disaster that must come to all!

Men Who Die That the Nation May Live

THINK of this: There is not one person in Europe—not one—not many in this Eastern Hemisphere or in the Western, on whom this war will not lay an impost of some sort; from whom this war will not collect a toll of hunger, of financial loss, of sorrow, of decreased employment, of agony, of death! There is not one person in Europe who will not be obliged to pay something, sometime, somehow. There can be no escape. The toll must be collected. The people must pay.

Kipling said: "Who dies if Britain lives?" Fifty thousand die, perhaps, or a hundred thousand, or five hundred thousand. Figures mean nothing. Men will die until enough have died to end the war. The question is: Who will live that Britain, or France, or Belgium, or Germany, or Russia may live? I will tell you. Some millions of men and some millions of women and children—a good many millions; and their living will be made harder, and their days darkened, and their lives shrouded for generations, because of this war. They will live—must live; but they will live less plenteously than they have lived. They will live borne down by the crushing burden of a toll that they had no part in assuming, and that they must struggle to pay.

It is not within the theory of Lord Kitchener, who is supreme military head of Great Britain, or of General Joffre, of France, or of the generals of the Kaiser, or of the directing Russian generals, to allow any but official news of this struggle to be told. In all these nations—in Great Britain, in France, in Germany and in Russia—the army is in the saddle. The sole ambition of a military leader is to have unlimited men and resources to do with as he pleases, without the let or hindrance of publicity.

The cold brutality of the enterprise is appalling. I suppose it is necessary. Then there comes the remarkable national indifference to the ultimate. It takes only a day of war to shake a nation back to the primitive. We revert rapidly, almost instantaneously. Notwithstanding our centuries of culture, we are barbarians at heart.

Here in England, and there in France, and in thrifty Belgium, and in advanced Germany, the great mass of the people have but one wish. They want blood! They want enough blood of the others for their side to win. The whole scheme of the brotherhood of man vanished so quickly that its almost instantaneous disappearance proved how diaphanous a dream it was. Everybody is brutishly demanding the blood of his former neighbor, and brutishly exulting when that blood is spilled.

(Continued on Page 53)

DRAWN BY JAMES M. PRESTON

CUPID IN THE LABORATORY

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

"You Don't Know How Much I Think of You—and I Have a Little Money Too"

JUSTUS EVANS entered the office of his father's lawyer with a quick but timid step. He was received paternally, for Judge Howson had known him from the time when, as a lad, brusk old Miles Evans had openly and continuously growled that his son was a fool. The great attorney's life was passed among those who were never fools; and from the moment his most powerful client had announced the truth he had affectionately watched over the interests of young Justus, who was so welcome a relief amid the outrageously clever throng. Now old Miles was dead and Justus was in full possession of his father's many millions. It was due to Judge Howson that the young man inherited the money without the burden of grim Miles' evil fame. Even the newspapers did not know anything about Justus.

On this the first occasion when the young man entered the office as the head of the Evans interests the lawyer was greatly curious. He had always insisted that Justus was fully able to take up the burden of an immense fortune, yet he really knew nothing about the heir except that he was reserved, studious and utterly unconscious of the opportunities given by wealth for dissipation and vice. What would Justus say? What plans had he?

"I am glad to see you, my boy," the judge said warmly. "I didn't wish to hurry you, but affairs must be looked to, you know!"

For an hour they went over together a mass of papers, with many references to ledgers and neat memoranda. Then Justus said gently:

"Three million dollars await investment at this moment?"

"Drawing a poor two per cent," was the reply.

"And you advise prompt reinvestment?"

Judge Howson leaned back in his chair and smiled.

"I advise nothing, Justus. It is for you to tell me what you wish to do with this money. Of course your income is a million a year anyway."

"True," was the slow response. "But my father would have invested this—turned it over, as you say?"

"You are not your father," was the slightly harsh reply. "You must understand that you have now to rely on your own judgment. Nothing is so dangerous in the handling of a fortune as to follow precedent."

There was great relief in young Evans' expression. His somewhat sullen, pallid face ruddied. He looked down at the rug, and the lawyer saw that he was hesitating over something that he had really thought a good deal about.

"Money can do many things," Howson suggested quietly.

"I think I shall use it in scientific research," was the sudden response.

"Then you will keep it in bank?"

"Yes; that will be best, I think," said Justus, glancing up with a gratified smile.

Judge Howson picked at a bundle of papers and then smiled too.

"I fancy you have your plans already made."

For ten minutes Justus blushed over an explanation of what he intended to do with his idle money.

"Vogel is enthusiastic in the matter and has been for years," he concluded. "Vogel has already done wonders. With my aid he can do great things." Justus glowed ardently. "Think what it will mean as a basis for an entire reconstruction of society!"

The lawyer stared at a little photograph that stood in a silver frame on his desk. For full five minutes he was motionless. Then he stirred as if waking from a dream.

"I said money could do many things—not all things!" he said.

"But there's Vogel!"

"True, there's Vogel; and there's you, and there's—go ahead, Justus. Will you allow me to look over your final arrangements? Possibly I can help you in the details."

"I don't believe you half approve," Justus complained, resuming a boyish attitude that warmed the lawyer's heart; but he concealed this unprofessional emotion under a testy manner.

"It doesn't matter whether I approve or not. I didn't approve of a good many things your father did either. But I am an attorney and my business is to do my best to help you in any affair you undertake."

"Then I'll see Vogel immediately."

"Have you said anything to him definitely?" queried Howson, rubbing his fine nose.

"Certainly not. We have not met since father died. I never make promises until I am in a position to carry them out. You know"—he smiled again—"things look so different when you can actually do them!"

"Good boy! Stick to that notion and you'll get into mighty little trouble."

They shook hands affectionately and Justus Evans returned to the street and got into his car. He gave the chauffeur an address on West One Hundred and Third Street and leaned back to watch New York flit past him.

When the motor finally drew up before a rather sober-looking house on West One Hundred and Third Street, Justus restrained his impatience and stepped out with assumed calmness. He felt it due his millions that he should never appear to be in a hurry; but he pushed the bell-button twice and tapped gently with his stick on the stone threshold. When the door was opened he inquired for Professor Vogel.

"Top floor—door in front of you," said the girl; and before he knew exactly how it was done Justus found himself halfway up the dark stairs and vainly feeling for the curve in the banisters that he knew must be there. The top floor was darker yet, but a door glimmered right in front of him and he knocked. A gruff voice muttered guttural imprecations; there was the sound of a chair scraping backward, and then the door opened.

A tall, bespectacled, carelessly dressed man, with a very large red beard, filled the aperture, peered into the gloom and then said curtly: "Hello, Evans! Come in!"

Justus entered, glanced round the room so familiar to him and then waited for his host to close the door. This Vogel did noisily and turned to welcome his visitor again; but something in the young man's attitude made him change his words into a cold: "Will you seat yourself?"

Evans found a very much battered wooden-bottomed chair and sat down. He would have liked to do as he had been used to doing—throw his hat and coat on the lounge, drop his stick into the coal-scuttle and reach for a pipe; but he felt that this might destroy the impression he must give—that he was on serious business bent. Enthusiasm was all very well when one was building in the air, but actual construction needed less ardor and more shrewdness; so he composed himself—as he had been taught to do by his tutor—and glanced politely at the mass of manuscript notes that littered the professor's desk. Vogel very calmly picked up his pipe and said coolly:

"I am sorry there are no cigars."

"I have some cigarettes," Justus returned mildly, and extracted one from a dingy case.

"Sorry to hear of your lamented father's death," Vogel proceeded, puffing at his nearly extinguished pipe.

"Thank you. It was a blow to me."

The simplicity and genuineness of the tone brought a more amiable expression to the other's harsh features, and he looked round the room as if he felt the intrusion of some third person who was making them both maintain a reserve their old friendship had never known. But he had to bring his eyes back to Justus, who was saying:

"I am now the head of the interests represented by my father, and I am in a position to do—to do a little to help on the scheme we talked about once."

"Once!" ejaculated Vogel.

"Several times, in fact," Justus went on, reddening slightly. "But never seriously."

The professor got up, laid his pipe on the table and tore a scrap of paper into bits. Then he laughed. It was the laugh of a philosopher.

"Oh, I mean that it couldn't be serious on my part," Evans explained. "You see, I hadn't the money then!"

"And now that you have it, it is not serious!" said Vogel, twisting his long fingers into his beard. "Ach, it is ever so! Enthusiasm is for the poor, and when one becomes rich one is not serious. Not so?"

"Look here, Vogel," Justus said, evidently much hurt—"that's not fair! Just because I'm trying to look at the matter from a business point of view for the first time, you fly off the handle and make me out an idiot."

Vogel resumed his pipe, with a wide wave of the hand.

"My dear Justus, your manner oppresses me. Retain your coat and gloves and stick, and inform me briefly what you are come for. You stifle me!"

"I have come to see what plans we can make to establish a laboratory for the investigation of courtship and marriage, with a view to obtaining data for the abolition of the present wholly unscientific methods," Justus said quietly.

Vogel glanced up.

"Money!"

"How much shall we need? How are we to go about this?"

The professor's fingers trembled among his papers.

"Justus, please don't raise false hopes. You know it is my life's work!"

"I believe I'll take off my coat," said Justus.

Half an hour later Evans informed his chauffeur that he need not wait, and told him to order a good luncheon sent up to Professor Vogel's rooms from the nearest restaurant. At five o'clock he leaned back in his wooden chair and looked at Vogel.

"It will take much less money than I supposed," he said regretfully. "Only an office, a laboratory, a house and garden out Yonkers way, and a small sum a month."

"That is all," was Vogel's answer. "In every scientific investigation one should examine the ordinary phenomena first. The greatest number of marriages take place among the salaried class. Therefore we must first take a young man and a young woman of that class and place them under perfectly rigid scientific conditions and observe the development of attraction, love, and the final act of mutual volition that leads to marriage."

Justus picked up a rough memorandum and flushed.

"Say, Vogel," he remarked hesitatingly, "do you think it's fair to have all these things—record all their words and acts? Isn't it prying?"

"All science is prying," was the response. "It recognizes no privacies. Who has ever had the complete record of a love affair? No one. The girl never knows all the man said and did during the courtship period, and no more does the

man know all the girl said and did. But, with an absolutely complete record such as I plan to get, we shall have data to correct the purely hypothetical principles now accepted by the world."

Justus pondered this statement for a moment and then sighed resignedly.

"Well, I suppose you're right; but—it looks too much like vivisection!"

"It is vivisection—of the emotions and what people erroneously call the soul. Ah! if we succeed it will be the greatest investigation ever begun and carried to completion, my Justus!"

"All right! Let's get started as soon as possible, Vogel. What's the first thing to do?"

"Fix up an office, with all the recording apparatus concealed; then pick out two people of normal appearance and of the same age, and install them in it, with plenty of work to do. I shall give them my notes on The Play of Animals to transcribe. No! I shall give them to the young woman; and you will give the young man old law papers to copy and file and arrange."

"Eight hours a day!" murmured Justus, as if the prospect appalled.

"They will lunch in another room in the same building; and when the day is done they will be taken in a limousine to the cottage, where they will lodge and board with a lady of perfect moral character, who will look after them. They shall consider that they are in a boarding house of the normal type, but of higher class than usual. All the rooms in the cottage will also be fully equipped with recording apparatus. Thus we shall have a complete daily record of both."

Justus shook his head determinedly.

"No record in the young woman's room!"

Vogel tore his beard at the tone.

"It is most important to have one there! It is in the private room that the heart gives voice sometimes to its real thoughts."

"I shan't stand for it!" was the stubborn response from Justus.

"Then take your accursed money and fly!" roared the professor. "Who are you to dictate to Science what she shall know? Go back to your millions and do not meddle with the goddess!"

"At least no one else must ever know anything about this," the young millionaire said at last. "It must be sacred between us two."

"Two?" echoed Vogel, banging his fist on the table. "One! I only!"

Justus hesitated before answering.

"In that case," he finally conceded, "I agree. But, under such extraordinary conditions, how are we to get the proper persons for our experiment?"

"Prepare the offices, the limousine, the cottage," said Vogel magnificently. "I shall procure the objects of our first study."

Justus Evans offered no further obstacles and for a week did not reappear in Judge Howson's office, though that legal luminary often inquired at his house for him, and finally left an urgent message for him to call. During that period Justus leased an entire floor of a downtown building—under the name of John Little—fitted up a suite of offices with all the devices for recording conversations that the experts could suggest, equipped a small grill, obtained from a junkdealer an immense quantity of antique legal documents, purchased a limousine and fitted it with recording apparatus, and then proceeded to buy an ideally situated cottage on the banks of the Hudson. When this was furnished he returned to his home and consulted the old housekeeper, with the result that an elderly lady of unimpeachable character assumed occupancy of the new purchase, accompanied by two servants.

"Now," said Justus, when he had lit one of Vogel's pipes, "all my part is done."

"Excellent!" was the response. "I have also done my part."

"The young woman?"

"A stenographer of twenty-five years of age—of the best appearance, good education and self-supporting."

"Where did you find her?" Justus asked interestedly.

"By advertising and personal search. I picked her out of one hundred applicants. She is perfectly normal and healthy in every way," Vogel said with visible satisfaction.

"But maybe she is already in love."

The professor waved this suggestion into the air.

"I have inquired."

"Did you explain the conditions?"

"Yes."

Justus fidgeted in his chair.

"Did she think 'em queer?"

"She did until I took her to the cottage this morning and introduced her to your Mrs. Marlow. Mrs. Marlow explained to her that it was a very special office and fully reassured her."

"Mrs. Marlow was so instructed," Justus responded. "Of course she does not even suspect an experiment."

"And must not," said Vogel firmly. "I had more difficulty with the young man. There are so many fools!"

"What do you mean?"

"All the young men in New York think they are in love!" Vogel snorted. "It was exceedingly difficult to find one who did not sigh and yearn. But I have one now. He has accepted the conditions of living in the cottage and not being free to go and come as he chooses. He will report to me this evening."

Evans was silent a long time. Finally he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and said quietly: "I have decided to watch the experiment in person."

"Never! It would ruin all! Justus Evans, the young millionaire, to be there? Never! We agreed that you were to be out of this. How can I obtain normal conditions when the young woman knows that wealth is within reach of her wiles? You are unknown in this."

"That is just what I am getting at," was the reply. "I'm going to go down to old Howson to turn everything over to him for six months. I shall supposedly sail for Algiers, to be gone a year. I'll change my name, have an office in the same building with the laboratory and assist you. I'll be merely Mr. Little, your legal man. That will explain all those beastly old law papers, and it will give me something to do."

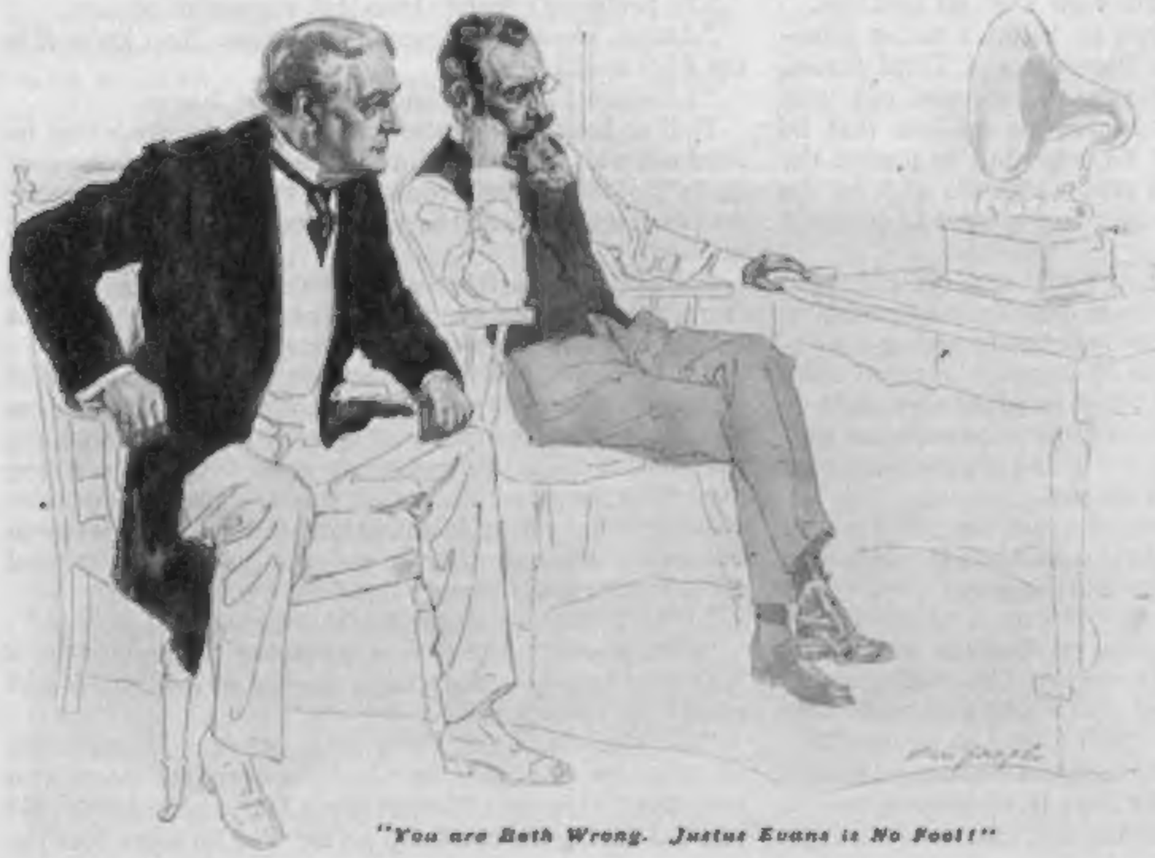
Vogel stared at him in silence for a moment and then sniffed contemptuously.

"That will not be very easy, my Justus. You are known everywhere. You will be recognized. Then—the papers! You will ruin everything!"

"I am known to no one," Evans returned warmly. "Even at my father's funeral not a reporter recognized me. Judge Howson will see that the papers get no information about my being in New York. He can even arrange for stories about my being in the Mediterranean. You will live at the cottage and I will live in my rooms in the offices."

A hot debate ended by a grudging consent from Vogel to this, and Justus took leave to make his preparations. At the door he murmured: "I'll be in my rooms downtown to-morrow night. They are all ready for me."

"Wretched man!" Vogel bellowed down the stairs.



"You are Both Wrong. Justus Evans is No Fool!"

II

JUDGE HOWSON listened to his client's mild recital with some hardly repressed smiles. At its conclusion he got up from his chair and walked to the big window. From that vantage point he spoke over his shoulder:

"All right, Justus! It's your affair. I don't approve; but I shall see that everything is done to make your arrangement as feasible as possible. The yacht sails this afternoon for Algiers. You will be supposed to be on board. I shall tell the captain, of course, that you will join him at Gibraltar. Anything else?"

"And He'll Marry a Working Girl! Oh, You Scientists!"

Evans took out a neat cardcase and laid on the table a card. Howson came over, picked it up and read aloud:

MR. JOHN MATTHEWS LITTLE

123 CEDAR STREET

"Huh! All right! Shall I open an account for Mr. Little?"

"A million, if you please," said Justus.

"A million!" ejaculated the lawyer. "Never! Every bank in Manhattan would be looking you up. I shall open it for $18,967.12. When you want more Mr. Little must address me. Kindly leave your signature."

"I suppose you are right," Justus said slowly.

"Of course I am right," said Judge Howson. "Suppose you die. Imagine the difficulties!"

Justus rose and held out his hand.

"Goodby, judge. I really am interested in this thing, you know!"

When he was gone Howson stared at his desk.

"Heaven grant he never gets too much interested in the objects of this preposterous experiment!" he said aloud. He sighed. "I must trust Vogel."

III

IN THE evening John Little, as he now called himself, locked the door of his new quarters and surveyed them with great satisfaction. Three rooms and bath comprised the whole of the apartment, and its furnishings were plain. A couple of hundred favorite books, plenty of easy chairs, an open fire and a very large filing case met the eye in the sitting room. The bedroom was almost bare. The third room was fitted up with a typewriter, a letter file, a hastily assembled law library, and the machinery for reproducing records.

"Now," said Justus to himself, "I can live my own life." He filled a pipe and lit it. Then he opened a door near the fireplace and passed on into the offices adjoining, which had been fitted up for the experimental laboratory. They looked much like any other offices, except that there were but two typewriter tables, about six feet apart, a big mineral-water cooler, and a strange contrivance in the middle of the floor that bore in heavy letters sunk into the brass: Acme Office Ventilating System. This beehive-shaped affair contained the recording apparatus. Justus surveyed this thoughtfully. Then he said aloud:

"So that's it?"

Instantly there was a subdued buzz and click within the metal hemisphere. He spoke again and the same phenomenon showed that the machine was working.

"I must be very cautious of what I say here," he thought to himself. He contemplated the affair for some moments and then returned to his own rooms and called up a number on the telephone, first carefully switching off a concealed recording contrivance.

"Is this Mrs. Marlow?" he inquired. "I should like to speak to Professor Vogel. . . . Gone out, you say? Thank you."

As he hung up the receiver his own doorbell rang, and he opened to welcome Vogel, who was evidently in a state of exultation. They clasped hands warmly.

"All is well, my Justus," the professor announced. "The young persons were introduced this evening. They then proceeded under the chaperonage of the good Mrs. Marlow to the sitting room. I left immediately with certain memoranda that must be filed for future reference."

"What is it all about?" demanded Justus, taking an envelope from Vogel's hand.

"Those papers contain the names and complete history to this day of the two objects of our experiment. Let us go over them together. We shall take the man first."

Seated at the table, with pipes lit, Justus and Vogel proceeded to discuss the documents. Evans picked up one and began to peruse it, with occasional comments.

"How do you know that she likes brunettes?" he demanded.

Vogel sniffed. "Easily to be discovered. But I told you we would take the man first."

Reluctantly John laid down the paper he held and picked up another. "Francis Aloysius Somers," he read. "Say, Vogel, it's not fair to take so susceptible a creature as an Irishman. And he's a college graduate too. Father and mother dead. Why get an orphan?"

Vogel puffed luxuriously.

"My dear Justus, I really did not think about it at the time—he was so satisfactory in other ways; but I see that I did well. It relieves us from solving the complex factors that would enter in had he to consider supporting his parents and maintaining them in comfort. We have the problem reduced in his case to its simplest factors. It greatly facilitates our investigation from a purely emotional standpoint."

"And it makes him a ready victim to the slightest suggestion of having a home life," said Justus, sighing. "Well, he seems to have the best kind of references. How do you know he is heart-free?"

"I told him his duties might require long absences—even in Siberia—if he qualified," was the response. "He seemed to think that of the smallest consequence. He is willing to go anywhere without a backward look."

"Now let us see about the young woman," said Evans. "That's a rather common name, isn't it? Mary Eliza Smith!"

"It's not a name that will excite romantic feelings," Vogel admitted.

"She seems a pretty good-looking girl, though," Justus continued, studying the photograph attached to the document. "How do you know she likes brunettes?"

"I discovered who were her favorite actors in the drama. She refused to consider a blond Hamlet."

"And is Somers dark-complexioned?"

"Precisely."

Justus Evans sighed and rumpled up his own sleek, fair hair. Then he abruptly dropped the papers on the table—after another glance at the girl's picture—and said earnestly:

"Vogel, it isn't fair to put that recorder in Miss Smith's room!" Vogel blew a cloud of smoke into the air and said nothing. "It's—it's sacrilege, Vogel!"

"All science is that, my Justus. Let us be calm. You shall not see that record. You are a young man. You should not see it. I am a scientist; I shall respect it."

Presently Justus said slowly: "I don't believe you are capable of love, Vogel."

"I am not," was the brief response.

"Then," said his companion decidedly, "you are utterly incapable of appreciating the sacredness of such things. We will lock these records up without examination."

"As you will."

"Possibly," Evans went on meditatively, "nothing will come of the whole thing. What if they don't fall in love with each other?"

"Then," said the professor equably, "you will discharge Somers and I will procure you another clerk, and another, until she does fall in love!"

"She!" exclaimed Justus. "They must both fall in love!"

Vogel looked over at the girl's photograph quizzically.

"My hypothesis—many times stated, but never proved—is that it is the woman who woos. Let our Miss Smith actually become enamored of this young man and he is helpless. He will fall in love in spite of himself. He will be a bird in a snare."

"And if Somers falls in love with her and she rejects him?"

"That," said the professor, "is still to be examined. No one yet has any certain data as to the effect of persistent wooing on the part of the man."

"You are a brute!" said Justus, with great emphasis. "You would actually force the affections of a pure and high-minded girl!"

Vogel puffed voluminously before saying:

"We are speaking mere guesses, my Justus. Let us wait results with that patience which science demands."

IV

AT NINE o'clock the next morning Justus Evans—or John Little as he was hereafter to be addressed—heard the door of the outside office open and Vogel's voice saying: "Your dressing room is there, Miss Smith, and your machine is the one next to the window. Mr. Somers, you will find a coat closet over there."

A moment later the professor entered Justus' room, his great beard bushier than ever.

"A cold March day, my Justus!"

"It Works All Right! Now Let Us Sit Down and Listen"

"Better drop the Justus, Vogel, and call me John," was the response. "Are they come?"

"Everything is excellent! The limousine is quite the thing. We shall send them home together in it each evening."

"What must I do now?" demanded Evans.

"You will take your law papers and give them to the young man to copy, classify and file. I shall look after the young woman myself. She will have difficulty with my notes!"

Evans stared and then said rather stiffly:

"Huh! Yes!"

"Yes; they are full of long words and scientific terms."

"That's why you got a college graduate for my man," said Justus, with a bitterness that made the professor paw his beard and growl: "You have not seen her yet, my Justus; so do not be disturbed yet awhile."

When he went into the office Justus Evans found both typewriter desks occupied. Vogel was standing over the one by the window, holding in his hands a mass of papers that he was explaining gutturally. At the other one sat a young man, with a bland, almost expressionless face. He had seen dozens of just such faces in his father's offices, and he knew he had to deal with one of those taciturn, wholly unambitious persons who are automatic in their efficiency, absolutely trustworthy in details, but rarely equal to emergencies. Studiously avoiding a glance at the occupant of the other desk, Justus Evans went over with a mass of documents in his hand and laid them down on the desk shelf.

"You are Mr. Somers?"

"I am, sir. You are Mr. Little, I understand?" said the clerk.

"Yes; I have here a great number of law papers, and so on, among which are many of importance. If you will, please sort, classify and file them. Certain ones must be copied. I shall instruct you as to which ones."

Somers capably lifted the pile of sheets, nodded, and rapidly set to work without an upward glance. Justus Evans turned his eyes on the girl.

She wore a neat dress that allowed a modest display of soft throat and rounded forearms, and he caught a glimpse of two small, well-shod feet peeping from under the desk. He judged she was tall. Then he ventured to look at her more critically. She was dark-haired, with a wholesome complexion; her eyes were hidden by long lashes. He went no further. She was beautiful. Young Justus Evans had coldly seen many of the loveliest women in the world, but John Little was looking at a woman's face for the first time.

She raised her eyes and met his glance with an expression of cool inquiry that made him say quickly:

"Professor Vogel, will you introduce me to Miss—Miss ——"

"Mr. Little, my legal assistant, Miss Smith," rumbled the professor, and went on with his explanations. Miss Smith allowed a grave smile to acknowledge the introduction and then attentively listened to the rapid instructions she was receiving.

Justus retired to his own rooms and threw himself into a chair. He had not counted on such an existence as now opened before him. What was he to do with himself during the next six months? Was he merely to sit in his beastly rooms and pass the time away as best he might? Who but an insane man would have so arranged matters that he must spend eternal days watching the progress of a love affair? Vogel was an ass! Science was a fraud! In other words, Justus Evans was awakening to the possibilities of youth.

Two causes had operated to confine the young man's activities so far to the world of men. One was that Miles Evans had taken pleasure in continuous and bitter derision of society. It was a trait of the old millionaire to despise what was thrust upon him. His own family had been good; his wife had been of the social instinct, and wealth had made most things possible. But Miles knew too much of the foundations of the display and luxury that surrounded his wife's intimates, and when she was dead he had taken extraordinary pains to disillusion his son.

"He's a fool!" he had repeated to Judge Howson on many occasions. "He thinks all these girls are angels. I suppose he'll marry one of 'em—but he'll marry with his eyes open anyway."

The second reason was that Justus himself had not learned how to flutter and flit and play without earnestness. He had taken life pretty seriously, and even among men he had found but few to sympathize with his ambitions and understand his gropings for what he very academically called truth. Justus was really somewhat of a prig, very much of a boy, and dangerously close to his father's rough estimate of him; but at this moment he felt the hollowness of the whole thing and longed for something besides Vogel's theorizing. It is regrettable to state that just now he was inclined to think he was wasting money on Vogel. That individual opened the door and walked in with a shining face.

"All is good!" he announced. "I have the records of last night."

He carefully set several paper-wrapped cylinders on the table and pointed triumphantly to the inscriptions. Justus leaned over and looked at them.

"Sitting Room, 7:10—9:03 P. M., March twenty-seventh," he read. "Somers' Room, 9:18—10:27 P. M., March twenty-seventh." And then he looked at the third one, which was labeled, in the professor's flowing script: "Miss Smith's Room, 9:05—11:15 P. M., March twenty-seventh."

"That one goes into the safe," he said moodily.

"Certainly," Vogel agreed. "I also have here the one from the limousine. I rode with the chauffeur. Shall we use it as a test?"

"No; let's have the sitting-room one."

"What in the World Can This Be, Mr.—Mr.—er—Little?"

The two of them then went back into the third room, where the machine stood. Vogel carefully unwrapped the cylinders and adjusted the desired one on its spindle. Then he screwed on a small trumpet and switched on the motor. They stood attentively as the machine whirred away. At first Justus heard a door close and a window-shade being pulled down. There was the sound of several people walking and then a masculine voice said:

"It was very cold to-day ——"

"Ass!" muttered Justus as the machine whirred on. A feminine voice said lightly:

"But the squirrels in the park enjoyed it ——"

Vogel snapped the switch off. "It works all right!" he announced in triumph. "Now let us sit down and listen. I shall take my notebook and transcribe what is important."

Not to disturb this narrative by too many explanations the conversation will be given as it was transcribed into Vogel's notes, with Francis Aloysius Somers' words in plain type and Mary Eliza Smith's in italics:

"Seems a nice place, this."

"It is a very nice neighborhood—so far from the city."

"Um-m, yes-s. But what a peculiar arrangement!"

"Oh, did you have to agree to such things too?"

"Must be very special kind of work ——"

"Do you think so too?"

"I am sure of it. I have worked in many offices, but I never heard of such an arrangement before."

"It seems as if it might be good fun. Isn't Professor Vogel a strange man? He must be very famous to be so queer. I wonder whether he is married?"

Vogel stopped the machine and wrote industriously.

"A most important beginning!" he said excitedly. "You observe the first impulse of feminine curiosity, my Justus?"

"Nice voice she has," Evans commented. "But I guess I've heard enough. I'll leave you to your work while I fix up my room a little."

Instead of doing anything remotely resembling a rearrangement of either furniture or books Justus Evans picked up another mass of legal documents and proceeded to the outer office, where he deposited them on Somers' desk and took the opportunity of looking again at Miss Smith, whose head was prettily bent over her work. She was still beautiful, he perceived with some surprise. Justus Evans was not used to seeing women always lovely. He observed that a slender finger was tracing a word in Vogel's scrawl and that a small wrinkle was over the dark brows. For the first time in his life he took the initiative in speaking to a woman.

"You'll find the professor's handwriting a little hard to read at first sight," he said.

"I think I can manage it presently," she said without looking up. "But what in the world can this be, Mr.—Mr.—er—Little?"

Justus promptly went round her chair and bent over the page. The girl's pink nail indicated the word and Justus caught a faint perfume of her hair.

"Ameboid," he said slowly. "And the word after it is proteus-animalcule."

Miss Smith nodded. "Thank you! I'll get along nicely now."

There was nothing for him to do but to retire; so he returned to his room and sat silently over a book, without reading a word of it, until the clock announced the hour of noon. Then Vogel came in, quite enthusiastic over what he had gained from the records, and stated that everything was going finely.

"Now we shall send them for their luncheon into the grill," he continued. "You and I will go down to a restaurant and get ours."

When Vogel had come back from introducing the two into their little luncheon room, presided over by Justus' own capable cook, Evans joined him in a short journey to the street and a chophouse. Over a frugal meal the professor expanded his brief remarks on what he had learned from the records of the night before and informed Justus that Miss Smith hoped her position would be permanent, and that Francis Aloysius had opined that such freakish employers rarely needed their people long.

"She is also curious about you, my Justus. She wonders whether you are married."

Evans shook his head in mild rebuke.

"It will be horrible to know all their words a month from now!" he said. "Think of addressing a young woman and knowing exactly what she has been saying every time she has spoken for weeks!"

"It is an advantage no young man ever had before," Vogel said dryly. "Anyway Somers doesn't know what she says and so can't take advantage of it. It is perfectly fair; of course if Somers were to know what we shall know that would be distinctly unfair."

That afternoon Justus could not resist the temptation to sit beside the professor while the machine reproduced the conversation between Somers and Miss Smith at luncheon. He was specially interested in this passage:

"That Mr. Little looks like a nice man, but he evidently never worked in an office before."

"He dumped a lot of new stuff on top of what I finished this morning."

"He must be very poor to work for the professor, I think."

"Yep. Looks like a sissy kind of fellow! S'pose he's studying those bugs or things you're working on. Lot of worthless rot he's given me to handle—old deeds and mortgages and briefs and demurrers. Must have been dragged out of a waste bin by the looks of it."

"I do love chocolate pudding!"

"Better not eat it—make you too sleepy this afternoon."

Justus Evans rose and went to his own sitting room. There he accumulated a complete armful of old papers and went into the outer office and dumped them on Somers' desk without a word. He caught an amused glance cast by Miss Smith at her fellow worker, and stalked out. Later he told Vogel that Somers was an ass!

"On the contrary," was the lively protest from the professor, "he has much more initiative than I thought. I have several occasions recorded where he has assumed the normal masculine protective attitude toward Miss Smith. That is a good sign, my Justus! Curiosity has been stirred!"

V

IN THE same building with Professor Vogel's new laboratory were the parlors of a woman who called herself Renewer of Gowns. Justus had several times observed the rather tidy brass sign in the entrance, but it took him some time to identify a red-haired, good-looking woman as the Renewer. It was the elevator boy who finally enlightened him.

"The dame's no piker!" said that personage. "She's on the job with the dress form and the thimble from dawn till dewy eve."

"She looks prosperous," Justus assented.

The boy snapped the door of the cage open and sank back on his seat.

"Say, mister, if looks was money every girl would have a bank in her looking-glass. But looks ain't money. They ain't good with the conductor."

This matured wisdom roused a faint curiosity in young Evans' breast to know how far the Renewer of Gowns found business to play up to her sumptuous manner. He watched Madam Risley—the name on the plate—come and go; sometimes laden with a shapeless, delicate bundle, presumably containing outworn creations; sometimes chatting volubly at the elevator with a customer. Then he caught her eye one evening in the entrance, and before he realized what he was doing he had lifted his hat and spoken.

"Neighbor!" said the madam, nodding her head briskly.

There was a warmth in the tone that pleased Justus. He knew that he would like the Renewer of Gowns. So when they met the next time he stopped an instant.

"You're always busy, aren't you?" he remarked.

Madam Risley smiled broadly.

"I am. Pardon a suggestion: Couldn't you put on slippers when you walk up and down the floor at night?"

Justus stared and then blushed.

"You mean my rooms are right over yours?"

"They are," said Madam Risley firmly. "And you tramp back and forth till I'd like to shake you! I'll present you with some slippers."

Justus looked into her good-humored face and laughed.

"Nobody ever gave me any slippers!" he said ruefully.

"You don't say so! Poor boy! Well, he shall have 'em. Excuse the familiarity; but slippers don't mean anything in the lexicon of flirtation. Accept 'em from an old woman!"

"Old!" Justus started to protest.

The Renewer of Gowns laughed mockingly, curtsied and swung away, leaving a faint perfume of silks to hover in the dull air.

That evening, while Justus filled his pipe after an exceedingly poor meal in a chophouse, a knock at the door made him swear savagely under his breath. Vogel was getting on his nerves! Vogel's records and his beard were becoming equally distasteful; and the thought of having to listen until midnight to his dogmas on the subject of love made Justus long for the yacht and think of Algiers—which he had never seen—as a place of delight. He jerked the door open and nearly swallowed his pipe when the Renewer of Gowns smiled at him from under an immense turtle-shaped hat.

"It would look like unrequited affection if I left 'em under the doorknob," she said briskly. "Let us be frank, neighbor. It's only slippers—no more."

Justus took the little package in one hand and removed his pipe with the other.

"You're good," he said heartily. "Come in."

"I will," said Madam Risley firmly. "It is contrary to all my precedents to enter a young gentleman's rooms; but as you accept the slippers I accept the invitation—for a moment."

She stepped in, glanced round the bare room and sat down on a stiff-backed chair. Justus was undecided whether to close the door or leave it ajar as a slight concession to the proprieties. Madam Risley smiled faintly and shook her head.

"One can keep a cool head, even in the presence of my beauty, without taking a cold," she remarked. "I believe your name is Mr. Little?"

"It is," Justus replied with sudden bitterness.

"The law?"

Justus smiled in spite of himself.

"I see we both know the elevator boy."

"Sit down and light your pipe again or I'll leave on the spot!" Madam Risley said promptly. Her warm smile

(Continued on Page 30)

"A Girl Will Marry You Just Because You Say You're in Love!"

THE GRAPES OF WRATH

A Scene in Liège, Fronting the University, Showing Buildings That Have Been Destroyed by Fire

By IRVIN S. COBB

THERE is a corner of Rhenish Prussia that shoulders up against Holland and drives a nudging elbow deep into the ribs of Belgium; and right here, at the place where the three countries meet, stands Charlemagne's ancient city of Aix-la-Chapelle, called Aachen by the Germans.

To go from the middle of Aix-la-Chapelle to the Dutch boundary takes twenty minutes on a tramcar, and to go to the Belgian line requires an even hour in a horse-drawn vehicle, and considerably less than that presuming you go by automobile. So you see the toes of the town touch two foreign frontiers; and of all German cities it is the most westerly and, therefore, closest of all to the zone of action in the west of Europe.

You would never guess it, however. When we landed in Aix-la-Chapelle, coming out of the heart of the late August hostilities in Belgium, we marveled; for, behold, here was a clean, white city that, so far as the look of it and the feel of it went, might have been a thousand miles from the sound of gunfire. On that Sunday morning of our arrival an air of everlasting peace abode with it. That same air of peace has continued to abide with it during all the days we have spent here. Yet, if you take a step to the southwest—a figurative step in seven-league boots—you are where all hell broke loose. War is a most tremendous emphasizer of contrasts.

These lines are written late in September, in a hotel room at Aix-la-Chapelle. The writing of them follows close on an automobile trip to Liège, through a district blasted by war and corrugated with long trenches where those who died with their boots on still lie with their boots on.

Let me, if I can, draw two pictures—one of this German outpost town, and the other of the things that may be seen four or five miles distant over the border.

I have been told that, in the first flurry of the breaking out of the World-War, Aix was not so placid as now. It went spy-mad, just as all Europe went spy-mad—a mania from which this Continent has not entirely recovered by any means. There was a great rounding up of suspected aliens. Every loyal citizen resolved himself or herself into a self-appointed policeman, to watch the movements of those suspected of being disloyal.

Also, they tell me, when the magic mobilization began and troops poured through without ceasing for four days and four nights, and fighting broke out just the other side of the Belgian customhouse, on the main high road to Liège, there was excitement. But all that is over now.

Everybody Working for the Fatherland

THE war has gone onward, down into France; and all the people know is what the official bulletins tell them; in fact, I think they must know less about operations and results than our own people in America. I know not what the opportunity of the spectator may have been with regard to other wars, but certainly in this war it is true that the nearer you get to it the less you understand of its scope.

All about you, on every side, is a screen of secrecy. Once in a while it parts for a moment, and through the rift you catch a glimpse of the movement of armies and the swing and sweep of campaigns. Then the curtain closes and again you are shut in.

Let me put the case in another way: It is as though we who are at the front, or close to it, stand before a mighty painting, but with our noses almost touching the canvas. You who are farther away see the whole picture. We, for the moment, see only so much of it as you might cover with your two hands; but this advantage we do have—that we see the brush strokes, the color shadings, the infinite small detail, whereas you view its wider effects.

And then, having seen it, when we try to put our story into words—when we try to set down on paper the unspeakable horror of it—we realize what a futile, incomplete thing the English language is.

This present day in Aix-la-Chapelle will be, I assume, much like all the other days I have spent here. An hour ago small official bulletins, sanctioned by the Berlin War Office, were posted in the windows of the shops and on the front of the public buildings; and small groups gathered before them to read the news.

If it was good news they took it calmly. If it was not so good, still they took it calmly. If it was outright bad news I think they would still take it calmly. For, come good or evil, they are all possessed now with the belief that, in the long run, Germany must win. Their confidence is supreme.

It was characteristic of them, though, that, until word came of the first German success, there was no general flying of flags in the town. Now flags are up everywhere—the colors of the Empire and of Prussia, and often enough just a huge yellow square bearing the spraddled, black, spidery design of the Imperial eagle. But there is never any hysteria; I don't believe these Prussians know the meaning of the word.

It is safe to assume that out of every three grown men in front of a bulletin one will be a soldier. Yet, considering that Germany is supposed, at this moment, to have upward of five million men in the field or under arms, and that approximately two millions more, who were exempt from call by reason of age or other disabilities, are said to have volunteered, you would be astonished to see how many men in civilian dress are on the streets.

Whether in uniform or not, though, these men are at work after some fashion or other for their country. Practically all the physicians in Aix are serving in the hospitals. The rich men—the men of affairs—are acting as military clerks at headquarters or driving Red Cross cars. The local censor of the telegraph is over eighty years old—a splendid-looking old white giant, who won the Iron Cross in the Franco-Prussian War and returned with the rank of general years and years ago. Now, in full uniform, he works twelve hard hours a day.

The head waiter at this hotel told me yesterday that he expected to be summoned to the colors in a day or two. He has had his notice and is ready to go. He is more than forty years old. I know my room waiter kept watch on me until he satisfied himself I was what I claimed to be—an American—and not an English spy posing as an American.

So, at first, did the cheery little girl cashier in the Arcade barber shop downstairs. For all I know, she may still have me under suspicion and be making daily reports on me to the secret-service people. The women help too—and the children. The wives and daughters of the wealthiest men in the town are minding the sick and the wounded. The mothers and the younger girls meet daily to make hospital supplies. Women come to you in the cafés at night, wearing Red Cross badges on their left arms, and shaking sealed tin canisters into which you are expected to drop contributions for invalided soldiers.

Since so many of their teachers are carrying rifles and wearing swords, the pupils of the grammar schools and the high schools are being organized into squads of crop-gatherers. Beginning next week, so I hear, they will go out into the fields and the orchards to assist in the harvesting of the grain and the fruit. For lack of hands to get it under cover the wheat has already begun to suffer; but the boys and girls will bring it in.

It is now half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon. At noon, sharp, an excellent orchestra will begin to play in the big white casino maintained by the city, just opposite my hotel. It will play for an hour then, and again this afternoon, and again, weather permitting, tonight.

The townspeople will sit about at small, white tables and listen to the music while they sip their beer or drink their coffee. They will be soberer and less vivacious than I imagine they were two months ago; but then these North Germans are a sober-minded race anyhow, and they take their amusements quietly. Also, they have taken the bad tidings of the last few days from France very quietly.

During the afternoon crowds will gather on the viaduct, just above the principal railroad station, where they will stand for hours looking down over the parapet into the yards below. There will be smaller crowds on the heights of Ronheide, on the edge of the town, where the tracks enter the long tunnel under one of the hills that etch the boundary between Germany and Belgium.

Rain or shine, these two places are sure to be black with people, for here they may see the trains shuttle by, like long bobbins in a loom that never ceases its weaving—trains going west loaded with soldiers and naval reservists bound for the front, and trains headed east bearing prisoners and wounded.

When wounded men go by there will be cheering, and some of the women are sure to raise the song of Die Wacht am Rhein; and within the cars the crippled soldiers will take up the chorus feebly. God knows how many able-bodied soldiers have gone west; how many maimed and crippled ones have gone east! In the first instance the number must run up into the second million; of the latter there must have been well above a hundred thousand.

When Bad News Travels Slowly

NO DEAD come back from the front—at least, not this way. The Germans bury their fallen soldiers where they fall. Regardless of his rank, the dead man goes into a trench. If so be he died in battle he is buried, booted and dressed just as he died. And the dead of each day must be got underground before midnight of that same day—that is the hard-and-fast rule wherever the Germans are holding their ground or pressing forward. There they will lie until the Judgment Day, unless their kinsfolk be of sufficient wealth and influence to find their burial places and dig them up and bring them home privily for interment.

Even so, it may be days or even weeks after a man is dead and buried before his people hear of it. It may be they will not hear of it until a letter written to him in the care of his regiment and his company comes back unopened, with one word in sinister red letters on it—*Gefallen!*

At this hotel, yesterday, I saw a lady dressed in heavy black. She had the saddest, bravest face I ever looked into, I think. She sat in the restaurant with two other ladies, who were also in black. The octogenarian censor of telegrams passed them on the way out. To her two companions he bowed deeply, but at her side he halted and, bending very low, he kissed her hand, and then went away without a word.

The head waiter, who knows all the gossip of the house and of half the town besides, told us about her. Her only son, a lieutenant of artillery, was killed at the taking of Liège. It was three days before she learned of his death, though she was here in Aachen, only a few miles away; for so slowly as this does even bad news travel in war times when it pertains to the individual.

Another week elapsed before her husband, who is a lieutenant-colonel, could secure leave of absence and return from the French border to seek for his son's body; and there was still another week of searching before they found it.

It was at the bottom of a trench, under the bodies of a score or more of his men; and it was in such a state that the mother had not been permitted to look on her dead boy's face.

Such things as this must be common enough hereabouts, but one hears very little of them and sees even less. Aix-la-Chapelle has suffered most heavily. The Aix regiment was shot to pieces in the first day's fighting at Liège. Nearly half its members were killed or wounded; but astonishingly few women in mourning are to be seen on the street, and none of the men wear those crape arm bands that are so common in Europe ordinarily; nor, except about the railroad station, are very many wounded to be seen.

There are any number of wounded privates in the local hospitals; but there must be a rule against their appearance in public places, for it is only occasionally that I meet one abroad.

Slightly wounded officers are more plentiful, however. I judge from this that no such restriction applies to them as applies to the common soldiers. This hotel is full of them—young officers mostly, with their heads tied up or their arms in black silk slings, or limping about on canes or crutches.

Until a few days ago the columns of the back pages of the Aix and Cologne papers were black-edged with cards inserted by relatives in memory of officers who had fallen—"For King and Fatherland!" the cards always said. I counted thirteen of these death notices in one issue of a Cologne paper. Now they have almost disappeared.

I imagine that, because of the depressing effect of such a mass of these publications on the public mind, the families of killed officers have been asked to refrain from reciting their losses in print. Yet there are not wanting signs that the grim total piles up by the hour and the day.

Late this afternoon, when I walk round to the American consulate to post this article for transmission, via Holland, to America, I shall pass the office of the chief local paper; and there I am sure to find anywhere from seventy-five to a hundred men and women waiting for the appearance on a bulletin board of the latest list of dead, wounded and missing men who are credited to Aix-la-Chapelle and its vicinity.

A new list goes up each afternoon, replacing the list of the day before. Sometimes it contains but a few names; sometimes a good many. Then there will be piteous scenes for a little while; but presently the mourners will go away, struggling to compose themselves as they go; for their Kaiser has asked them to make no show of their loss among their neighbors. Having made the supremest sacrifice they can make, short of offering up their own lives, they now make another and hide their grief away from sight. Surely, this war spares none at all—neither those who fight nor those who stay behind.

Seeing the War Through German Eyes

TOWARD dusk the streets will fill up with promenaders. Perhaps a regiment or so of troops, temporarily quartered here on the way to the front, will clank by, bound for their barracks in divers big music halls. The squares may be quite crowded with uniforms; or there may be only one gray coat in proportion to three or four black ones—this last is the commoner ratio. It all depends on the movements of the forces.

To-night the cafés will be open and the moving-picture places will run full blast; and the free concert will go on and there will be services in the cathedral of Charlemagne. The cafés that had English names when the war began have German ones now. Thus the Bristol has become the Crown Prince Café, and the Piccadilly is the Germania; but otherwise they are just as they were before the war started, and the business in them is quite as good, the residents say, as it ever was. Prices are no higher than they used to be—at least I have not found them so.

After the German fashion the diners will eat slowly and heavily; and afterward they will sit in clusters of three or four, drinking mugs of Munich or Pilsner, and talking deliberately. At the Crown Prince there will be dancing, and at two or three other places there will be music and maybe singing; but at the Kaiserhof, where I shall dine, there is nothing more exciting than beer and conversation.

It was there, two nights ago, I met at the same time three Germans representing three dominant classes in the life of their country, and had from each of them the viewpoint of his class toward the war. They were, respectively, a business man, a scientist, and a soldier. The business man belongs to a firm of brothers which ranks almost with the Krupps in commercial importance. It has branches in many cities and agencies and plants in half a dozen countries. He said:

"We had not our daily victory to-day, eh? Well, so it goes; we must not expect to win always. We must have reverses, and heavy ones too; but in the end we must win. To lose now would mean national extinction. To win means Germany's commercial and military preëminence in this hemisphere.

"There can be but one outcome of this war—either Germany, as an empire, will cease to exist, or she will emerge the greatest Power, except the United States, on the face of the earth. And so sure are we of the result that to-day my brothers and I bought ground for doubling the size and capacity of our largest plant.

"In six weeks from now we shall have beaten France; in six months we shall have driven Russia to cover. For England it will take a year—perhaps longer. And then, as in all games, big and little, the losers will pay. France will be made to pay an indemnity from which she will never recover.

"Of Belgium I think we shall take a slice of seacoast; Germany needs ports on the British Channel. Russia will be so crippled that no longer will the Muscovite peril threaten Europe. Great Britain we shall crush utterly. She shall be shorn of her navy and she shall lose her colonies—certainly she shall lose India and Egypt. She will become a third-class Power and she will stay a third-class Power. Forget Japan—Germany will punish Japan in due season.

"Within five years from now I predict there will be an offensive and defensive alliance of all the Teutonic and all the Scandinavian races of Europe, with Bulgaria included, holding absolute dominion over this continent and stretching in an unbroken line from the North Sea to the Adriatic and the Black Sea.

"Europe is to have a new map, my friends, and Germany will be in the middle of that map. When this has been accomplished we shall talk about disarmament—not before. And first, we shall disarm our enemies who forced this war on us."

The scientist spoke next. He is a tall, spectacled, earnest Westphalian, who has invented and patented over a hundred separate devices used in electric-lighting properties, and, in between, has found time to travel round the world several times and write a book or two.

"I do not believe in war," he said. "War has no place in the civilization of the world to-day; but this war was inevitable. Germany had to expand or be suffocated. And out of this war good will come for all the world, especially for Europe. We Germans are the most industrious, the most earnest and the best-educated race on this side of the ocean.

"To-day one-fourth of the population of Belgium cannot read and write. Under German influence illiteracy will disappear from among them. Russia stands for reaction; England for selfishness. Germany stands for progress. Do not believe the claims of our foes that our Kaiser wishes to be another Napoleon and hold Europe under his thumb. What he wants for Germany and what he means to have is, first, breathing room for his people; and after that a fair share of the commercial opportunities of the world.

"German enlightenment and German institutions will do the rest. And after this war—if we Germans win it—there will never be another universal war."

During the First Hours of Hostilities Heroes Had Tried to Stem the Imposing German Flood

The soldier spoke last. He is a captain of field artillery, a member of a distinguished Prussian family, and one of the most noted big-game hunters in Europe. Three weeks ago, in front of Charleroi, a French sharpshooter put a bullet in him. It passed through his left forearm, pierced one lung and lodged in the muscles of his breast, where it lies imbedded. In a week from now he expects to rejoin his command.

To look at him you would never guess that he had so recently been wounded; his color is high and he moves with the stiff, precise alertness of the German army man. He is still wearing the coat he wore in the fight; there are two ragged little holes in the left sleeve and a puncture in the side of it; and it is spotted with stiff, dry brown stains.

"I don't presume to know anything about the political or commercial aspects of this war," he said over his beer mug; "but I do know this: War was forced on us by these other Powers. They were jealous of us and they made the Austrian-Servian quarrel their quarrel. But when war came we were ready and they were not.

"Not until the mobilization was ordered did the people of Germany know the color of the field uniform of their soldiers; yet four millions of these service uniforms were made and finished and waiting in our military storehouses. Not until after the first shot was fired did we who are in the army know how many army corps we had, or the names of their commanders, or even the names of the officers composing the general staff.

"A week after we took the field our infantry, in heavy marching order, was covering fifty kilometers a day—thirty of your American miles—and doing it day after day without straggling and without any footsore men dropping behind.

"Do those things count in the sum total? I say they do. Our army will win because it deserves to win through being ready and being complete and being efficient. Don't discount the efficiency of our navy either. Remember, we Germans have the name of being thorough. When our fleet meets the British fleet I think you will find that we have a few Krupp surprises for them."

I may meet these confident gentlemen to-night. If not, it is highly probable I shall meet others who are equally confident, and who will express the same views, which they hold because they are the views of the German people.

Airships That Pass in the Night

AT ELEVEN o'clock, when I start back to the hotel, the streets will be almost empty. Aix will have gone to bed, and in bed it will peacefully stay unless a military Zeppelin sails over its rooftrees, making a noise like ten million locusts all buzzing at once.

There were two Zeppelins aloft last night, and from my window I saw one of them quite plainly. It was hanging almost stationary in the northern sky, like a huge yellow sausage. After a while it made off toward the west.

One day last week three of them passed, all bound presumably for Paris or Antwerp, or even London. That time the people grew a bit excited; but now they take a Zeppelin much as a matter of course, and only wonder mildly where it came from and whither it is going.

As for to-morrow, I imagine to-morrow will be another to-day; but yesterday was different. I had a streak of luck. It is forbidden to civilians, and more particularly to correspondents, to go prowling about Eastern Belgium just now; but I found a friend in a naturalized German-American, formerly of Chicago, but living now in Germany, though he still retains his citizenship in the United States.

Like every one else in Aachen he is doing something for the government, though I can only guess at the precise nature of his services. At any rate he had an automobile, a scarce thing to find in private hands in these times; and, what was more, he had a military pass authorizing him to go to Liège and to take two passengers along. He invited me to go with him for a day's ride through the country where the very first blows were swapped in the western theater of hostilities.

We started off in the middle of a fickle-minded shower, which first blew puffs of wetness in our faces, like spray on a flawy day at sea, and then broke off to let the sun shine through for a minute or two.

For two or three kilometers after clearing the town we ran through a district that smiled with peace and groaned with plenty. On the verandas of funny little gray roadhouses with dripping red roofs officers sat over their

breakfast coffee. A string of wagons passed us, bound inward, full of big, white, clean-looking German pigs. A road builder, repairing the ruts made by the guns and baggage trains, stood aside for us to pass and pulled off his hat to us. This was Europe as it used to be—Europe as most American tourists knew it.

We came to a tall barber pole which a careless painter had striped with black on white instead of with red; and we knew by that we had arrived at the frontier. Also, there stood alongside the pole a royal forest ranger in green, with a queer cockaded hat on his head, doing sentry duty. As we stopped to show him our permits, and to give him a ripe pear and a Cologne paper, half a dozen soldiers came tumbling out of the guardroom in the little customhouse, and ran up to beg from us, not pears, but papers. Clear to Liège we were to be importuned every few rods by soldiers begging for papers. Some had small wooden signboards bearing the word *Zeitung*, which they would lift and swing across the path of an approaching automobile. I began to believe after a while that if a man had enough newspapers in stock he could bribe his way through the German troops clear into France.

These fellows who gathered about us now were of the *Landsturm*, men in their late thirties and early forties, with long, shaggy mustaches. Their kinds form the handle of the mighty hammer whose steel nose is battering at France. Every third one of them wore spectacles, showing that the back lines of the army are extensively addicted to the favorite Teutonic sport of being near-sighted.

The Graves of Little Belgian Villages

ALSO, their coat sleeves invariably were too long for them, and hid their big hands almost to the knuckles. This is a characteristic I have everywhere noted among the German privates. If the French soldier's coat is overlengthy in the skirt the German's is ultragenerous with cloth in the sleeves. I saw that their hair was beginning to get shaggy, showing that they had been in the field some weeks, since every German soldier—officer and private alike—leaves the barracks so close-cropped that his skin shows pinky through the bristles.

Among them was one stocky chap in blue sailor's garb, left behind doubtless when forty-five hundred naval reserves passed through three days before to work the big guns in front of Paris.

We went on. At first there was nothing to show we had entered Belgium except that the Prussian flag did not hang from a pole in front of every farmhouse, but only in front of every fourth house, say, or every fifth one. Then came stretches of drenched fields, vacant except for big black ravens and nimble piebald magpies, which bickered among themselves in the neglected and matted grain; and then we swung round a curve in the rutted roadway and were in the town of Battice.

No; I take back that last part. We were not in the town of Battice. We were where the town of Battice had been—where it stood six weeks ago. It was famous then for its fat, rich cheeses and its green damson plums. Now, and no doubt for years to come, it will be chiefly notable as having been the town where, it is said, Belgian civilians first fired on the German troops from roofs and windows, and where the Germans first inaugurated their ruthless system of reprisal on houses and people alike.

Literally this town no longer existed. It was a graveyard, if you like, but not a town. There had been a great trampling out of the grapes of wrath, and most sorrowful was the vintage that remained.

It was a hard thing to level these Belgian houses absolutely, for they were mainly built of stone or of thick brick coated over with a hard cement. So, generally, the walls stood, even in Battice; but always the roofs were gone, and the window openings were smudged cavities, through which you looked and saw square patches of the sky if your eyes inclined upward, or else blackened masses of ruination if you gazed straight in at the interiors.

Once in a while one had been thrown flat. Probably big guns operated here. In such a case there was an avalanche of broken masonry cascading out into the roadway.

Battice Was a Graveyard, if You Like, But Not a Town

Midway of the mile-long avenue of utter waste which we now traversed we came on a sort of small square. Here was the yellow village church. It lacked a spire and a cross, and the front door was gone, so we could see the wrecked altar and the splintered pews within. Flanking the church there had been a communal hall, which was now shapeless, irredeemable wreckage.

A public well had stood in the open space between church and hall, with a design of stone pillars about it. The open mouth of the well we could see was choked with foul débris; but a shell had struck squarely among the pillars and they fell inward like wigwam poles, forming a crazy apex.

I remember distinctly two other things: a picture of an elderly man with whiskers—one of those blackened atrocities that are called in the States crayon portraits—hanging undamaged on the naked wall of what had been an upper bedroom; and a wayside shrine of the sort so common in the Catholic countries of Europe. A shell had hit it a glancing blow, so that the little china figure of the Blessed Virgin lay in bits behind the small barred opening of the shrine.

Of living creatures there was none. Heretofore, in all the blasted towns I had visited, there was some human life stirring. One could count on seeing one of the old women who are so numerous in these Belgian hamlets—more numerous, I think, than anywhere else on earth.

In my mind I had learned to associate such a sight with at least one old woman—an incredibly old woman, with a back bent like a measuring worm's, and a cap on her scanty hair, and a face crosshatched with a million wrinkles—who would be pottering about at the back of some half-ruined house or maybe squatting in a desolated doorway staring at us with her rheumy, puckered eyes.

Or else there would be a hunchback—crooked spines being almost as common in parts of Belgium as goiters are in parts of Switzerland. But Battice had become an empty tomb, and was as empty and as silent as a tomb. Its people—those who survived—had fled from it as from an abomination.

Beyond Battice stood another village, called Herve; and Herve was Battice all over again, with variations. At this place, during the first few hours of actual hostilities between the little country and the big one, the Belgians had tried to stem the inpouring German flood, as was proved by wrecks of barricades in the high street. One barricade had been built of wagon bodies and the big iron hods of roadscrapers; the wrecks of these were still piled at the road's edge. Yet there remained tangible proof of the German claim that they did not harry and burn indiscriminately, except in cases where the attack on them was by general concert.

Here and there, on the principal street, in a row of scarified, shattered ruins, stood a single house that was intact and undamaged. It was plain enough to be seen that pains had been taken to spare it from the common fate of its neighbors. Also, I glimpsed one short side street that had come out of the fiery visitation whole and unscathed, proving, if it proved anything, that even in their red heat the Germans had picked and chosen the fruit for the wine press of their vengeance.

After Herve we encountered no more destruction by wholesale, but only destruction by piecemeal, until, nearing Liège, we passed what remained of the most northerly of the ring of fortresses that formed the city's defenses.

What Was Left of the Forts of Liege

THE conquerors had dismantled it and thrown down the guns, so that of the fort proper there was nothing except a low earthen wall, almost like a natural ridge in the earth. All about it was an entanglement of barbed wire; the strands were woven and interwoven, tangled and twined together, until they suggested nothing so much as a great patch of blackberry briers after the leaves have dropped from the vines in the fall of the year.

To take the works the Germans had to charge through these trochas. It seemed impossible to believe human beings could penetrate them, especially when one was told that the Belgians charged some of the wires with high electricity, so that those of the charging party who touched them were frightfully burned and fell, with their garments blazing, into the jagged wire brambles, and were held there until they died.

Before the charge and the final hand-to-hand fight, however, there was shelling. There was much shelling. Shells from the German guns that fell short or overshot the mark descended in the fields, and for a mile round these fields were plowed as though hundreds of plowshares had sheared the sod this way and that, until hardly a blade of grass was left to grow in its ordained place.

Where shells had burst after they struck were holes in the earth five or six feet across and five or six feet deep. Shells from the German guns and from the Belgian guns had made a most hideous hash of a cluster of small cottages flanking a small smelting plant which stood directly in the line of fire. Some of these houses—workmen's homes, I suppose they had been—were of frame, sheathed over with squares of tin put on in a diamond pattern; and you could see places where a shell, striking such a wall a glancing blow, had scaled it as a fish is scaled with a knife, leaving the bare wooden ribs showing below.

The next house, and the next, had been hit squarely and plumply amidships, and they were gutted as fishes are gutted. One house in twenty, perhaps, would be quite whole, except for broken windows and fissures in the roof—as though the whizzing shells had spared it deliberately.

I recall that of one house there was left standing only a breadth of front wall between the places where windows had been. It rose in a ragged column to the line of the roof-rafters—only, of course, there were neither roof nor rafters now. On the face of the column, as though done in

Continued on Page 45

It Was a Hard Thing to Level These Belgian Houses Absolutely, So Generally the Walls Stood

THE SPOTTED SHEEP

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

BILLY ALLISON was not exactly a black sheep nor yet a white one. Both colors were woven into the fabric of his character, the dark spots representing the bad impulses and the white spots representing the good ones. The mixture was fairly even. The dark spots were very dark and the white spots very white; so that a moral snapshot of Billy Allison's soul would have resembled a piece of shepherd's plaid.

Billy avoided any struggles with his conscience—and barred himself from taking credit for the white spots—by doing always and under all circumstances the first thing that came into his head. This system is not to be recommended to other young men with more money than they know how to spend.

"Billy is a queer proposition," said old Mr. Hawley, who had been Henry Allison's business associate and best friend. "I can't seem to make him out. There's a fine lovable streak in the boy, but it lays right up against a streak of downright cussed worthlessness. What makes me so mad is that Billy can do a nice thing in as nice a way as anybody. Look at that little gutter snipe he picked up in the street with a broken leg! But the worst of Billy is that, after he's done something to make you proud of him, he whips right round and does something to make you ashamed—something that makes you want to give him a good cowhiding. It's all Henry's fault. He never should have left so much money to the boy without tying a string to it somewhere. It'll be the ruination of Billy—if it hasn't been already."

The case of the newsboy with a broken leg throws a strong light on one of Billy's whitest spots. He appeared at the door of Mercy Hospital one evening with a ragged little bundle in his arms.

"Get a curve on you!" he commanded briefly. "This kid has a broken leg."

It was pointed out to Mr. Allison that the Receiving Hospital was the place for a newsboy with a compound fracture below the knee. Billy interrupted angrily.

"You ring up Fred Hayes," said he, "and tell him that Billy Allison wants him as quick as he can possibly get here. Don't forget—Billy Allison. That'll fetch him on the run. . . . It's all right, kid. We'll have you fixed up in three shakes of a lamb's tail. Leg hurting you much?"

"Naw; o' course not!" grunted the small sufferer with sarcasm. "I wisht you had it for a minute! I wisht Oh, gee!"

Doctor Hayes responded to the emergency call—it is rather an unusual thing for an eminent bone specialist to leave his dinner to set a gamin's leg—and he thought he read the situation at a glance.

"How did this happen, Billy?" said he. "Speeding again? You'll kill somebody one of these days if you're not more careful."

"Nix, doc; nix!" The patient had been listening. "You got him wrong. The guy what busted me leg tore out a mile a minute—he beat it. This sport comes along and picks me up."

"Oh!" said Doctor Hayes, and looked hard at Billy, who blushed and mopped his thick eyeglasses with his handkerchief.

"Rats, doc!" said he, much embarrassed. "I couldn't leave the kid there in the street—might have had to wait an hour for an ambulance; and—well, say, did you ever see a gamer little rooster in your life, doc? Not a whimper out of him, by George! Not a tear! I'd like to believe I'd act as well in a similar fix."

"You wouldn't," said the doctor, who was a truthful soul.

"I know it," said Billy quietly. "Maybe that's why I admire gameness in others."

As he was placed on the operating table in the surgery the boy opened his eyes.

"Look here, doc, are you going to put me to sleep?" he demanded.

"For a little while, sonny."

The boy looked at Billy Allison.

"Will you be here when I wake up, sport?" he asked. "This is new stuff to me. Stick round."

Billy thought of his engagement with a lively lady who graced the vaudeville stage, but something in the boy's eyes held him.

"Yes, kid; I'll be here," said Billy.

The newsboy drew a deep breath.

"All right, doc," said he. "Shoot the piece!"

While the interne was administering the anæsthetic Doctor Hayes, gowned and rubber-gloved, sought further information.

"What do you want done with him after I get him fixed up, Billy? Shall we send him home?"

"What do you think I am?" said Billy. "A piker? Keep him here, of course! Give him that front room with the windows—the one I had the last time I took the jag cure. See that he has everything he wants—special nurse and all."

"Philanthropy is something new for you, isn't it?" asked the doctor.

"Philanthropy be damned!" said Billy hotly. "My dad was a philanthropist. One in the family is enough. Haven't I told you that I like this kid because he's game? The best in your old hospital is none too good for him; and he'll get it or I'll know why!"

"Well, if that's the way you feel——" said the doctor. "I suppose you know that you're doing a foolish thing, Billy. Nobody knows who hurt the boy; but you brought him to the hospital, and if one of those thieving ambulance chasers gets hold of this you may be sued on suspicion. I've known shyster lawyers to do worse things than that. The man who drives an automobile is fair game."

"Let 'em go as far as they like," said Billy. "I've got all the insurance piled on to that car she'll carry—liability and otherwise. I should worry!"

"I'm merely suggesting how it will look to the boy's people," said the doctor.

"I'll take a chance on the kid," said Billy.

While the event was fresh in his mind Allison retained his interest in his protégé, calling at the hospital four times during the first week. During this period the gameness of Jakey Rosenblatt was Billy Allison's favorite topic—so much so that he bored all his friends and acquaintances with his enthusiastic recitals.

Incidentally the doctor's suspicions were confirmed when Billy met Mannie Rosenblatt, Jakey's eighteen-year-old brother. Mannie was considerably less than friendly and he fixed that amateur philanthropist with a cold and suspicious stare.

"If I didn't know Jakey wasn't a liar," said he, "I'd think you was the guy that run over him. I don't get you at all. What are you doin' all this for? What's the idea?"

"What's the idea of what?" asked Billy.

"All this swell hospital stuff! The kid could have gone to the County Hospital for nothing."

"Cheese it, Mannie!" said Jakey reprovingly. "Don't you know real class when you see it?"

"Well," said Mannie sullenly, "I don't get him: an' I declare myself now—I won't be stuck for no hospital bills."

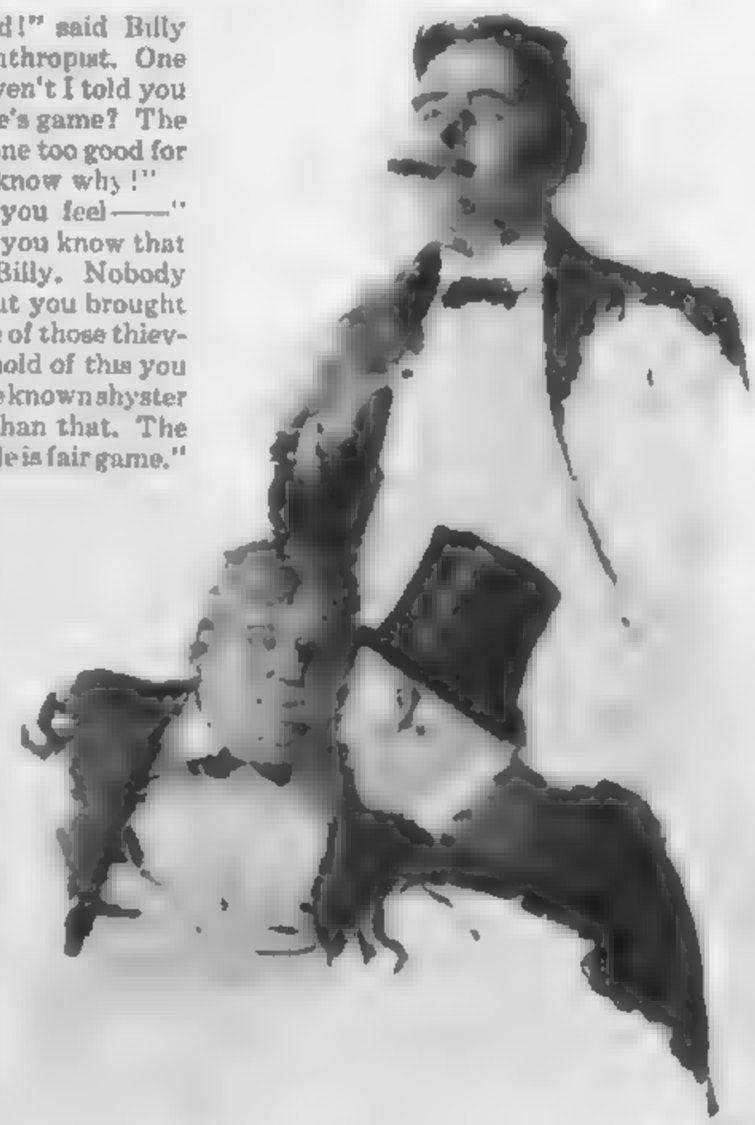
"You needn't worry," said Billy. "It shan't cost you a cent."

"It hadn't better!" said Mannie ungraciously, and departed, leaving Billy midway between amusement and exasperation.

"Don't pay any attention to him, mister," said Jakey. "Mannie, he says that nobody don't never do anything for you for nothing, and he's wondering what the comeback will be. He's all right when you get to know him, Mannie is. And, say, you ought to see him scrap! He's a bear!"

"So I should judge," was Billy's dry response.

Allison's interest in the youthful Rosenblatt soon waned, as did most of his fads. It died a natural death before Jakey was able to leave the hospital, and soon afterward the newsboy and his suspicious brother were forgotten; there were so very many other things to claim Billy's attention.



"They've Got an Awful Gall Asking Ten Dollars for a Show Like This!"

II

OLD Mr. Hawley had complained about the terms of Henry Allison's will, but there were others who found no fault with that document—automobile agents, exclusive tailors, café owners, waiters, actresses, and certain astute and furtive gentlemen of the sporting fraternity left-handed beneficiaries of the Allison Estate through the open hands of the heir.

The automobile agents found that Billy would usually buy a new car if it could be tuned up to beat his most recent purchase; the tailors noticed that he never mentioned prices while selecting fabrics, and respected his reticence save when rendering their quarterly statement; the café owners counted the nights of his appearance as bright ones; the waiters forgot to bring the change and went unrebuked; the actresses loved him for his pelf alone—poor Billy was not

attractive in a physical sense, being undersized and near-sighted; and the sporting gentlemen sheared him remorselessly, caring nothing for the color of his fleece.

"Of course," said they to Billy, "you can't win without taking a chance, and any man who takes a chance is liable to lose once in a while. One good thing—your money is circulating, ain't it? That's better than burying the bank roll in a tin can and letting it get moldy."

"There's something in that!" said Billy.

The sporting gentlemen carefully neglected to mention that it is also possible for a man to lose without taking a chance of winning. Black Jack Logan and his friends were experts at arranging speculative transactions of this sort.

They had introduced Billy to a horseman who owned a mare that could not possibly lose, but had somehow managed to achieve the impossible when Billy backed her heavily to win. They had put him in touch with a reformed professional gentleman who, through sheer love of the cards, had allowed himself to be persuaded to deal a few private sessions at faro bank in defiance of a state law against games of chance, which law was in no way violated. They had led him to a roulette wheel, which was so extensively wired for electrical control that the authorities were later unable to split it up for kindling wood. They had played bridge and poker with him when a wink or a cough from the dealer presaged a miracle. It was, they agreed, a shame to take the money, but a greater shame not to take it.

One evening, while Billy Allison was dining with the blonde—third from the left end of the line—four men surrounded a small table in the back room at Terry's Tavern—four rascals who could not possibly look so bad as they really were and made it a point not to try.

Black Jack Logan—otherwise Alexander B. Kirkman, Sing Sing 12378—might have passed for a member of any one of the honorable professions; and very often did so. George—Kid—Smalley, innocent and youthful in appearance, hid a world of wicked experience behind a smooth and boyish countenance. Edward—Fatty—Emerson, whose specialty was impersonating retired brewers and small-town backers, had all the earmarks of a solid citizen. And Peter—Three-Card—Davis knew how to smile and smile and be a villain still.

"Now that we're all here," said Fatty Emerson, "what is it to be this time?"

"A phony prize fight," said Black Jack Logan.

Emerson shook his head.

"Too old," said he. "That's almost as bad as a fake foot race. Everybody in the world is on to it."

Logan laughed.

"Fatty," said he, "I'm surprised at you! You've been on the turf long enough to know that the old games are the best games. It's only when you try something new that the sucker gets leery. You can still sell gold bricks on the New Jersey marshes; and last week Shelly McGuire was pinched for spieling the nuts inside the loop in Chicago. He would have got rich if the bulls had let him alone. People are afraid of the new games, but they fall for the old ones."

"Who's the sucker?" asked Emerson.

"Young fellow round town," said Logan.

"Father left him money," said Smalley.

"A barrel of it," supplemented Davis.

"Boob?" asked Emerson.

"The worst in the world," said Smalley.

"Doesn't know a thing," said Davis.

"How do we pull it?" asked Emerson.

"The same old way," said Logan. "You're the only one of the bunch he hasn't met at one time or another. You'll have to be the small-town sport, with a rube champion in tow. We've got your man picked out already. By the way, Kid, did you dig up the other fighter?"

"Not yet," answered Smalley; "but I've got a line on the very man we want."

"That's the tough part of the frame-up," said Emerson. "The worse the rube fighter is, the better. It's the one who's going to lose that must have class."

"Ever hear of Young Sullivan?" asked Smalley.

"Seen him fight lots of times," grunted Fatty. "With proper handling he'd be right up in the first flight. He'll never be a champion, but it'll take one to stop him."

"He's the bird," said Smalley.

"You don't mean to tell me you can ring him in on a thing like this?"

"In a minute!" said Smalley. "Sullivan pulled off a fake here six months ago—lost a decision to Denver Danny Shea to get a return match and make a clean-up. The papers got on to it and the promoters had to bar him. He's so flat right now that he'd listen to any proposition, murder included, for a fifty-dollar note. Leave it to me."

"How much will this boob bet?" asked Emerson.

"If he's got a limit we haven't struck it yet," said Logan. "I'm figuring to take him for the big bunch this time."

"It listens well," said Emerson critically. "Now about the details ——"

A week later Billy Allison, killing time at one of his clubs, was summoned to the telephone.

Mr. Wenger Busied Himself With the Time-Honored Preliminaries of Battle

"This you, Billy?" said a voice. "Logan speaking. Going to the fight to-night?"

"I hadn't thought of it," said Billy. "Yes; I guess I'll be there. I usually take in all the scraps."

"Good!" said Logan. "Meet me at the Swinton at six. We'll have dinner and go out to the pavilion together. . . . No, Billy; you're my guest this time. I insist. . . . Oh, forget it! I've got box seats—complimentaries."

"Pretty easy for you!" said Billy. "They make me pay for mine. I'll be there on the dot."

The second preliminary event was in progress when Logan and Allison arrived at the ringside. A fat gentleman, rather overdressed and plentifully decorated with off-color diamonds, was the sole occupant of the box. He made room for the newcomers and Billy thanked him.

"'Sall right," said he. "Keep the change."

There was silence until the end of the round, when the fat man grunted disgustedly:

"They've got an awful gall asking ten dollars for a show like this! In my town they'd throw a pair of tramps like these fellows out of the ring."

"Maybe the main event will be better," suggested Billy.

"Duff Ryan and Kid Wilson?" snorted the fat man. "A couple of applewomen could beat 'em! Why, say, there's a boy cleaning out my saloon that can lick 'em both in the same ring!"

"He's wasting time cleaning out saloons then," said Logan, nudging Billy. "Ryan and Wilson are two of the best welters in the country."

"Huh!" said the fat man scornfully. "I'd like to bet my kid can lick either one of 'em with a punch, and he's only a lightweight at that!"

"You're overlooking a fortune then," said Logan. "Lightweights who can whip welters are mighty scarce in this country at present."

The fat man became boastful.

"Welters!" he scoffed. "Say, he can lick middleweights! He's done it lots of times, right in my place. This boy has never had a professional fight in his life—never seen the inside of a ring. As for training, he wouldn't know the meaning of the word unless you showed it to him in a dictionary; but I'll bet he could step in just as he is and lick all these fellows. Yes, sir; give him a close shave and a shampoo and he'd be ready!"

"I don't see how he can do it," said Billy skeptically.

"Well, my money says he can! Here's my card—Al J. Wenger, Wines and Liquors, Wholesale and Retail. Drop in if you're passing through my town. You'll be treated right."

"I'm sure of it," said Billy.

"I'd bring the kid down here," continued the fat man, "if I thought I could get any kind of a match for him. I've talked with some of the sports and the promoters, and they all say he wouldn't be a drawing card without a reputation. They wanted him to fight some of these pork-and-beaners first; but if I can't get a good man for him I'll pass it up."

Kid Wilson planted his justly celebrated right cross on the point of Duff Ryan's jaw in the ninth round and the evening's entertainment was over. Logan chuckled as he climbed into Billy Allison's runabout.

"Queer bird, that saloon keeper," said he. "The joke of it is that this fellow he was talking about may be a real fighter at that—a comer. I'd like to discover a lightweight who could lick welters and middles! Do you know how much I could make with him in a year?"

"Couldn't say," answered Billy. "Quite a sum, I suppose."

"Not less than seventy-five thousand dollars," said Logan calmly.

"Whew! So much as that?"

"That's the lowest estimate. I've half a notion to write this roughneck saloon keeper and tell him to bring his man down here. We can look him over in private have him spar with a few good boys; and if he's any good I can get him a match with a man where he'll be a short-ender in the betting."

"Fine!" said Billy enthusiastically. "Here's the card. Get in touch with this fellow and let me know how it comes out."

"You bet I will! I want your opinion of him, Billy. Mind you don't say a word about it to any of your friends. It's like a quiet tip on a race horse—tell your bosom pal and you've told the whole town! You've no idea how information of this sort circulates, and this is one melon we want to keep to ourselves."

"If it's ripe," said Billy.

"Of course," said Logan. "A green melon is the only one you can afford to be generous with."

As Logan was preparing for bed that night the telephone rang.

"Yes, this is Jack. . . . Nice work, Fatty. . . . Oh, hook, line and sinker! Didn't we tell you he was easy!"

III

"WELL, Billy, what do you think of Wenger's lightweight champion?" Logan and Allison were standing on the sidewalk outside the door of a private gymnasium frequented by boxers and their satellites. They had just witnessed the try-out of Mr. Wenger's battling janitor.

"Think of him!" ejaculated Billy. "Why, he's a dub—a joke! He doesn't know the first thing about boxing—or

fighting, either, for that matter. I believe I could stop him in two rounds myself, cigarette heart and all!"

"I believe you could, Billy," said Logan. "Where Wenger ever got the idea that this fellow is a fighter is more than I know. If he ever whipped any middleweights he did it with a bung starter when they were looking the other way. Well, the stuff is off. I wouldn't ask anybody to give him a match on the strength of the showing he made to-day."

The street door opened and Mr. Al J. Wenger appeared, fat, cheerful and buoyant as ever.

"Well?" said he with a rising inflection, his manner challenging an adverse verdict.

"I'm sorry, Wenger," said Logan. "That boy isn't a fighter. He doesn't know his right hand from his left."

Wenger snorted loudly.

"What can you tell about him, just seeing him once?" said he. "He ain't a cream-puff boxer, if that's what you mean. He don't know anything about sparrin' for points, and they told him he wasn't to hurt this boy. Then he hadn't ever had any gloves on before, and they bothered him ——"

Wenger paused, and Logan shook his head and turned away. The fat man whirled suddenly on Allison.

"What do you think about him?" he demanded.

Billy tossed his cigarette into the gutter and smiled at Wenger.

"I could be arrested for telling you what I think of him," said he pleasantly. "Any pork-and-beaner in the country could make him jump out of the ring."

Mr. Wenger's round face suddenly became purple.

"A lot you know about fighters!" he cried. "You take one look at my boy and tell me he ain't any good, eh? He'll jump out of the ring, will he?" Wenger plunged his hand into a pocket and drew out a thick roll of bills, which he waved excitedly under Billy's nose. "I'll bet you any part of what's here you can't find a lightweight that'll lick him in a real fight! Any part of it, if you know so much! Now then, put up or shut up!"

"Grab him!" prompted Logan softly. "It's like finding the money."

"I don't want to rob you," Billy began.

Wenger hooted scornfully.

"Don't let that bother you! You ain't a-goin' to rob anybody, Clarence! Here's my bank roll, and there's plenty more where this comes from that says my boy can lick any lightweight in the country. We don't bar anybody. We ain't afraid of anybody. There ain't anything yellow about us but our money. If you've got any sporting blood now's the time to show it. Put up or shut up!"

"It's a cinch!" whispered Logan. "Don't let him get away with it!"

"I don't intend he shall," said Billy coolly. "As I understand the proposition, I have the right to nominate any lightweight I please?"

"Anybody at all!" exclaimed Wenger, ostentatiously thumbing his roll of currency.

"Public fight?" questioned Billy.

"I don't care," blustered Wenger. "My boy'll fight in a barn, down a well or inside a Saratoga trunk! Any old place where there's room enough for the other fellow to fall will suit him fine."

"Better pull it off in private," suggested Logan. "It wouldn't do to have the newspapers get hold of it!"

"Right you are!" agreed Billy. "The papers have had enough fun with me already."

"A private fight goes," assented Wenger.

"Very well," said Billy briskly. "Mr. Wenger, if you will count that money you are waving round so carelessly I will post a certified check to cover it. Inside of two days I will notify you of my selection."

"Fair enough!" said Mr. Wenger heartily. "Fair enough! I guess you're a true sport after all."

"I feel more like a burglar," said Billy.

Mr. Wenger laughed loudly.

"You don't think very much of my boy," said he; "but you may change your mind about him later. Well"—and Wenger offered his hand with a great show of cordiality—"an even break; and may the best man win!"

"May the best man win!" repeated Billy.

An hour later Logan and Allison sat at lunch in a downtown grill. Billy's usually cheerful countenance wore an expression of annoyance.

"Cheer up!" chuckled Logan. "You don't look to me like a man who has just picked up ten thousand dollars."

"Confound it, that's just the point!" fumed Billy. "Who would have thought the chump would bet so much? I wouldn't mind taking a few hundred away from him just to teach him a lesson, but ten thousand! Whew!"

"Cold feet?" asked Logan, eying Billy over the rim of his glass.

"You know better than that. I never have cold feet on a betting proposition," boasted the lamb.

"I beg your pardon," said Logan.

"It's only that I hate to bet that much money on a cinch," explained Billy.

"I wouldn't let that bother me," said Logan. "You'll pardon me, Billy, but I'm an older man than you are and I've seen more of the world. If they have invented any method of keeping a fool and his money together I haven't heard of it. This man Wenger might as well lose his ten thousand to you as to some one else; for lose it he will. He's one of the kind that's born every minute. . . . By the way, have you thought of any good lightweight you can get? You'll want a topnotcher, you know. There's no sense in taking chances."

"I was thinking you might suggest some one," said Billy.

Logan gave a very fair imitation of a man in deep thought.

"I'd hate to advise you, Billy," said he at length. "Then, again, I don't know what fighters are in town. How would it do if we called up Smalley—you remember that little chap we met at the race track? Smalley has a line on all the pugs and his advice would be invaluable. Speaking of him, why wouldn't it be a good idea to have Smalley make the arrangements for you? If you should go to a fighter and hire him to take part in a private scrap the first thing he'd do would be to run to the sporting editors with it. They're all crazy after publicity—every one of 'em. You want to keep this fight under cover, don't you?"

"You bet!" said Billy fervently. "When can we get hold of Smalley?"

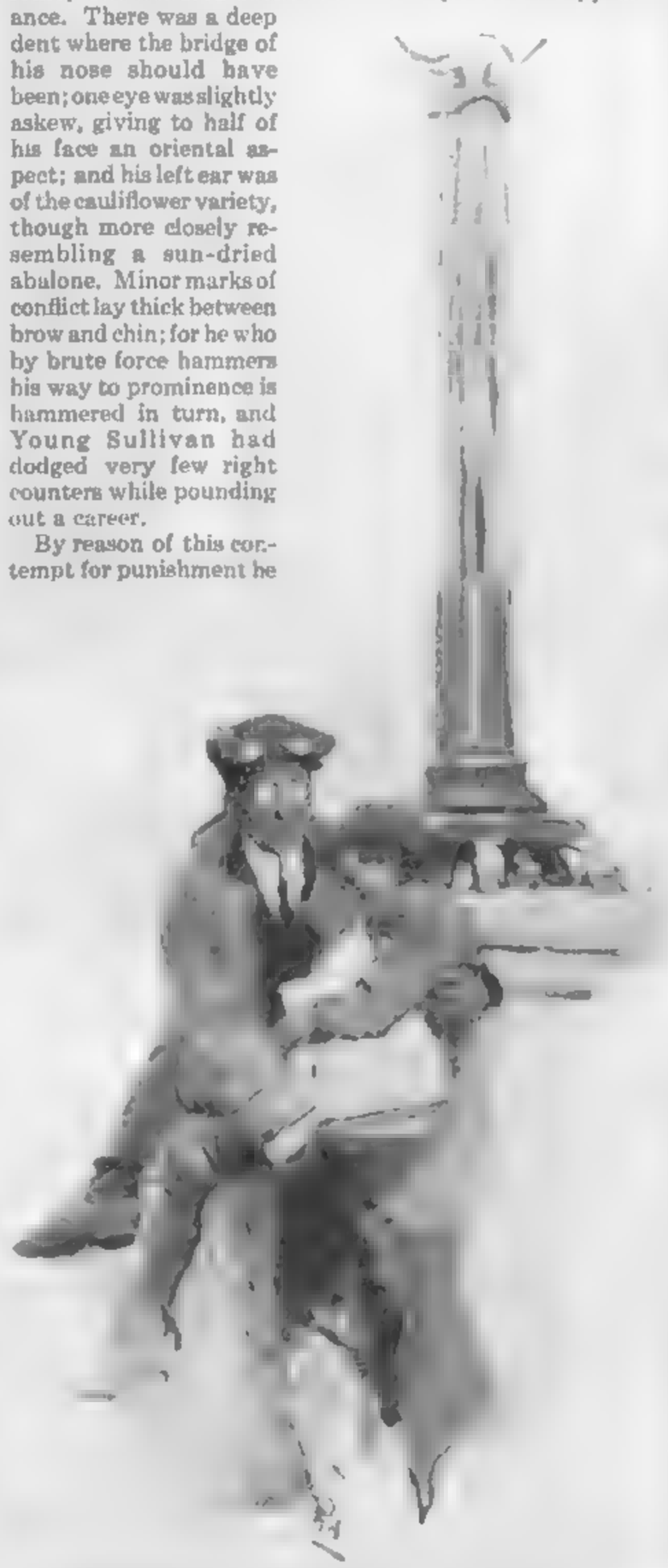
IV

"I AIN'T what you might call a partickler guy, Smalley. The reg'lar run of the cards is good enough for me; but this is the first time I ever has to sneak up an alley and put on me trunks in a horse's bedroom. It ain't any of my business, of course; but what's the idea of pulling off this hippodrome in a barn?"

The light of a single lantern flickered on the walls of a box stall and picked the speaker out of the darkness, throwing his battered features into strong relief.

Young Sullivan could never have been considered handsome; one hundred battles had not improved his appearance. There was a deep dent where the bridge of his nose should have been; one eye was slightly askew, giving to half of his face an oriental aspect; and his left ear was of the cauliflower variety, though more closely resembling a sun-dried abalone. Minor marks of conflict lay thick between brow and chin; for he who by brute force hammers his way to prominence is hammered in turn, and Young Sullivan had dodged very few right counters while pounding out a career.

By reason of this contempt for punishment he was known as one of the stumbling-blocks in the lightweight division—a dogged youngster who would take a dozen heavy blows without flinching for the sake of handing one; and Sullivan's single punch usually evened the score.



"Get a Curse on You! This Kid Has a Broken Leg"

"Why all this soft-pedal stuff?" persisted the fighter. "You ain't afraid of a pinch, are you?"

"Of course not," answered Kid Smalley, who, after the fashion of all chief seconds and handlers, was stripped to his shirt sleeves. "Certainly not. We just want to be sure it's private—that's all."

"I don't blame you," grinned Young Sullivan. "You wouldn't want any witnesses if you was rolling a drunk or cracking a safe, and this is going to be worse. Private, eh? Well, you can't make it any too private for me. It wouldn't do me repitation any good if the gang heard that an unknown knocked me out in a punch. Who's the sucker?"

"You want to know too much," said Smalley curtly. "You'll get your dough as soon as it's over—one hundred bones for taking a slap on the jaw. That's good enough for you, ain't it?"

"Good enough if you say so. I ain't prying into your business. I just wanted to know—that's all."

"Curiosity has killed better men than you," said Smalley. "You go through with the program; that's all you've got to do. Remember now—no boxing and no stalling. Pull it off just the way you rehearsed it. The other fellow is so bad that if the fight should go a couple of rounds even a blind man could see it was a frame. We've got to do it quick. Get in there; swing wild a few times, poke your jaw into one, and flop. Don't get up at the count of ten either. Don't get up at all. We'll carry you to the corner and work on you for a while, and then ——"

Sullivan interrupted eagerly:

"I'll open me eyes and say: 'Who threw that brick?'"

"You're a great little actor," sneered Kid Smalley; "but this is no comedy part. The less you say the better."

"Oughtn't I to have a alibi?" asked the fighter anxiously. "Can't I say something about holding this bird too cheap and never training a lick for him?"

"That would be fine!" was the sarcastic rejoinder. "Lovely! Here, I've told the sucker that you're in the pink of condition and ready to put up the fight of your life—and you'd make me out a liar for the sake of an alibi! Listen to me and get this through your thick head—if you can: You're not paid for making any explanations—savvy? You're paid for taking a poke on the jaw and doing a Rip Van Winkle. After this fellow lands his right swing you're cast for the part of Sleeping Beauty. Do you get me?"

The ring has its traditions and they die hard. One of them provides that for every defeat there must be a plausible excuse. Lack of training, a broken hand, a crooked referee, a chance blow—those are the staple explanations of the loser.

Young Sullivan sighed and drew a soiled sweater over his bare shoulders.

"You're the doctor." He spoke heavily and with bitterness. "But, all the same, somebody ought to alibi for me—getting put away by a stuff like this!"

"Leave it to me," said Smalley soothingly. "Your spotless reputation shan't suffer. I promise you that. Making an alibi that will stick is the best thing I do. Now then, professor, if you're ready we will proceed to the slaughter."

"Yeh; let's get it over!" growled Young Sullivan.

Smalley picked up a bucket and a large towel and led the way out of the box stall. As they stumbled down a dark passageway the fighter fired the last hopeless shot in defense of his professional reputation.

"Couldn't I say I was doped?" he asked.

"No!" hissed Smalley. "You can't say anything!"

He found a doorknob in the dark and a flood of light burst on them. The ring had been pitched in the center of a large, bare room, which at the first glance seemed to be empty; but as Smalley entered there was a sudden bustle in a far corner and Mr. Al J. Wenger appeared, escorting his champion. The latter, a low-browed, shock-headed youth, looked neither to the right nor to the left, but shuffled awkwardly in the wake of his fat sponsor.

Mr. Wenger had dressed his managerial part with great care. A pink silk undershirt adorned the upper part of his person; a bath towel was draped about his neck; his lavender-striped trousers were rolled above his shoetops, and from a hip pocket peeped the glass stopper of a bottle of smelling salts.

At the same time four men, who had been conversing in low tones, left another corner and moved toward the ringside, where they took seats.

Young Sullivan paused long enough to favor his antagonist with a ferocious scowl, which was returned with interest; then he crawled through the tapes. His glance next fell on the four men seated outside the ring; and he remained standing, staring at them until Smalley pushed him into his chair.

Immediately Mr. Wenger busied himself with the time-honored preliminaries of battle. He shook the new gloves out of their pasteboard box, examining each one

(Continued on Page 41)

FEEDING A MILLION MEN

What the Soldier Eats—By Woods Hutchinson

HOW a soldier will fight depends, first, on how he is armed, and, second, on how well he is fed. We hear a great deal about warlike and unwarlike races, about mild and peace-loving nations, and famous fighting strains; but almost any race, however tall or short, dark or fair, savage, half savage or civilized, if well fed, fairly armed and halfway decently led and trained, will furnish a pretty fair article of fighting men, quite good enough for all practical purposes of warfare, whether medieval or modern. Courage, like most other good things, is one of the most frequent of human virtues, and will come to the surface as soon as it is given a decent physical basis on which to stand. From the days of the Foreign Legions of Rome and the Janizaries of Constantinople to England's Ghurkas and Sikhs and France's Turcos and Senegalese, the dominant race has turned painted and nose-ringed savages into first-class fighting machines.

A Temporary Soup Kitchen in Paris

Even out of the most peaceful and sheeplike of races, like the Chinese coolies, Gordon was able, in three years, to form his famous Ever Victorious Army, which never fought against odds of less than three and usually ten to one, but was never defeated, and which he expressed his perfect willingness to match against an equal number of any known European line regiments.

Explanations of the transformation have been varied and superficial—military drill, according to one opinion; superior weapons, to another; confidence in white officers, to a third. But the deliberate judgment of competent experts is that half the miracle was wrought by better food. That was Gordon's own explanation of the major part of his triumphant feat.

An army in the field seems to rest solidly on the ground; up to its knees in it, in fact, if the rains have been heavy. Practically, however, it is up in the air, supported by a tripod, one leg of which is ammunition; another, rations; and the third, sanitation. Knock any one of those legs from under it, and it goes down, flop, like a bird with a broken wing.

We hear much of the tremendous problem of mobilizing an army, of assembling and entraining troops, and massing them on the frontier in three, five or seven days from the declaration of war. It is a tremendous and difficult feat; but it is merely a summer holiday compared with the exhausting and never-ending problem of feeding them after getting them there, which becomes still more difficult as they march into the enemy's country.

The Best Fuel for Fighting Machines

IT REQUIRES a tremendous number of troop trains to deliver an army of two hundred thousand men on the fighting line; but when that has once been done it is over and seldom needs to be repeated on the same scale, fractional units only, as a rule, being moved at intervals of several weeks or months.

Each of those two hundred thousand men, however, eats his own weight in food every thirty days; and that means a never-ending succession of freight and supply trains, pouring constantly backward and forward all day and all night, as long as the war lasts. And there can be absolutely no let-up in this toilsome service, no excuses for breakdowns, no breathing spells or vacations. That rumbling, lumbering, never-sleeping line of communication is the very aorta of an army—the great artery through which pours its lifeblood.

In the early days the problem of rations was a comparatively simple one, for each soldier supplied himself, carrying enough at his saddlebow or in his haversack to last him until he got into the enemy's country, when the rest was easy. War, in the beginning, was systematized robbery and plunder; and it has not changed much even in this twentieth century. The principal inducement to go to war was the excellent excuse it gave for plundering and looting, and living off the country generally.

So vitally important is food to an army that anything which hinders a soldier from utilizing to the full his ration disqualifies him at once. In modern recruiting offices more applicants are rejected to-day for defective teeth than for any three other defects. This seems little short of absurd to the nonexpert, and one can hardly help sympathizing with the recruit who a few weeks ago volunteered for service in England. He was a bony, sturdy Scot and could hardly believe his ears when told he was rejected. The examiner regretfully explained that the only cause was his decayed teeth. Fixing a dark and reproachful gaze on the officer, he exclaimed:

"Mon, ye'r makkin' a gran' mistak'. Ah'm no wantin' to bite the enemy! Ah want to shoot 'em!"

Moreover, wars were formerly casual, fitful affairs, and lasted only so long as the food supply of the invader and invaded held out, then collapsed of their own accord. In those days the best soldier was the man who could go longest without food or live on the coarsest and cheapest foodstuff. The inhabitants of the rich plains and fertile valleys were perpetually being harried by swarm after swarm of hillmen and mountaineers, caterans, mosstroopers, night riders, and banditti, who came down, hungry and steel-clad, out of their wretched fastnesses once or twice a year for a square meal.

The earliest commissariat started, for obvious reasons, with a decidedly restricted, solid—not to say stodgy and unattractive—group of food fuels. Foods, to be suitable for army supplies, must, of course, be of proved and high nutritive value. They must be as compact as possible—that is to say, have as much nourishment for their bulk and weight as feasible, so as not to cost too much for transportation. And they must be in such form as to keep well and stand considerable variations of climate and vicissitudes in handling and storing without spoiling.

Naturally a few *pièces de résistance*, as the French call them, poked their heads into the limelight at once—salt meats, particularly beef and pork; hard biscuit; flour, beans and fat. The judgment that selected these staples was sound; and to this day the bulk of army supplies, particularly for a rapidly moving force—its backbone or principal staples—consists of salt beef, salt pork, bacon or ham, hard-tack, flour, rice or corn meal, beans and butter.

It was soon found, however, that though a ration of salt beef or pork, with wheat, rye or barley bread and fat, furnished the essentials of a diet and supplied the necessary fuel units or calories in as compact, durable and transportable form as could anywhere be discovered, it had certain very serious drawbacks.

Of course it is only fair to remember that these articles of food were never intended to form, so to speak, more than the backbone of the ration; and that lighter, less nutritious and more perishable things, like fruits and vegetables and sweets, were expected to be secured from the enemy's country. But with the wanton and reckless methods of waging war, setting fire to standing crops, hacking down orchards, burning stacks and granaries and barns, and pillaging and murdering noncombatants—which until recently we thought we had outlived—a country much fought over soon became such a desert that armies were compelled to live on the rations given them. And the moment they were so restricted for more than a few weeks they began to go down like sheep—partly with ordinary diseases, like typhoid, dysentery, pneumonia, and so on, which flourish on a lowered resistance, and partly from a perfectly definite and unique disease called scurvy, or scorbutus, due entirely to the absence of certain elements from the food.

So serious and so rapid were the ravages of this disease that in the Middle Ages it was no unusual thing for an army to have one-third, one-half or even two-thirds of its rank and file prostrated by it, and from a tenth to a fifth killed.

For centuries this was supposed to be merely one of the innumerable plagues and pestilences that sprang up in the track of war; and it was not until about two hundred years ago, just before the time of Captain Cook's voyages round the world, that we discovered that this loathsome and deadly disease, which loosened the teeth in the jaws, caused the joints to swell and become inflamed, and simply melted the walls of the blood vessels, letting hemorrhages leak out all over both the inner and outer surfaces of the body, was solely due to the absence of fruit acids and vegetable alkalies from the diet, and could be absolutely cured or prevented by such a simple charm as an ounce of lemon juice or half a raw potato a day for each man.

Lime Juice as a Life-Saver

BY THIS time scurvy had become practically confined to ships' crews, both in the navy and in the merchant marine. So lemon juice or lime juice was ordered by law to be added to all ships' stores; and for several generations afterward the old merchantmen that sailed round the Horn were known as lime-juicers, from the fact that they were required to carry a regular stock of that life-saving article.

For fifty years—indeed, practically for a century past—the civilized army ration has contained not merely bread, meat and fat, but either fruits or vegetables, and usually both. This modification was, however, brought about in a rather curious and indirect way. For many years, and indeed even now in some armies, no vegetables, fruit or sugar appeared in the formal list of supplies issued to the troops.

At first sight it would appear as though these were not considered to be needed in the ration. And anything more uninteresting than the list of so many ounces of bread; so many grams of beef, with or without bone; so many ounces of lard, grams of sugar and grains of salt, could hardly be imagined. It sounds as bleak and unattractive as a prescription.

When, however, you read between the lines and peruse the supplementary regulations, you will discover that though, with the rigidity characteristic of the military mind, no departure has been permitted from the sacred and time-honored list of solid slabs of food handed down from Mount Sinai, these are issued to the soldier in such amounts that he cannot possibly eat the whole of his ration, and is graciously permitted to sell or exchange the surplus for fruits, vegetables, sweets, and such simple luxuries as he may crave.

It is a clumsy old survival of barbarism, redolent of the times when barter was the only basis of exchange, money was scarce and bills of sale were unknown; but it is supposed to put the soldier or mess sergeant on his own responsibility, and it saves brain-fag in the adjutant general's

department—and the Lord knows every economy of that precious and rare condition ought to be encouraged in those circles!

It has, however, become largely a matter of form or a make-believe game of bookkeeping; for the full excessive ration is seldom actually issued. Each company or mess is credited with so much money expressed in terms of beef, pork and flour, and it is permitted to spend the value of whatever surplus remains for fruit, fresh vegetables, canned goods, sweets, pastry, soft drinks, and so on, either at the army stores or in the local shops.

Indeed, the majority of modern armies stock and supply their commissariat departments with a splendid variety of the very best quality of all sorts of not merely groceries, fruits and vegetables, but even delicatessen relishes and minor luxuries, which the various messes are allowed to select to the amount of their surplus bread, beef and pork, at the ruling prices of those staples.

Another thing discovered by our experience with scurvy was that our quick-growing, instinctive distaste for salted or preserved meats, if served for more than one or two meals a week, or for a few days or weeks at a stretch, had a sound physiologic basis. Though the surest provocative of scurvy was absence of fresh fruit or fresh vegetables from the diet, there were other forms of anæmia and blood impoverishment, as well as serious nutritional disturbances, that were much less likely to occur if the meat in the ration was provided fresh instead of salt.

Practically every modern army now issues its meat ration in the form of fresh beef or mutton and, where it can, supplements it with fish—though, of course, relying to a great degree on bacon or salt beef in the exigencies of a campaign.

This made a great improvement; but there was still something lacking. And though it was always considered good strategy to encourage soldiers to forage as much as possible from the countries through which they passed, it was found that, on a diet of simple bread, meat and fat, cravings for variety and other foods developed to such a degree as either to impair the health of the troops or make them so ravenously hungry for all sorts of desserts and trimmings that they devoured eagerly every kind of indigestible and unsuitable green stuff and sweet stuff they could get.

This craving was found to be particularly keen for sweets of all sorts; and as soon as the new-found luxury, sugar, became cheap enough to be available for army supplies, it was tested out with fear and trembling, and found to be not merely free from danger but an extremely wholesome, digestible and readily assimilable food; and it was added to the army ration.

Practically all modern army rations now, particularly the emergency ration intended for the support of bodies of troops in the field, away from their supply trains, contain sugar, not merely by the ounce but by the pound. The modern emergency ration, for instance, consists of sugar in the form of chocolate, bacon, pork, fat, dried albumen, made either from white of egg or curds of milk, and a sort of pea-meal sausage, containing dried peas, beans or lentils, combined with flavoring herbs—the latter made in Germany and of a surpassing nastiness.

The Danger of Eating Too Few Sweets

THESE ingredients are mixed together into a solid cake, which may be eaten raw or cooked, or else combined with water and made into a sort of sweet soup; and sometimes they are used in separate slabs. The soldier greatly prefers the latter arrangement, as it enables him eagerly to devour the chocolate, fry and eat the bacon, and throw away the pea-meal sausage.

Another substance found very satisfactory as an emergency ration is the famous and hallowed pemmican of our boyhood days, when we adored James Fenimore Cooper. This consists of meat of some sort, either beef, pork or mutton—it was originally, of course, made of venison or buffalo meat—mixed with sugar, raisins, currants, dates, prunes or other dried fruits, packed into canvas or leather bags, which are filled and sealed over with melted fat. It may be eaten either in chunks, with bread or biscuit, or made into an appetizing and nutritious stew.

The army ration has given the finishing blow to our ancient nursery superstition about the unwholesomeness of sugar and the way it makes our teeth decay, and our livers become enlarged, and our joints inflamed with gout and rheumatism, and our kidneys "Brightsy." It is one of the best, most readily digestible and, at present prices, cheapest forms of body fuel we have. Three-quarters of the work of the body is probably done by burning sugar in the

Men Will March Better, Fight Better, Drink Less, on an Abundant Varied Diet

cells of our muscles, which latter turn it into alcohol and explode it in much the same way that gasoline vapor is exploded in the cylinders of an automobile—only the cylinders are so innumerable and so tiny that we do not hear any chugging and do not get the familiar smell.

This brings the army ration or fuel supply of the fighting machine down to practically an irreducible minimum of five main type-fuels, lacking any one of which disease and breakdown are certain—bread, beef, fat, sugar, and either fruit juice or vegetables.

Even such a trifling ingredient as salt is absolutely indispensable, and its absence is instantly felt. On one of the wonderful fast forced marches, which established the world's record for infantry, a division of Stonewall Jackson's famous "foot-cavalry" left its wagons so far behind that it was forced to live for three days on nothing but green corn, picked and roasted in the field. When the men struck the supply train their first wild rush was for the salt barrels, which they stove in at once; and, scooping up the salt in handfuls, they licked it up as eagerly as colts from a clover field.

The next problem was: Can any of these be exchanged for something either cheaper or better adapted for transportation and keeping? Experiments in this direction have been innumerable; but the net result has been to leave the foundation stones of army diet pretty much where they were in the beginning.

Beginning with bread, every imaginable grain, nut, root, pith or pulp that contains starch has been tried out as a substitute for it, because these are either cheaper in proportion to their starch content than wheat or can be grown in climates and latitudes where wheat will not flourish. Corn has been tried in the subtropics, rice in the tropics, oats, rye and barley in the north temperate zone, potatoes, sago from the palm, and tapioca from the manioc root.

Only the net result can be given here, which is that no civilized nation that can raise the money or provide the transportation to get wheat will allow its army to live on any other yet discovered or invented grain or starch. Rice, corn meal, potatoes, sago and tapioca are, of course, ruled out at once, because they contain only starch and nothing to match in the slightest degree the twelve or fourteen per cent of gluten, or vegetable meat, that gives wheat its supreme value.

After our first food analyses a desperate attempt was made to substitute corn for wheat, because it contained from five to seven per cent of protein—called zein—a perfectly good protein in the books and in the laboratories; but it simply would not work in the field. Armies fed on it promptly showed signs of nitrogen starvation; and, about thirty years later, up came our physiologists with the belated explanation that, though zein was a right-enough protein in composition and chemical structure, only about a third of it could be utilized in the human body.

Even the purely Oriental nations—the Japanese, Chinese and Hindus—born and brought up on rice, have formally abandoned it in their army ration and have endeavored to substitute wheat for it, though expense and the inborn prejudices of their soldiers have proved considerable obstacles. Troops or nations fed on rice are subject to beriberi and are cured by a diet rich in protein, either vegetable or animal, wheat or meat. Meat and wheat in the ration have wiped out four-fifths of the beriberi in the Japanese army and navy. Those fed on corn become subject to pellagra, which is ravaging our Southern States to-day.

As for the northern grains, barley, rye and oats, which also contain some gluten, these are all inferior to wheat—rye and barley on account of their low protein content and considerable bulk of innutritious, gelatinous and gummy materials, which disturb the digestion; and oats on account of the irritating bitter extractives with which their high percentage of protein is combined. Nobody but a Scotchman can live on oatmeal as his sole breadstuff; and it has taken generations of training and gallons of whisky on the side to enable even him to do it.

The successful growth and colonization of the white races depend principally on whether wheat will grow in the climate in which they are living. The temperate zone is simply the wheat belt and the grass-and-beef belt—the only region in the world where men can live and grow without suffering from nitrogen starvation. "Good as old wheat!" is an even higher standard of praise than our farmers realize.

The next foundation stone, for which the economists endeavored to substitute something else, just as good and far cheaper, was beef; and that noble stand-by holds its own like the Rock of Gibraltar. No other kinds of meat—venison, fowl, game, fish, or other animal substance—would take its place for a moment; partly because they are lacking in certain elements necessary for nutrition and partly because they contain some poisonous flavoring substances, extractives or split proteins, which promptly upset the digestion and the health when they are used as steady articles of diet.

Fish, for instance, has less than half the fuel value of its own weight in beef, and later researches have shown that half, even, of that fuel value is incapable of digestion in the human stomach. Chicken and feathered game of all sorts are simply trifles, as well as extremely expensive; in fact, the only flesh that can for a single month or even week be substituted for beef is pork.

Coffee and Tea in Place of Alcohol

SEVERAL years ago I happened to meet in eastern Oregon a prosperous and successful man of affairs who in his youth had been employed by the Union Pacific as a hunter to supply its construction camps, when building the railroad across the Great Plains, with wild meat—buffalo, venison, antelope and elk. He told me that, at first, the men simply reveled in these luxuries; but that after the first week or so, if they were compelled to go for a single week or even three days in succession without their pork or beef, they threatened a mutiny. He summed up his experience in one sentence: "I tell you, doctor, there's only one meat that's fit for a white man to live on, and that's beef, with pork for a second choice."

Anyone who has been on an extended hunting or exploring trip and run short of bacon will cordially indorse this remark. The finest of salmon or trout, of venison, partridge, pheasant or quail, becomes as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal in contrast with plain boiled beef or fried bacon.

A gentleman who had acted as volunteer cook for a hunting party of his friends in the Olympics of the North Pacific Coast told me he could fairly cover the camp table with clams and broiled salmon, and fried venison and roast duck; but, after the first ten days out, if clams, salmon, venison and duck were the only things on the board, up would go noses and voices at once in the complaint: "What's the matter with you? Are you gettin' too lazy to cook a little bacon?"

For campaign purposes, as an indispensable staple, bacon is perhaps even more valuable than beef, because it is twice as nutritious in proportion to its bulk, will keep in any climate, can be cooked any old way and yet be good, may be dropped in the river, run over by an ammunition wagon, rolled on by a mule, left out in the rain all night or in the sun all day, and yet be perfectly good chuck—yes, "hyas skookum chuck," "heap bully good grub"—when cleaned, trimmed and fried.

Besides, it has the great advantage of containing the second of the indispensable elements—fat—as well; and it can be used for frying or as shortening in bread or biscuit. Blessed be bacon! Like beef, it boasts the one great and only unmistakable earmark of permanent value—you can eat it once a day all the year round and never tire of it.

As for any of the vegetable substitutes for meat, such as beans, peas or lentils, to know them is to loathe them. They are rich in protein and very cheap; but, alas! they contain bitter alkaloids and extractives, so intimately blended into their proteins that no known methods of steaming or cooking will get rid of them. You may bake and you may batter the bean as you will, but the taste of the horehound will

hang round it still. These disagreeable alkaloids are not only bitter but poisonous, upsetting the digestion and impairing the health. This is why neither Tommy Atkins nor his American cousin will stand for pea-meal sausage in the emergency ration.

But is even this dietetic trinity of bread, beef and sugar, with greens and dessert on the side, sufficient? The results of a hundred campaigns have shown that it is not. Man is not merely a stomach and muscles—he is also a bundle of nerves; and they require their share of pabulum. In the early days the nerve-steadier in the soldier's diet used to be supplied in the form of grog—beer, wine, whisky; and up to about one hundred years ago alcohol in some form was considered to be an absolutely indispensable part of the army ration.

Gradually, however, and by bitter experience, it was realized that alcohol's way of steadying and supporting the nerves was to narcotize them, which practically means poison them; that it gave no nourishment to the body and, instead of improving the digestion and utilization of food, really hindered and interfered with them. Man must have something to drink as well as to eat; but what can be found as a substitute?

About two centuries ago two new planets swam into our human ken above the dietetic horizon—tea and coffee. They were looked on with great suspicion at first, partly because they were attractive and partly because they were new. They were denounced by the Puritan because they were pleasant, and by the doctor because they were not in the pharmacopœia; but, in spite of bitter opposition, they won their way.

It is doubtful whether any addition to the comfort of civilized man within the last two hundred years in the realm of dietetics can be mentioned that equals them. Certainly, if we take into consideration the third new article of food, which came in and still goes down with them—sugar—it would be impossible to match them with anything of equal value.

Keeping a Home Table in Camp

EVERY army in the world to-day has either tea or coffee, or both, as part of its ration. Their advantages are, briefly: First, they probably provide the nerves with a sort of ready-made food—our laboratories have not discovered this fact yet, but they will, as they have so many other explanations for and justifications of what our instincts knew first. Second, tea and coffee add enormously to the attractiveness of the meal and to our ability to eat with relish and appetite large amounts of solid foods. No matter how coarse or unattractive the ration, providing it has decent fuel value, if it is trimmed and washed down with plenty of hot, well-sweetened tea or coffee it will fill the bill and keep the mess in fighting trim.

Third—and this is a very important point—they unconsciously lead the men into the habit of taking the greater part of their drinking water boiled. Not only is tea or coffee the main beverage at mealtime but the men get into the habit of filling their canteens, before starting on the day's march, with cold tea or cold coffee, and thus are saved in large measure from the temptation of drinking from wells, streams or ponds, and thus running the risk of typhoid or cholera.

It was the opinion of both the American and the English army medical men who accompanied the Russian and Japanese armies in their late war that the habit of drinking hot or cold tea, almost to the exclusion of any other beverage, was largely responsible for the surprisingly low typhoid rate that obtained in both armies.

Last, but by no means least, tea and coffee have practically driven beer, wine, whisky or any form of alcohol out of the field. Our own American ration in both army and navy includes no form of alcohol at all, but only tea and coffee. Most of the European rations still include alcohol, but only for use in special emergencies; and the change has been greatly to the benefit of the soldier physically, mentally and morally.

As for the injurious effects alleged to be produced by tea and coffee, the explanation appears to be that they belong to the so-called poison foods, those curious substances which, though perfectly wholesome and harmless for ninety-nine people out of a hundred, are definitely harmful to the hundredth man. Somewhere from one to three per cent of the community are distinctly injured and poisoned by tea or coffee, even small amounts producing burning of the stomach, palpitation of the heart, headache, eruptions of the skin, sensations of extreme nervousness, and so on; though the remaining ninety-seven per cent are not injured by them in any appreciable way if consumed in moderation. If tea or coffee poisons you let it alone.

Altogether, the army ration closely approximates the menu of a well-supplied private home table. Not only must there be plenty of the three great staples—bread, meat and sugar—but also a good variety of fruits, vegetables, puddings, pies, cakes, and other trimmings of various descriptions. Since the introduction of sugar in commercial amounts, and the consequent development of methods of canning and preserving, the average modern army now takes the field with a really splendid variety of canned vegetables, canned fruits, oysters, canned meats—particularly in the form of canned corned-beef hash—preserves of all descriptions, and dried fruits; and sets for its men a table that is in no respect inferior, either in nutrition or attractiveness, to that of the average two-dollar-a-day hotel.

This change is not limited or confined to any one nation or group of nations. All over the world, wherever men feed and fight, their commissariat department endeavors to supply them with substantially the same diet and trimmings. The amusing superstition, for instance, eagerly spread about by our vegetarian friends, that the Japanese army in its campaign against Russia fought on a diet of rice, vegetables and salt fish, was exploded long ago. For thirteen years before that war, and in deliberate preparation for it, the Japanese army and navy had been living on a ration containing beef, wheat flour, sugar, pork, butter and apples, modeled as nearly as circumstances and convenience would permit on that of the English, French and American armies.

It is true that, during the stress of the campaign, the supply of beef fell off somewhat, and that the newly levied troops objected to eating wheat bread in place of rice; but in the main their victorious campaign was fought on as near an approximation as was practical to the European army ration.

The same curious inflexibility of the ration has been found in campaigns in tropical climates. When we first began seriously to consider and scientifically to study our foods it was customary to assume that tropical races, having lived for generations in tropical climates, had gradually hit on the ideal diet adapted to those conditions. So, when our northern soldiers were sent into Africa, India, Asia and the Philippines an attempt was made to get them to live on the diet of rice, fish and vegetables on which the natives maintained an existence.

It was supposed that a hot climate, not calling for so much heat production on the part of the body, made a lighter and less nutritious diet advisable. And the frightful mortality which often affected Northern European troops in tropical stations was sometimes attributed to their insisting on eating large amounts of meat, fat and other substantial foods, which they had been accustomed to eat in their home climate.

Two facts, however, have stood out from the very beginning of careful study of this matter: First, that at least ninety per cent of the disease and mortality, particularly of the intestines and liver, which had been so constantly attributed to ill-chosen food, was due to infectious disease; and that the moment the germs of disease were excluded the mortality and high sickness rate almost disappeared. Screening the windows, draining the ponds and filtering the drinking water, for instance, cut down at once four-fifths of the tropical diseases to which our northern troops fell victims. Food had absolutely nothing to do with it, except in so far as it was a means of carrying infection.

The second thing was that, though the natives of the tropics could get along fairly well at their own level of living and rate of expenditure of energy on their tropical diet, the moment they were put to any task that called for strenuous and continued exertion they broke down at once. If, however, before they were called on to do white men's work, whether as native troops or as laborers on railroads, canals, and so on, they were put for a couple of weeks on a full white man's ration, the breakdown did not take place.

It is Food That Makes the Man

IT HAS now been shown in every climate in the world—most strikingly in the building of our Panama Canal—that native laborers, placed on the full northern army ration, plenty of beef, pork, sugar and wheat bread, would increase their working power twenty-five, thirty-five or fifty per cent within six months; and at the same time, instead of developing stomach and liver disease from overeating, they would become healthier and stronger and less subject even to the tropical infections among which they live.

In other words, tropical races live on a diet of rice and vegetables for one reason, and only one, and that is poverty—which, by the way, is the only real cause for any of the sparse and exclusive diets of mankind in any part of the world. The minute the most famous vegetarian races can get their hands on meat and fat they devour them eagerly and improve enormously in both working power and health.

The tropical ration for European or American armies now consists of practically the same staples that are used in the north, with a little less meat on account of its power of raising the body temperature, a little less fat and somewhat larger amounts of sugar, fruits and vegetables. If the army is to take the field and make forced marches, climb mountains, wade rivers and lie out in the open, it requires just as full and abundant a ration of meat, fat and wheat bread as it does during a northern campaign in a temperate climate.

A large share of the alleged indolence, fatalism and lack of energy in the peoples of the tropics is simply due to the fact that they are underfed, and particularly starved of protein. Plenty of meat or other protein, mosquito nets, spades and drain tiles will enable the white race to colonize any part of the tropics, provided some mountain resort can be brought within striking distance by rail, where the women and children may be sent during the heated season and the men may spend two months or more out of each year, assisted by proper travel and vacations in temperate climates.

(Continued on Page 51)

A German Field Bakery in the Environs of Brussels

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

His Wife Had Taken Sides Absolutely With His Enemy

X

AT TEN o'clock the next morning Hunterleys crossed the sunlit gardens toward the English bank, to receive what was, perhaps, the greatest shock of his life. A few minutes later he stood before the mahogany counter, his eyes fixed upon the half sheet of note paper which the manager had laid before him. The words were few enough and simple enough, yet they constituted for him a message written in the very ink of tragedy. The note paper was the note paper of the Hôtel de Paris, the date that of the night before, the words few and unmistakable:

TO THE MANAGER OF THE
ENGLISH BANK:
Please hand my letters to bearer.
HENRY HUNTERLEYS.

He read the note over, word by word, letter by letter. Then at last he looked up. His voice sounded unnatural even to himself.

"You were quite right," he said. "This order is a forgery."

The manager was greatly disturbed. He threw open the door of his private office.

"Come and sit down for a moment, will you, Sir Henry?" he invited. "This is a very serious matter and I should like to discuss it with you."

They passed into the comfortable little sitting room smelling of morocco leather and roses, with its single high window, its broad writing table, its carefully placed easy-chairs. Men had pleaded in there with all the eloquence at their command, men of every rank and walk in life, thieves, nobles, ruined men and pseudo-millionaires, always with the same cry—money; money for the great pleasure mill which day and night drew in its own. Hunterleys sank heavily into a chair. The manager seated himself in an official attitude before his desk.

"I am sorry to have distressed you with this letter, Sir Henry," he said. "However, you must admit that things might have been worse. It is fortunately our invariable custom, when letters are addressed to one of our clients in our care, to deliver them to no one else under any circumstances. If you had been ill, for instance, I should have brought you your correspondence across to the hotel, but I should not have delivered it to your own secretary. That, as I say, is our invariable rule, and we find that it has saved many of our clients from inconvenience. In your case," the manager concluded impressively, "your communications being in a sense official, any such attempt as has been made would not stand the slightest chance of success. We should be even more particular than in any ordinary case to see that by no possible chance could any correspondence addressed to you fall into other hands."

Hunterleys began to recover himself a little. He drew toward himself the heap of letters which the manager had laid by his side.

"Please make yourself quite comfortable here," the latter begged. "Read your letters and answer them, if you like, before you go out. I always call this," he added with a smile, "the one inviolable sanctuary of Monte Carlo."

"You are very kind," Hunterleys replied. "Are you sure that I am not detaining you?"

"Not in the least. Personally, I am not at all busy. Three-quarters of our business, you see, is merely a matter of routine. I was just going to shut myself up here and read the newspaper. Here's an envelope opener and a waste-paper basket. Make yourself comfortable."

Hunterleys glanced through his correspondence, rapidly reading and destroying the greater portion of it. He came at last to two parchment envelopes marked "On His Majesty's Service." These he opened and read slowly and with great care. When he had finished he produced a pair of scissors from his waistcoat pocket and cut the letters into minute fragments. He drew a little sigh of relief when at last their final destruction was assured.

"I shall have to go on to the telegraph office," he said, "to send these few messages. Thank you very much, Mr. Harrison, for your kindness. If you do not mind I should like to take this forged order away with me."

The manager hesitated.

"I am not sure that I ought to part with it," he observed doubtfully.

"Could you or your clerk recognize the bearer of it?"

The manager shook his head.

"Not a chance," he replied. "It was brought in unfortunately before I arrived. Young Parsons, who was the only one in the bank, explained that letters were never delivered to an order, and turned away to attend to some one else who was in a hurry. He simply remembers that the note was presented by a man, and that is all."

"Then the document is useless to you," Hunterleys pointed out. "You could never do anything in the matter without evidence of identification. That being so, if you don't mind I should like to have it."

Mr. Harrison yielded it.

"As you wish," he agreed. "It is interesting, if only as a curiosity. The imitation of your signature is almost perfect."

Hunterleys rose and took up his hat. Then for a moment, with his hand upon the door, he hesitated.

"Mr. Harrison," he said, "I am engaged just now, as you have doubtless surmised, in certain investigations on behalf of the usual third party whom we need not name. Those investigations have reached a pitch that might possibly lead me into a position of some—well, I might almost say danger. You and I both know that there are weapons in this place that can be made use of by persons wholly without scruples, and that are scarcely available at home. I want you to keep your eyes open. I have very few friends here whom I can wholly trust. It is my purpose to call in here every morning at ten o'clock for my letters, and if I fail to arrive within half an hour of that time without having given you verbal notice something will have happened to me. You understand what I mean?"

"You mean that you are threatened with assassination?" the manager asked gravely.

"Practically it amounts to that," Hunterleys admitted. "I received a warning letter this morning. There is a very important matter on foot here, Mr. Harrison, a matter so important that to bring it to a successful conclusion I fancy those who are engaged in it would not hesitate to face any risk. I have wired to England for help. If anything happens that it comes too late, I want you, when you find that I have disappeared, even if my disappearance is only a temporary matter, to let them know in London—you know how at once."

The manager nodded.

"I will do so," he promised. "I trust, however," he went on, "that you are overestimating the danger. Mr. Billson lived here for many years without any trouble."

Hunterleys smiled slightly.

"I am not a secret-service man," he explained. "Billson's successor lives here now, of course, and is working with me under the usual guise of newspaper correspondent. I don't think that he will come to any harm. But I am here in a somewhat different position, and my negotiations in the East, during the last few weeks, have made me exceedingly unpopular with some very powerful people. However, it is only an outside chance, of course, that I wish to guard against. I rely upon you, if I should fail to come to the bank any one morning without giving you notice, to do as I have asked."

Hunterleys left the bank and walked out once more into the sunlight. He first of all made his way down to the post office, where he rapidly dispatched several cablegrams which he had coded and written in Mr. Harrison's private office. Afterward he went out on to the terrace, and finding a retired seat at the farther end sat down. Then he drew the forged order once more from his pocket. Word by word, line by line, he studied it, and the more he studied it the more hopeless the whole thing seemed. The handwriting, with the exception of the signature, which was a wonderful imitation of his own, was the handwriting of his wife. She had done this thing at Draconmeyer's instigation, done this thing against her husband, taken sides absolutely with the man whom he had come to look upon as his enemy! What inference was he to draw?

He sat there, looking out over the Mediterranean, soft and blue, glittering with sunlight, breaking upon the yellow stretch of sand in little foam-flecked waves no higher than his hand. He watched the sunlight glitter on the white houses that fringed the bay. He looked idly up at the trim little vineyards on the brown hillside. It was the beauty spot of the world. There was no object upon which his eyes could rest that was not beautiful. The whole place was like a feast of color and form and sunshine. Yet for him the light seemed suddenly to have faded from life. Danger had only stimulated him, had helped him to cope with the dull pain he had carried about with him during the last few months. He was face to face now with something else. It was worse, this, than anything he had dreamed. Somehow or other, notwithstanding the growing estrangement with his wife which had ended in their virtual separation, he had still believed in her, still had faith in her, still had hope of an ultimate reconciliation. And behind it all he had loved her.

It seemed at that moment that a nightmare was being formed round him. A new horror was creeping into his thoughts. He had felt from the first a bitter dislike for Draconmeyer. Now, however, he realized that this feeling had developed into an actual and harrowing jealousy. He realized that the man was no passive agent. It was Draconmeyer who, with subtle purpose, was drawing his wife away! Hunterleys sprang to his feet and walked angrily backward and forward along the few yards of terrace which happened at that moment to be almost deserted. Vague plans of instant revenge upon Draconmeyer floated into his mind. It was simple enough to take the law into his own hands, to thrash him publicly, to make Monte Carlo impossible for him. And then suddenly he remembered his duty. They were trusting him in Downing Street. Chance had put into his hands so many threads of this diabolical plot. It was for him to checkmate it. He was the only person who could checkmate it. This was no time for him to think of personal vengeance, no time for him to brood over his own broken life. There was work still to be done—his country's work.

He felt the need of a change of scene. The sight of the place, with its placid, enervating beauty, its constant appeal to the senses, was beginning to have a curious effect upon his nerves. He turned his back upon the terrace, and by means of the least frequented streets he passed through the town and up toward the hills. He walked steadily, reckless of time or direction. He had lunch at a small inn, high above the road from Cannes, and it was past three o'clock when he turned homeward. He had found his way into the main road now, and he trudged along heedless of the dust with which the constant procession of automobiles covered him all the while. The exercise had done him good. He was able to keep his thoughts focused upon his mission. So far, at any rate, he had held his own. His dispatches to London had been clear and vivid. He had told them exactly what he had feared, he had shown them the inside of this scheme as instinct had revealed it to him, and he

had begged for aid. One man alone, surrounded by enemies and in a country where all things were possible, was in a parlous position if once the extent of his knowledge were surmised. So far the plot had not matured. So far, though the clouds had gathered and the thunder was muttering, the storm had not broken. The reason for that he knew—the one person needed, the one person for whose coming all these plans had been made, had not yet arrived. There was no telling, however, how long the respite might last. At any moment might commence this conference, the avowed purpose of which was to break at a single blow, a single treacherous but deadly blow, the empire whose downfall Selingman had once publicly declared was the one great necessity involved in his country's expansion.

Hunterleys quenched his thirst at a roadside café; then he bought a packet of black cigarettes and continued his journey. He was within sight of Monte Carlo when for the twentieth time he had to step to the far side of the pathway to avoid being smothered in dust by a passing automobile. This time by some chance he glanced round, attracted by the piercing character of its long-distance whistle. A high-powered gray touring car came by, traveling at a great pace. Hunterleys stood perfectly rigid, one hand grasping the wall by the side of which he stood. Notwithstanding his spectacles and the thick coating of dust upon his clothes, the solitary passenger of the car was familiar enough to him. It was the man for whom this plot had been prepared. It was Paul Doualle, the great foreign minister, in whose hands even the most cautious of premiers had declared himself willing to place the destinies of his country!

Hunterleys pursued the road no longer. He took a ticket at the next station and hurried back to Monte Carlo. He went to his room, bathed and changed, and using the private passage made his way into the Sporting Club. The first person he saw, seated in her accustomed place at her favorite table, was his wife. She beckoned him to come over to her. There was a vacant chair by her side to which she pointed.

"Thank you," he said, "I won't sit down. I don't think that I care to play just now. You are fortunate this afternoon, I trust?"

Something in his face and tone checked that rush of altered feeling of which she had been more than once conscious since the night before.

"I am hideously out of luck," she confessed slowly. "I have been losing all day. I think that I shall give it up for a while."

She rose wearily to her feet, and he felt a sudden compassion for her. She was certainly looking tired. Her eyes were weary; she had the air of an unhappy woman. After all perhaps she, too, sometimes knew what loneliness was.

"I should like some tea so much," she added a little piteously.

He opened his lips to invite her to pass through into the restaurant with him. Then there flashed into his mind the memory of that forged order still in his pocket. He hesitated. A cold, familiar voice at his elbow interposed:

"Are you quite ready for tea, Lady Hunterleys? I have taken a table near the window."

Hunterleys moved at once to one side. Draconmeyer bowed pleasantly.

"Cheerful time we had last night, hadn't we?" he remarked. "Glad to see your knock didn't lay you up."

"The Imitation of Your Signature Is Almost Perfect"

Hunterleys disregarded his wife's glance. He was suddenly furious.

"All Monte Carlo seems to be gossiping about that little *contretemps*," Draconmeyer continued. "It was a crude sort of holdup for a neighborhood of criminals, but it very nearly came off. Will you have some tea with us?"

"Do, Henry," his wife begged.

Once again he hesitated. Somehow or other he felt that the moment was critical. Then a hand was laid quietly upon his arm, a man's voice whispered in his ear:

"Monsieur will be so kind as to step this way for a moment—a little matter of business."

"Who are you?" Hunterleys demanded.

"The commissioner of police, at monsieur's service."

XI

HUNTERLEYS, in accordance with the commissioner's request, followed him downstairs into one of the small private rooms on the ground floor. The commissioner was very polite, but very official.

"Now, what is it that you want?" Hunterleys asked a little brusquely as soon as they were alone.

The representative of the law was distinctly mysterious. He had a reddy-brown mustache which he continually twirled, and he was all the time dropping his voice to a whisper.

"My first introduction to you should explain my mission, Sir Henry," he said. "I hold a high position in the police here. My business with you, however, is on behalf of a person whom I will not name, but at whose identity you will doubtless guess."

"Very well," Hunterleys replied. "Now, what is the nature of this mission, please? In plain words, what do you want with me?"

"I am here with reference to the affair of last night," the other declared.

"The affair of last night?" Hunterleys repeated, frowning. "Well, we all have to appear or be represented before the magistrates to-morrow morning. I shall send a lawyer."

"Quite so! Quite so! But in the meantime something has occurred. You and the young American, Mr. Richard Lane, were the only two who offered any resistance. It was owing to you two, in fact, that the plot was frustrated. I am quite sure, Sir Henry, that every one agrees with me in appreciating your courage and presence of mind."

"Thank you," Hunterleys replied. "Is that what you came to say?"

The other shook his head.

"Unfortunately no, monsieur! I am here to bring you certain information. The chief of the gang, Armand Martin, the man whom you attacked, became suddenly worse a few hours ago. The doctors suspect internal injuries—injuries inflicted during his struggle with you."

"I am very sorry to hear it," Hunterleys said coolly. "On the other hand, he asked for anything he got."

"Unfortunately," the commissioner continued, "the law of the state is curiously framed in such matters. If the man should die, as seems more than likely, your legal position, Sir Henry, would be most uncomfortable. Your arrest would be a necessity, and there is no law granting what I believe you call bail to a person directly or indirectly responsible for the death of another. I am here, therefore, to give you what I may term an official warning. Your absence as a witness to-morrow morning will not be commented upon—it will be understood that events of importance have called you back to England. You will thereby be saved a very large amount of annoyance, and the authorities here will be spared the most regrettable necessity of having to deal with you in a manner unbefitting your rank."

Hunterleys became at once thoughtful. The whole matter was becoming clear to him.

"I see," he said. "This is a warning to me to take my departure. Is that so?"

The commissioner beamed and nodded many times.

"You have a quick understanding, Sir Henry," he declared. "Your departure to-night or early to-morrow morning would save a good deal of unpleasantness. I have fulfilled my mission,

"But Who in the World Should Want to Get Your Letters? And Why Should You Have Them Addressed to the Bank?"

and I trust that you will reflect seriously upon the matter. It is the wish of the high personage I represent that no inconvenience whatever should befall so distinguished a visitor to the principality. Good day, monsieur!"

The official took his leave with a sweep of the hat and many bows. Hunterleys, after a brief hesitation, walked out into the sun-dappled street. It was the most fashionable hour of the afternoon. Up in the square a band was playing. Outside, two or three smart automobiles were discharging their freight of wonderfully dressed women and debonair men from the villas near by. Suddenly a hand fell upon his arm. It was Richard Lane who greeted him.

"Say, where are you off to, Sir Henry?"

Hunterleys laughed a little shortly.

"Really, I scarcely know," he replied. "Back to London if I am wise, I suppose."

"Come into the club," Richard begged.

"I have just left," Hunterleys told him. "Besides, I hate the place."

"Did you happen to notice whether Mr. Grex was in there?" Richard inquired.

"I didn't see him," Hunterleys answered. "Neither," he added significantly, "did I see Miss Grex."

"Well, I am going in to have a look round anyway," Richard decided. "You might come along. There's nothing else to do in this place until dinner time."

Hunterleys suffered himself to be persuaded and remounted the steps.

"Tell me, Lane," he asked curiously, "have you heard anything about any of the victims of our little struggle last night—I mean the two men we tackled?"

Richard shook his head.

"I hear that mine has a broken wrist," he said. "Can't say I am feeling very badly about that!"

"I've just been told that mine is going to die," Hunterleys continued.

The young man laughed incredulously.

"Why, I went over the prison this morning," he declared. "I never saw such a healthy lot of ruffians in my life. That chap whom you tackled, the one with the revolver, was smoking cigarettes and using language—well, I couldn't understand it all, but what I did understand was enough to melt the bars of his prison."

"That's odd," Hunterleys remarked dryly. "According to the police commissioner, who has just left me, the man is on his deathbed, and my only chance of escaping serious trouble is to get out of Monte Carlo to-night."

"Are you going?"

Hunterleys shook his head.

"It would take a great deal more than that to move me just now," he said, "even if I had not suspected from the first that the man was lying."

Richard glanced at his companion a little curiously.

"I shouldn't have said that you were having such a good time, Sir Henry," he observed; "in fact I should have thought you would have been rather glad to slip away."

Hunterleys looked round them. They had reached the top of the staircase and were in sight of the dense crowd in the rooms.

"Come and have a drink," he suggested. "A great many of these people will have cleared off presently."

"With pleasure," Richard answered; "but I still can't see why you're stuck on this place."

They strolled into the bar and found two vacant places.

"My dear young friend," Hunterleys said when he had given his order, "if you were an Englishman instead of an

American I think that I would give you a hint as to the reason why I do not wish to leave Monte Carlo just at present."

"Can't see what difference that makes," Richard declared. "You know I'm all for the old country."

"I wonder whether you are," Hunterleys remarked thoughtfully. "I tell you frankly that if I thought you meant it, I should probably come to you before long for a little help."

"If ever you do, I'm your man," Richard assured him heartily. "Any more scraps going?"

Hunterleys looked at him scrutinizingly. There had been an exodus from the room to watch some heavy gambling at trente et quarante, and for a moment they were almost alone.

"Lane," he said, "I am going to take you a little into my confidence. In a way I suppose it is foolish, but to tell you the truth I am almost driven to it. You know that I am a member of Parliament, and you may have heard that if our party hadn't gone out a few years ago I was to have been foreign minister."

"I've heard that often enough," Lane assented. "I've heard you quoted, too, as an example of the curse of party politics. Just because you are forced to call yourself a member of one party, you are debarred from serving your country in any capacity until that party is in power."

"That's quite true," Hunterleys admitted, "and to tell you the truth, ridiculous though it seems, I don't see how one is to get away from it in a practical manner. Anyhow, when my people came out I made up my mind that I wasn't going just to sit still in opposition and find fault all the time, especially as we've a real good man at the foreign office. I was quite content to leave things in his hands, but then, you see, politically that meant that there was nothing for me to do. I thought matters over and eventually I paired for six months, and was supposed to go off for the benefit of my health. As a matter of fact I have been in the Balkan states since Christmas," he added, dropping his voice a little.

"What the dickens have you been doing there?"

"I can't tell you that exactly," Hunterleys replied. "Unfortunately my enemies are suspicious and they have taken to watching me closely. They pretty well know what I am going to tell you—that I have been out there at the urgent request of the secret-service department of the present government. I have been in Greece and Servia and Rumania, and although I don't think there's a soul in the world knows it, I have also spent some time in St. Petersburg."

"But what's it all about?" Richard persisted. "What have you been doing in all these places?"

"I can answer you only broadly," Hunterleys went on. "There is a perfectly devilish scheme afloat, directed against the old country. I have been doing what I can to counteract it. At the last moment, just as I was leaving Sofia for London, by the merest chance I discovered that the scene for the culmination of this little plot was to be Monte Carlo, so I made my way round by Triest, stayed at Bordighera and San Remo for a few days to put people off, and finally turned up here."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" Lane muttered. "And I thought you were just hanging about for your health or because your wife was here, and were bored to death for want of something to do."

"On the contrary," Hunterleys assured him, "I was up all night sending reports home—very interesting reports too. I got them away all right, but there's no denying the fact that there are certain people in Monte Carlo at the present moment who suspect my purpose here, and who would go to any lengths whatever to get rid of me. It isn't the actual harm I might do, but they have to deal with a very delicate problem and to make a bargain with a very sensitive person, and they are terribly afraid that my presence here, and a meeting between me and that person, might render their schemes abortive."

Richard's face was a study in astonishment.

"Well," he exclaimed, "this beats everything! I've read of such things, of course, but one only half believes them. Right under our very noses too! Say, what are you going to do about it, Sir Henry?"

"There is only one thing I can do," Hunterleys replied grimly: "I am bound to keep my place here. They'll drive me out if they can. I am convinced that the polite warning I have received to leave Monaco this afternoon because of last night's affair is part of the conspiracy. In plain words, I've got to stick it out."

"But what good are you doing here anyway?"

Hunterleys smiled and glanced carefully round the room. He and his companion were still free from any risk of being overheard.

"Well," he said, "perhaps you will understand my meaning more clearly if I tell you that I am the brains of a counterplot. The English secret service has a permanent agent here under the guise of a newspaper correspondent, who is in daily touch with me, and he in his turn has several spies at work. I am, however, the dangerous person. The others are only servants. They make their reports, but they don't understand the true significance of what they discover. If the parties to the plot I am trying to show up could remove me before anyone else could arrive to take my place their chances of bringing off their coup here would be immensely improved."

"I suppose it's useless for me to ask if there's anything I can do to help?" Richard inquired.

"You've helped already," Hunterleys replied. "I have been nearly three months without being able to open my lips to a soul. People call me secretive, but I feel very human sometimes. I know that not a word of what I have said will pass your lips."

"Not a chance of it," Richard promised earnestly. "But look here, can't I do something? If I am not an Englishman, I'm all for the Anglo-Saxons. I hate these foreigners—that is to say, the men," he corrected himself hastily.

Hunterleys smiled.

"Well, I was coming to that," he said. "I do feel hideously alone here, and what I should like you to do is just this: I should like you to call at my room at the Hôtel de Paris, number 189, every morning at a certain fixed hour—say half past ten. Just shake hands with me, that's all. Nothing shall prevent my being visible to you at that hour. Under no consideration whatever will I leave any message that I am engaged or have gone out. If I am not to be seen when you make your call you will know something has happened to me."

"And what am I to do then?"

"That is the point," Hunterleys continued. "I don't want to bring you too deeply into this matter. All that you need do is to make your way to the English bank, see Mr. Harrison, the manager, and tell him of your fruitless visit to me. He will give you a letter to my wife and will know what other steps to take."

"Is that all?" Richard asked, a little disappointed. "You don't anticipate any scrapping or anything of that sort?"

"I don't know what to anticipate," Hunterleys confessed a little wearily. "Things are moving fast now toward the climax. I promise I'll come to you for help if I need it. You can but refuse"

"No fear of my refusing," Richard declared heartily. "Not on your life, sir!"

Hunterleys rose to his feet with an appreciative little nod. It was astonishing how cordially he had come to feel toward this young man during the last few hours.

"I'll let you off now," he said. "I know you want to look round the tables and see if any of our friends of last night are to be found. I, too, have a little affair that I ought to have treated differently a few minutes ago. We'll meet later."

Hunterleys strolled back into the rooms. He came almost at once face to face with Draconmeyer, whom he was passing with unseeing eyes. Draconmeyer, however, detained him.

"I was looking for you, Sir Henry!" he exclaimed. "Can you spare me one moment?"

They stood a little at one side, out of the way of the moving throng of people. Draconmeyer was fingering nervously his tie of somewhat vivid purple. His manner was important.

"Do you happen, Sir Henry," he asked, "to have had any word from the prison authorities to-day?"

Hunterleys nodded.

"I have just received a message," he replied. "I understand that the man with whom I had a struggle last night has received some internal injuries and is likely to die."

Draconmeyer's manner became more mysterious. He glanced round the room as though to be sure that they were not overheard.

"I trust, Sir Henry," he said, "that you will not think me in any way presumptuous if I speak to you intimately. I have never had the privilege of your friendship, and in this unfortunate disagreement between your wife and yourself I have been compelled to accept your wife's point of view, owing to the friendship between Mrs. Draconmeyer and herself. I trust you will believe, however, that I have no feelings of hostility toward you."

"You are very kind," Hunterleys murmured.

His face seemed set in graven lines. For all the effect the other's words had upon him he might have been wearing a mask.

"The law here in some respects is very curious," Draconmeyer continued. "Some of the statutes have been unaltered for a thousand years. I have been given to understand by a person who knows that, if this man should die, notwithstanding the circumstances of the case you might find yourself in an exceedingly awkward position. If I might venture, therefore, to give you a word of disinterested advice, I would suggest that you return to England at once, if only for a week or so."

His eyes had narrowed. Through his spectacles he was watching intently for the effect of his words. Hunterleys, however, only nodded thoughtfully, as though to some extent impressed by the advice he had received.

"Very likely you are right," he admitted. "I will discuss the matter with my wife."

"She is playing over there," Draconmeyer pointed out. "And while we are talking in a more or less friendly fashion," he went on earnestly, "might I give you just one more word of counsel? For the sake of the friendship that exists between our wives, I feel sure you will believe that I am disinterested."

He paused. Hunterleys' expression was now one of polite interest. He waited, however, for the other to continue.

"I wish that you could persuade Lady Hunterleys to play for somewhat lower stakes."

Hunterleys was genuinely startled for a moment.

"Do you mean that my wife is gambling beyond her means?" he asked.

Draconmeyer shrugged his shoulders.

"How can I tell that? I don't know what her means are, or yours. I only know that she changes thousand-franc notes more often than I change louis, and it seems to me that her luck is invariably bad. It just occurred to me that a word or two from you, who have the right to speak, might perhaps be of service."

"I am very much obliged to you for the hint," Hunterleys said smoothly. "I will certainly mention the matter to her."

"And if I don't see you again," Draconmeyer concluded, watching him closely, "good-by!"

Hunterleys did not appear to notice the tentative movement of the other's hand. He was already on his way to the spot where his wife was sitting. Draconmeyer watched his progress with inscrutable face. Selingman, who had been sitting near, rose and joined him.

"Will he go?" he whispered. "Will our friend take this very reasonable hint and depart?"

Draconmeyer's eyes were still fixed upon Hunterleys' slim, self-possessed figure. His forehead was contorted into a frown. Somehow or other he felt that during their brief interview he had failed to score; he had felt a subtle,

(Continued on Page 49.)

"I Don't Know What to Anticipate. Things are Moving Fast Now Toward the Climax"

THE BUSHER BEATS IT HENCE

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

Callahan Says You Will be in Fine With Comiskey if He Has to Call the Trip Off Because You are a Scared of Getting Bit by a Fish

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 18.

FRIEND AL: I guess may be you will begin to think I dont never do what I am going to do and that I change my mind a hole lot because I wrote and told you that I and Florrie and little Al would be in Bedford today and here we are in Chi yet on the day when I told you we would get to Bedford and I bet Bertha and you and the rest of the boys will be dissapointed but Al I dont feel like as if I should ought to leave the White Sox in a hole and that is why I am here yet and I will tell you how it come off but in the 1st place I want to tell you that it wont make a diffrence of more then 5 or 6 or may be 7 days at least and we will be down there and see you and Bertha and the rest of the boys just as soon as the N. Y. giants and the White Sox leaves here and starts a round the world. All so I remember I told you to fix it up so as a hack would be down to the deepo to meet us tonight and you wont get this letter in time to tell them not to send no hack so I supose the hack will be there but may be they will be some body else that gets off of the train that will want the hack and then every thing will be all O. K. but if they is not nobody else that wants the hack I will pay them ½ of what they was going to charge me if I had of came and road in the hack though I dont have to pay them nothing because I am not going to ride in the hack but I want to do the right thing and besides I will want a hack at the deepo when I do come so they will get a peace of money out of me any way so I dont see where they got no kick comeing even if I dont give them a nichol now.

I will tell you why I am still here and you will see where I am trying to do the right thing. You knowed of coarse that the White Sox and the N. Y. giants was going to make a trip a round the world and they been after me for a long time to go a long with them but I says No I would not leave Florrie and the kid because that would not be fare and besides I would be paying rent and grocerys for them some wheres and me not getting nothing out of it and besides I would probily be spending a hole lot of money on the trip because though the clubs pays all of our regular expences they would be a hole lot of times when I felt like blowing my self and buying some thing to send home to the Mrs and to good old friends of mine like you and Bertha so I turned them down and Callahan acted like he was sore at me but I dont care nothing for that because I got other people to think a bout and not Callahan and besides if I was to go a long the fans in the towns where we play at would want to see me work and I would have to do a hole lot of pitching which I would not be getting nothing for it and it would not count in no standing because the games is to be just for fun and what good would it do me and besides Florrie says I was not under no circumstance to go and of coarse I would go if I wanted to go no matter what ever she says but all and all I turned them down and says I would stay here all winter or rather I would not stay here but in Bedford. Then Callahan says All right but you know before we start on the trip the giants and us is going to play a game right here in Chi next Sunday and after what you done in the city serious the fans would be sore if they did not get no more chance to look at you so will you stay and pitch part of the game here and I says I would think it over and I come home to the hotel where we are staying at and asked Florrie did she care if we did not go to Bedford for an other week and she says No she did not care if we dont go for 6 years so I called Callahan up and says I would stay and he says Thats the boy and now the fans will have an other treat so you see Al he appresiates what I done and wants to give the fans fare treatment because this town is nuts over me after what I done to them Cubs but I could do it just the same to the Athaletics or any body else if it would of been them in stead of the Cubs. May be we will leave here the A. M. after the game that is Monday and I will let you know so as you can order an other hack and tell Bertha I hope she did not go to no extra trouble a bout getting ready for us and did not order no spair ribs and crout but you can eat them up if she all ready got them and may be she can order some more for us when we come but tell her it dont make no diffrence and not to go to no trouble because most anything she has is O. K. for I and Florrie accept of coarse we would not want to make no meal off of sardeens or something.

Well Al I bet them N. Y. giants will wish I would of went home before they come for this here exibishun gume because my arm feels grate and I will show them where they would be at if they had to play ball in our league all the time though I supose they is some pitchers in our league that they would hit good against them if they can hit at all but not me. You will see in the papers how I come out and I will write and tell you a bout it.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 25.

OLD PAL: I have not only got a little time but I have got some news for you and I knowed you would want to hear all a bout it so I am writeing this letter and then I am going to catch the train. I would be saying good by to little Al instead of writeing this letter only Florrie wont let me wake him up and he is a sleep but may be by the time I get this letter wrote he will be a wake again and I can say good by to him. I am going with the White Sox and giants as far as San Francisco or may be Van Coover where they take the boat at but I am not going a round the world with them but only just out to the coast to help them out because they is a couple of men going to join them out there and untill them men join them they will be short of men and they got a hole lot of exibishun games to play before they get out there so I am going to help them out. It all come off in the club house after the game today and I will tell you how it come off but 1st I want to tell you a bout the game and honest Al them giants is the luckyest team in the world and it is not no wonder they keep wining the penant in that league because a club that has got there luck could win ball games with out sending no team on the field at all but staying down to the hotel.

They was a big crowd out to the park so Callahan says to me I did not know if I was going to pitch you or not but the crowd is out here to see you so I will have to let you work so I warmed up but I knowed the minute I throwed the 1st ball warming up that I was not right and I says to Callahan I did not feel good but he says You wont need to feel good to beat this bunch because they heard a hole lot a bout you and you would have them beat if you just throwed your glove out there in the box. So I went in and tried to pitch but my arm was so lame it pretty near killed me every ball I throwed and I bet if I was some other pitchers they would not never of tried to work with my arm so sore but I am not like some of them yellow dogs and quit because I would not dissapoint the crowd or throw Callahan down when he wanted me to pitch and was depending on me. You know me Al. So I went in there but I did not have nothing and if them giants could of hit at all in stead of like a lot of girls they would of knock down the fence because I was not my self. At that they should not ought to of had only the 1 run off of me if Weaver and them had not of begin kicking the ball a round like it was a foot ball or something. Well Al what with dropping fly balls and booting them a round and this in that the giants was gave 5 runs in the 1st 3 innings and they should ought to of had just the 1 run or may be not that and that ball Merkle hit in to the seats I was trying to waist it and a man that is a good hitter would not never of hit at it and if I was right this here Merkle could not foul me in 9 years. When I was comeing into the bench after the 3th inning this here smart alex Mcgraw come passed me from the 3 base coaching line and he says Are you going on the trip and I says No I am not going on no trip and he says That is to bad because if you was going we would win a hole lot of games and I give him a hot come back and he did not say nothing so I went in to the bench and Callahan says Them giants is not such rotten hitters is they and I says No they hit pretty good when a man has got a sore arm against them and he says Why did not you tell me your arm was sore and I says I did not want to dissapoint no crowd that come out here to see me and he says Well I guess you need not pitch no more because if I left you in there the crowd might begin to get tired of watching you a bout 10 oclock tonight and I says What do you mean and he did not say nothing more so I set there a while and then went to the club house. Well Al after the game Callahan come in to the club house and I was still in there yet talking to the trainer and getting my arm rubbed and Callahan says Are you getting your arm in shape for next year and I says No but it give me so much pane I could not stand it and he says I bet if you was feeling good you could make them giants look like a sucker and I says You know I could make them look like a sucker and he says Well why dont you come a long with us and you will get an other chance at them when you feel good and I says I would like to get an other crack at them but I could not go a way on no trip and leave the Mrs and the baby and then he says he would not ask me to make the hole trip a round the world but he wisht I would go out to the coast with them because they was hard up for pitchers and he says Mathewson of the giants was not only going as far as the coast so if the giants had there star pitcher that far the White Sox should ought to have theren and then some of the other boys coaxed me would I go so finely I says I would think it over and I went home and seen Florrie and she says How long would it be for and I says a bout 3 or 4 weeks and she says If you dont go will we start for Bedford right a way and I says Yes and then she says All right go a head and go but if they was any thing should happen to the baby while I was gone what would they do if I was not a round to tell them what to do and I says Call a Dr. in but dont call no Dr. if you dont have to and besides you should ought to know by this time what to do for the baby when he got sick and she says Of coarse I know a little but not as much as you do because you know it all. Then I says No I dont know it all but I will tell you some things before I go and you should not ought to have no trouble so we fixed it up and her and little Al is to stay here in the hotel untill I come back which will be a bout the 20 of Nov. and then we will come down home and tell Bertha not to get to in patient and we will get there some time. It is going

to cost me $6 00 a week at the hotel for a room for she and the baby besides there meals but the babys meals dont cost nothing yet and Florrie should not ought to be very hungry because we been liveing good and besides she will get all she can eat when we come to Bedford and it wont cost me nothing for meals on the trip out to the coast because Comiskey and Megraw pays for that.

I have not even had no time to look up where we play at but we stop off at a hole lot of places on the way and I will get a chance to make them giants look like a sucker before I get threw and Megraw wont be so sorry I am not going to make the hole trip. You will see by the papers what I done to them before we get threw and I will write as soon as we stops some wheres long enough so as I can write and now I am going to say good by to little Al if he is a wake or not a wake and wake him up and say good by to him because even if he is not only 5 months old he is old enough to think a hole lot of me and why not. I all so got to say good by to Florrie and fix it up with the hotel clerk a bout she and the baby staying here a while and catch the train. You will hear from me soon old pal.

Your pal, JACK.

ST. JOE, MISS., Oct. 29.

FRIEND AL: Well Al we are on our way to the coast and they is quite a party of us though it is not no real White Sox and giants at all but some players from off of both clubs and then some others that is from other clubs a round the 2 leagues to fill up. We got Speaker from the Boston club and Crawford from the Detroit club and if we had them with us all the time Al I would not never loose a game because one or the other of them 2 is good for a couple runs every game and that is all I need to win my games is a couple of runs or only 1 run and I would win all my games and would not never loose a game.

I did not pitch today and I guess the giants was glad of it because no matter what Megraw says he must of saw from watching me Sunday that I was a real pitcher though my arm was so sore I could not hardly raze it over my sholder so no wonder I did not have no stuff but at that I could of beat his gang with out no stuff if I had of had some kind of decent suport. I will pitch against them may be tomorrow or may be some day soon and my arm is all O. K. again now so I will show them up and make them wish Callahan had of left me to home. Some of the men has brung there wife a long and besides that there is some other men and there wife that is not no ball players but are going a long for the trip and some more will join the party out the coast before they get a bord the boat but of coarse I and Mathewson will drop out of the party then because why should I or him go a round the world and throw our arms out pitching games that dont count in no standing and that we dont get no money for pitching them out side of just our bare expences. The people in the towns we played at so far has all wanted to shake hands with Mathewson and I so I guess they know who is the real pitchers on these here 2 clubs no matter what them reporters says and the stars is all ways the men that the people wants to shake there hands with and make friends with them but Al this here Mathewson pitched today and honest Al I dont see how he gets by and either the batters in the National league dont know nothing a bout hitting or else he is such a old man that they feel sorry for him and may be when he was a bout 10 years younger then he is may be then he had some thing and was a pretty fare pitcher but all as he does now is stick the 1st ball right over with 0 on it and pray that they dont hit it out of the park. If a pitcher like he can get by in the National league and fool them batters they is not nothing I would like better then to pitch in the National league and I bet I would not get scored on in 2 to 3 years. I heard a hole lot a bout this here fade a way that he is suposed to pitch and it is a ball that is throwed out between 2 fingers and falls in at a right hand batter and they is not no body cant hit it but if he throwed 1 of them things today he done it while I was a sleep and they was not no time when I was not wide a wake and looking right at him and after the game was over I says to him Where is that there fade a way I heard so much a bout and he says O I did not have to use none of my regular stuff against your club and I says Well you would have to use all you got if I was working against you and he says Yes if you worked like you done Sunday I would have to do some pitching or they would not never finish the game. Then I says a bout me haveing a sore arm Sunday and he says I wisht I had a sore arm like yourn and a little sence with it and was your age and I would not never loose a game so you see Al he has heard a bout me and is jellus because he has not got my stuff but they cant every body expect to have the stuff that I got or ½ as much stuff. This smart alex Megraw was trying to kid me today and says Why did not I make friends with Mathewson and let him learn me some thing a bout pitching and I says Mathewson could not learn me nothing and he says I guess thats right and I guess they is not nobody could learn you nothing a bout nothing and if you was to stay in the league 20 years probily you would not be no better then you are now so you see he had to add mit that I am good Al even if he has not saw me work when my arm was O. K.

Megraw says to me tonight he says I wisht you was going all the way and I says Yes you do. I says Your club would look like a sucker after I had worked against them a few times and he says May be thats right to because they would not know how to hit against a regular pitcher after that. Then he says But I dont care nothing a bout that but I wisht you was going to make the hole trip so as we could have a good time. He says We got Steve Evans and Dutch Schaefer going a long and they is both of them funny but I like to be a round with boys that is funny and dont know nothing a bout it. I says Well I would go a long only for my wife and baby and he says Yes it would be pretty tough on your wife to have you a way that long but still and all think how glad she would be to see you when you come back again and besides them dolls acrost the ocean will be pretty sore at I and Callahan if we tell them we left you to home. I says Do you supose the people over there has heard a bout me and he says Sure because they have wrote a lot of letters asking me to be sure and bring you and Mathewson a long. Then he says I guess Mathewson is not going so if you was to go and him left here to home they would not be nothing to it. You could have things all your own way and probily could marry the Queen of europe if you was not all ready married. He was giveing me the strate dope this time Al because he did not crack a smile and I wisht I could go a long but it would not be fare to Florrie but still and all did not she leave me and beat it for Texas last winter and why should not I do the same thing to her only I am not that kind of a man. You know me Al.

She Says Of Coarse I Know a Little But Not as Much as You Do Because You Know it All

We play in Kansas city tomorrow and may be I will work there because it is a big town and I have got to close now and write to Florrie.

Your old pal, JACK.

ABILENE, TEXAS, Nov. 4.

AL: Well Al I guess you know by this time that I have worked against them 2 times since I wrote to you last time and I beat them both times and Megraw knows now what kind of a pitcher I am and I will tell you how I know because after the game yesterday he road down to the place we dressed at a long with me and all the way in the automobile he was after me to say I would go all the way a round the world and finely it come out that he wants I should go a long and pitch for his club and not pitch for the White Sox. He says his club is up against it for pitchers because Mathewson is not going and all they got left is a man named Hern that is a young man and not got no experiense and Wiltse that is a left hander. So he says I have talked it over with Callahan and he says if I could get you to go a long it was all O. K. with him and you could pitch for us only I must not work you to hard because he is depending on you to win the penant for him next year. I says Did not none of the other White Sox make no holler because may be they might have to bat against me and he says Yes Crawford and Speaker says they would not make the trip if you was a long and pitching against them but Callahan showed them where it would be good for them next year because if they hit against you all winter the pitchers they hit against next year will look easy to them. He was crazy to have me go a long on the hole trip but of coarse Al they is not no chance of me going on acct. of Florrie and little Al but you see Megraw has cut out his trying to kid me and is treating me now like a man should ought to be treated that has did what I done.

They was not no game here today on acct. of it raining and the people here was sore because they did not see no game but they all come a round to look at us and says they must have some speechs from the most prommerent men in the party so I and Comiskey and Megraw and Callahan and Mathewson and Ted Sullivan that I guess is puting up the money for the trip made speechs and they clapped there hands harder when I was makeing my speech then when any 1 of the others was makeing there speech. You did not know I was a speech maker did you Al and I did not know it neither untill today but I guess they is not nothing I cant do if I make up my mind and 1 of the boys says that I done just as well as Dummy Taylor could of.

I have not heard nothing from Florrie but I guess may be she is to busy takeing care of little Al to write no letters and I am not worring none because she give me her word she would let me know was they some thing the matter.

Yours truly, JACK.

SAN DAGO, CAL., NOV. 9.

FRIEND AL: Al some times I wisht I was not married at all and if it was not for Florrie and little Al I would go a round the world on this here trip and I guess the boys in Bedford would not be jellus if I was to go a round the

If a Pitcher Like He Can Get By in the National League They is Not Nothing I Would Like Better Than to Pitch in the National League

world and see every thing they is to be saw and some of the boys down home has not never been no futher a way then Terre Haute and I dont mean you Al but some of the other boys. But of coarse Al when a man has got a wife and a baby they is not no chance for him to go a way on 1 of these here trips and leave them a lone so they is not no use I should even think a bout it but I cant help thinking a bout it because the boys keeps after me all the time to go. Callahan was talking a bout it to me today and he says he knowed that if I was to pitch for the giants on the trip his club would not have no chance of wining the most of the games on the trip but still and all he wisht I would go a long because he was a scared the people over in Rome and Paris and Africa and them other countrys would be awful sore if the 2 clubs come over there with out bringing none of there star pitchers along. He says We got Speaker and Crawford and Doyle and Thorp and some of them other real stars in all the positions accept pitcher and it will make us look bad if you and Mathewson dont neither 1 of you come a long. I says What is the matter with Scott and Benz and this here left hander Wiltse and he says They is not nothing the matter with none of them accept they is not no real stars like you and Mathewson and if we cant show them forreners 1 of you 2 we will feel like as if we was cheating them. I says You would not want me to pitch my best against your club would you and he says O no I would not want you to pitch your best or get your self all wore out for next year but I would want you to let up enough so as we could make a run oncet in a while so the games would not be to 1 sided. I says Well they is not no use talking a bout it because I could not leave my wife and baby and he says Why dont you write and ask your wife and tell her how it is and can you go. I says No because she would make a big holler and besides of coarse I would go any way if I wanted to go with out no I yes or no from her only I am not the kind of a man that runs off and leaves his family and besides they is not no body to leave her with because her and her sister Allens wife has had a quarrle. Then Callahan says Where is Allen at now is he still in Chi. I says I dont know where is he at and I dont care where he is at because I am threw with him. Then Callahan says I asked him would he go on the trip before the season was over but he says he could not and if I knowed where was he I would wire a telegram to him and ask him again. I says What would you want him a long for and he says Because Mcgraw is shy of pitchers and I says I would try and help him find 1. I says Well you should ought not to have no trouble finding a man like Allen to go along because his wife probily would be glad to get rid of him. Then Callahan says Well I wisht you would get a hold of where Allen is at and let me know so as I can wire him a telegram. Well Al I know where Allen is at all O. K. but I am not going to give his adress to Callahan because Mcgraw has treated me all O. K. and why should I wish a man like Allen on to him and besides I am not going to give Allen no chancet to go a round the world or no wheres else after the way he acted a bout I and Florrie haveing a room in his flat and asking me to pay for it when he give me a invatation to come there and stay. Well Al it is to late now to cry in the sour milk but I wisht I had not never saw Florrie untill next year and then I and her could get married just like we done last year only I dont know would I do it again or not but I guess I would on acct. of little Al.

Your pal, JACK.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Nov. 14.

OLD PAL: Well old pal what do you know a bout me being back here in San Francisco where I give the fans such a treat 2 years ago and then I was not nothing but a busher and now I am with a team that is going a round the world and are crazy to have me go a long only I cant because of my wife and baby. Callahan wired a telegram to the reporters here from Los Angeles telling them I would pitch here and I guess they is going to be 20 or 25000 out to the park and I will give them the best I got.

But what do you think Florrie has did Al. Her and the Allens has made it up there quarrle and is friends again and Marie told Florrie to write and tell me she was sorry we had that there argument and let by gones be by gones. Well Al it is all O. K. with me because I cant help not feeling sorry for Allen because I dont beleive he will be in the league next year and I feel sorry for Marie to because it must be pretty tough on her to see how well her sister done and what a misstake she made when she went and fell for a left hander that could not fool a blind man with his curve ball and if he was to hit a man in the head with his fast ball they would think there nose iched. In Florries letter she says she thinks us and the Allens could find an other flat like the 1 we had last winter and all live in it to gether in stead of going to Bedford but I have wrote to her before I started writeing this letter all ready and told her that her and I is going to Bedford and the Allens can go where they feel like and they can go and stay on a boat on Michigan lake all winter if they want to but I and Florrie is comeing to Bedford. Down to the bottom of her letter she says Allen wants to know if Callahan or Mcgraw is shy of pitchers and may be he would change his mind and go a long on the trip. Well Al I did not ask either Callahan nor Mcgraw nothing a bout it because I knowed they was looking for a star and not for no left hander that could not brake a pane of glass with his fast 1 so I wrote and told Florrie to tell Allen they was all filled up and would not have no room for no more men.

It is pretty near time to go out to the ball park and I wisht you could be here Al and hear them San Francisco fans go crazy when they hear my name anounced to pitch. I bet they wish they had of had me here this last year.

Yours truly, JACK.

MEDFORD, ORGAN, Nov. 16.

FRIEND AL: Well Al you know by this time that I did not pitch the hole game in San Francisco but I was not tooken out because they was hitting me Al but because my arm went back on me all of a sudden and it was the change in the clime it that done it to me and they could not hire me to try and pitch an other game in San Francisco. They was the biggest crowd there that I ever seen in San Francisco and I guess they must of been 40000 people there and I wisht you could of heard them yell when my name was anounced to pitch. But Al I would not never of went in there but for the crowd. My arm felt like a wet rag or some thing and I knowed I would not have nothing and besides the people was packed in a round the field and they had to have ground rules so when a man hit a pop fly it went in to the crowd some wheres and was a 2 bagger and all them giants could do against me was pop my fast ball up in the air and then the wind took a hold of it and dropped it in to the crowd the lucky stiffs. Doyle hit 3 of them pop ups in to the crowd so when you see them 3 2 base hits oposit his name in the score you will know they was not no real 2 base hits and the infielders would of catched them had it not of been for the wind. This here Doyle takes a awful wallop at a ball but if I was right and he swang at a ball the way he done in San Francisco the catcher would all ready be throwing me back the ball a bout the time this here Doyle was swinging at it. I can make him look like a sucker and I done it both in Kansas city and Bonham and if he will get up there and bat against me when I feel good and when they is not no wind blowing I will bet him a $25.00 suit of cloths that he cant foul 1 off of me. Well when Callahan seen how bad my arm was he says I guess I should ought to take you out and not run no chance of you getting killed in there and so I quit and Faber went in to finnish it up because it dont make no diffrence if he hurts his arm or dont. But I guess Mcgraw knowed my arm was sore to because he did not try and kid me like he done that day in Chi because he has saw enough of me since then to know I can make his club look rotten when I am O. K. and my arm is good. On the train that night he come up and says to me Well Jack we catched you off of your strid today or you would of gave us a beating and then he says What your arm needs is more work and you should ought to make the hole trip with us and then you would be in fine shape for next year but I says You cant get me to make no trip so you might is well not do no more talking a bout it and then he says Well I am sorry and the girls over to Paris will be sorry to but I guess he was just jokeing a bout the last part of it.

Well Al we go to 1 more town in Organ and then to Washington but of coarse it is not the same Washington we play at in the summer but this is the state Washington and have not got no big league club and the boys gets there boat in 4 more days and I will quit them and then I will come strate back to Chi and from there to Bedford.

Your pal, JACK.

PORTLAND, ORGAN, Nov. 17.

FRIEND AL: I have just wrote a long letter to Florrie but I feel like as if I should ought to write to you to because I wont have no more chance for a long while that is I wont have no more chance to male a letter because I will be on the pacific Ocean and un less we should run passed a boat that was comeing the other way they would not be no chance of getting no letter maled. Old pal I am going to make the hole trip clear a round the world and back and so I wont see you this winter after all but when I do see you Al I will have a lot to tell you a bout my trip and besides I will write you a letter a bout it from every place we head in at.

I guess you will be supprised a bout me changeing my mind and makeing the hole trip but they was not no way for me to get out of it and I will tell you how it all come off. While we was still in that there Medford yesterday Mcgraw and Callahan come up to me and says was they not no chance of me changeing my mind a bout makeing the hole trip. I says No they was not. Then Callahan says Well I dont know what are we going to do then and I says Why and he says Comiskey just got a letter from president

(Continued on Page 38

When You Swim in the Pacific Ocean if You Move Your Feet the Sharks Comes Up and Bites at Them

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 7, 1914

Meeting the War

THE most obvious duty devolving on the United States this fall is to economize. We need from three to five hundred million dollars a year to pay our debt to Europe for interest, ocean freights, insurance and tourists' expenses. For forty years we have paid it with cotton. There have been, at most, only two or three years in the forty when, if exports of raw cotton were stricken out, we should not have owed Europe a considerable balance, to be liquidated in gold. This year we cannot foot the bill with cotton; but we can offset it by importing fewer luxuries.

Much is said of the opportunities this war gives us to expand our foreign commerce, take the lead in international finance and build up home industries to supply goods for which we have depended on Europe. All those things require capital. We cannot borrow capital from Europe now. Whatever additions there are to our stock must come from our own earnings and savings.

It might almost be said that whether we derive any compensatory advantages from the war will depend on economy—personal, individual economy, as well as public economy.

Queer Figures

OFFICIAL record is made of the quantity, value and destination or origin of all goods that enter or leave a country, and one country's imports are some other country's exports; but never do the figures of two countries agree. Germany's record, for example, says she imported from France a hundred and thirty-one million dollars' worth of goods. France's record for the same year says she exported a hundred and fifty-eight million dollars' worth of goods to Germany.

Exports from Germany into France are stated by Germany to be a hundred and sixty-four million dollars; by France, a hundred and ninety-three millions. France says she exported to the United States eighty-three million dollars' worth of goods in 1912; but the goods invoiced at American consulates in France for shipment to the United States during that year amounted to a hundred and thirty-six million dollars, and for the fiscal year of 1912 our record shows imports from France amounting to a hundred and twenty-four millions.

The practical impossibility of getting two men to count the kernels in a handful of corn and arrive at the same result is one of the afflictions of those who try to deal candidly with statistics.

Why People Do Not Vote

POLITICS, by and large, would seem to be of little importance in the United States. There is no other way of accounting for the vote at many elections. Direct primaries, for example, pretty generally result in the nomination of the same persons who would have been nominated by an old-style boss-run convention; and only about half of the qualified electors take the trouble to vote at them.

Multiplicity of elective offices has something to do with it; so has our celebrated system of checks and balances. With political power so dispersed, checked and balanced, whoever is elected, to whatever office—except the Presidency—can do little harm and little good to the fundamental things for which our Government stands.

Given a national genius for free government, the limits to which abuse of official power can go are quite strictly marked. No combination of bad men in office, for instance, could maintain a Russian system here. They might graft a little and oppress a bit; but from the sum of the public's life, liberty and pursuit of happiness they could take away only a very little. This sense of enduring security against much oppression creates indifference to politics.

But most of all this indifference can be attributed to the fact that there are no important issues between the parties to be voted on. Except for the threadbare old tariff, they both pretend to stand for much the same things.

The New Commission

WHETHER the Federal Trade Commission shall be a help or a hindrance will depend entirely on the commissioners. They can require a report in such form as they choose at any time from any corporation that does an interstate business—which means every extensive manufacturing or mercantile company in the country. They can send examiners at any time to overhaul its books and papers, or they can require it to bring its books and papers for examination to any place they appoint. They can subpœna its directors, officers, employees, patrons, and require them to answer any pertinent question concerning the company's business.

These powers may be usefully applied. That they may be so applied as to make the commission an unmitigated nuisance and a real affliction to the country's business is self-evident. The commission may collect a body of business data such as has never before been collected in the world, which will prove of much value to economic science, to politics and to business itself. The simple fact that such an agency for publicity exists will be a strong deterrent to practices that will not bear daylight.

We have investigated, for example, a number of big concentrated businesses, and so have considerable evidence on one side of the trust question; but it is of little value, because we have nothing with which to compare it. To form an intelligent opinion on the subject, obviously we must have an equal amount of evidence concerning non-concentrated businesses.

Unfortunately the commission was conceived mainly as a trust-busting agent, and so is liable to run off on that tangent; but an open-minded and candid investigating body will prove useful.

A Short-Lived Air Castle

EIGHT years ago the Steel Corporation leased from the Great Northern Railroad about forty thousand acres of Northern ore land, estimated to contain some hundreds of millions of tons of iron ore. The terms seemed extravagant, for the royalty was to begin at a dollar and sixty-five cents a ton and increase every year during the life of the lease.

It was said, however, that this was the last big deposit of available iron ore of good quality in the United States—perhaps in the world. By securing it the Steel Corporation would get a strangle hold on iron and steel production for all time to come. Of course hardly any price would be too great for that.

On the first day of next January this lease will be dropped into the wastebasket, the Steel Corporation having decided to cancel it.

As recently as eight years ago some rather well-informed persons thought it might be possible to erect an absolute and arbitrary monopoly in a big staple industry—the kind of scaly-tailed, pot-bellied, saw-toothed, brimstone-breathing old he-dragon monopoly that statesmen dream about; the kind of monopoly that can put prices at will to any figure it likes and gorgonize all interlopers.

The limits to which any monopoly can go are defined otherwhere than in the statute books. To go beyond those limits it would be necessary to monopolize human intelligence.

Some Overlooked Thrift

THE amount of savings deposits and the number of savings depositors in the United States are almost never correctly stated. This is mainly the fault of the Comptroller of the Currency. For years his reports have stated both items in a conspicuous table; but this table includes only savings deposits in savings banks. Thus the last report gives the number of savings depositors as eleven millions and the amount of savings deposits as four and three-quarter billion dollars. But many banks that are not savings banks hold savings deposits.

Further on in the same report, for example, you find that savings departments in national banks have over three million savings accounts, which are not included in the table mentioned above. A great part of all the savings deposits in Chicago is held by institutions classed as loan and trust companies, and such companies are not included in the table.

Examination of the report shows, in fact, that the amount of savings deposits in the country is seven billion dollars, while the number of savings depositors, or savings accounts, must reach seventeen millions. This is a much greater amount of savings deposits than any other country shows, while only Germany and Japan show a greater number of savings depositors or savings accounts.

Savings deposits are by no means a trustworthy index to thrift. France is probably the thriftiest country in the world, but its savings deposits are only a quarter of those in Germany. A thrifty Frenchman saves a few hundred francs, then invests them in a bond. It is very common in this country for a saver to take a certificate of deposit instead of a savings pass book.

A forehanded farmer's savings go into land and live-stock. The amount of savings deposits in the United Kingdom is only a little greater than in Russia; but the accumulation of surplus capital by persons of small means undoubtedly proceeds at a more rapid rate in the former country than in the latter.

Nevertheless, if savings in the United States are to be discussed at all the amount should be stated correctly. We wish the Comptroller would put all savings deposits and all savings depositors together in a convenient comparative table, so that the true figures would get into circulation.

Meeting Prices Halfway

MANY cotton planters want that commodity valorized. So do some manufacturers of cotton goods. Sir Charles Macara, president of the association that embraces a great part of the British cotton industry, recommends that the governments of this country and of England join hands to buy and store surplus cotton in years of superabundance like the present, putting the stored cotton on the market in years of deficient production.

In this way—always provided average production did not outrun average demand—there would be a comparatively stable price for raw cotton year after year. One year's overproduction, instead of depressing prices to a point ruinous to growers, would be bought up and put in store. The next year's underproduction, instead of sending prices to a point ruinous to spinners, would be met by the stored surplus.

This year's great surplus of raw cotton in the United States, instead of stimulating British cotton manufactures was having an opposite effect, Sir Charles Macara said. Not knowing to what point prices might fall, spinners were afraid to buy except from hand to mouth. For the same reason merchants were afraid to lay in stocks of cotton goods. He declared, in fact—speaking in the early part of October—that many British cotton mills would have to close because of the utter uncertainty as to the future value of cotton.

The reasonable grower and the reasonable spinner want the same thing—a fair and, above all, a tolerably stable price. Then both know what to count on, and the industry, from the planting of the seed to the shipping of the finished product, proceeds with assurance.

We do not believe in bringing in the two governments; but we do believe this object will finally be attained by comprehensive, intelligently managed coöperation.

Open to the Public

THIS country's banking business is completely subject to public examination and control, exercised through the new Federal Reserve Board, the Comptroller of the Currency and the state banking departments. To an even larger degree its huge transportation business is subject to public inspection and control, exercised through the Interstate Commerce Commission and the state railroad boards—a control extending even to the fixing of rates.

The insurance business, both life and fire, is also completely subject to examination on behalf of the public, and is strictly circumscribed by law. Food laws, national and state, subject an important part of manufacturing, wholesale and retail business to public inspection and regulation. We now have a Federal commission empowered to require fullest reports from all but the smallest manufacturing, trading and mercantile concerns, to examine their books at will and to take testimony concerning them.

Into practically every bank, insurance office, steam railroad, street railroad, gas, electric-light, manufacturing, trading or wholesale mercantile concern a public officer can step at any time and examine all that is being done or has been done. Each concern must make regular reports on its affairs.

If that does not throw business in the United States wide open, what could? We are heartily glad of it; but let us accept the situation in good faith. Let us discourage vague, wholesale, unsubstantiated, demagogic attacks on business. If there is anything wrong with business get down to details, for they are now available.

WAR AND THE HOME MARKET

By WILL PAYNE

IN KANSAS no doubt they deplore the war, as all good people should. And, having duly deplored it, probably they grin a little behind their hands; for Kansas has a hundred and eighty million bushels of wheat this year and war has added about thirty cents a bushel to the price of that cereal.

In the middle of July, wheat for December delivery sold in Chicago slightly under eighty cents a bushel. The price advanced somewhat on reports of extensive damage to Russia's crop and indifferent yields in other wheat-exporting countries. The day before Austria dropped her war-bomb note to Servia, wheat for December delivery closed a fraction over eighty-three cents a bushel. That it would have advanced somewhat further without war and solely on foreign crop shortage is quite probable; but war came, and two months later December wheat was selling nearly thirty cents a bushel higher. We have the greatest crop of wheat ever harvested in this or any other country. We shall export at least a quarter of a billion bushels. An advance of thirty cents a bushel would figure out a round gain of seventy-five million dollars.

That is not clear profit, however. A great many other things advanced along with wheat; September, in fact, saw the greatest rise in commodity prices ever recorded in this country in a like length of time. Bradstreet's Index Number moved up twelve per cent. This Index Number is a compound of the prices of more than one hundred staple articles. The rise means, broadly speaking, that thirty days after war was declared it took a dollar and twelve cents to buy the same quantity of goods that could have been bought with one dollar a month before. It means, also, that the cost of living in September was the highest ever known since prices have been on a gold basis.

Farmers with foodstuffs to sell, broadly speaking, gain by it, though many articles that farmers buy are higher too. Wage-earners, salaried and professional people, and those generally with fixed incomes, lose by it. So over the whole field, wherever one effect of the war appears, there is always some qualifying or neutralizing effect to confuse the calculation.

For all-embracing confusion nothing like this war was ever known. The last big European war preceding it began in July, 1870. Just before the declaration of war American wheat was selling in Liverpool under six shillings a bushel. Within a month it rose above seven shillings a bushel. Before the end of August it had fallen back to a price slightly under that obtaining early in July. That short-lived boom in wheat was the most notable effect of the war on this side of the water. There was a temporary and unimportant flurry in our stock markets, reflecting the fall on the London Stock Exchange; but in a broad way our security markets, our domestic and foreign exchanges, our banking position, and the whole body of American business, were hardly affected.

War's By-Products

ONE reason, of course, is that the Franco-Prussian War was a mere side show compared with this one. Another reason is our total foreign business then—exports and imports together—was well under a billion dollars, while in the last fiscal year it was nearly four billions and a quarter—a fourfold increase. And this huge foreign trade ramifies all through the domestic trade.

Take, for example, our iron-and-steel business, with a product valued at about one billion and a half dollars a year, paying about two hundred million dollars a year in wages. In ten years its exports have grown from about a hundred million dollars to more than three hundred millions. It was immediately remarked that war gave a splendid opportunity for increased exports of iron and steel. Germany is a mighty competitor in that field. Belgium is an important steel-making country. To say nothing of other handicaps, German and Belgian mills were emptied of workmen by the call to arms. War or not, the mechanical world must use great quantities of steel.

The alloy called ferromanganese, however, is used in making most kinds of steel. It has about the same relative importance as the bit of yeast that goes into a loaf of bread. Last year we made over thirty million tons of steel and used less than two hundred and fifty thousand tons of ferromanganese. At normal prices the value of the ferromanganese in a ton of finished steel products amounts to about one dollar; yet, as you cannot make bread without the bit of yeast, so you cannot make steel of many sorts without ferromanganese. We have no ores suitable for making ferromanganese. The best ores come from India, Brazil and Asiatic Russia. Much of our supply comes normally from England, where it is made from ores imported from the Caucasus. Turn to the nearest piece of steel. Very likely one of its ingredients was smelted in Birmingham from ores mined in Asia.

The war threatened at first to cut off this trade. It was reported that England would prohibit exports. The price of ferromanganese jumped at once from thirty-eight dollars a ton to a hundred and twenty dollars. A little later one concern bid a hundred and fifty dollars a ton for two hundred tons, but could not get it. Panicky rumors had it that many steel mills would be obliged to close because they could not get ferromanganese.

However, the Steel Corporation had a good stock of Brazilian ore on hand and made some sales at eighty-five dollars a ton, which ended the panic. Later the Corporation let it be known that, though by no means seeking orders for ferromanganese, it would make limited sales at a hundred dollars a ton to mills that must have the alloy in order to keep running. Other sources of supply came into sight, and it seemed that the steel industry would not run out of yeast.

The incident illustrates, however, the astonishing international dependence of modern trade. Having a great supply of iron ore and of coke we have considered ourselves quite self-sufficient in steel making; yet for a little while it was thought that this huge industry might be half paralyzed because of inability to get relatively small quantities of certain ores from Brazil, India and the Caucasus.

Again, with the world's greatest supply of raw cotton, we have considered ourselves quite self-sufficient in cotton manufactures; and it was pointed out that the war, by crippling European rivals, would give opportunity for a great extension of cotton-goods exports. But the whole textile industry depends on dyestuffs in somewhat the same way that steel depends on ferromanganese; and we get our dyestuffs mainly from Germany.

Getting Our Colors From Germany

IN DOLLARS and cents the trade is not important. Our importations of German coal-tar dyes in 1913 were a little under six million dollars; but it is the pinch of yeast that makes the bread. Germany's position in the chemical field, indeed, is an interesting illustration of modern trade. Formerly England was preëminent in that line.

France played some considerable part in it; but for nearly half a century Germany has gradually built herself up until now she is the world's great purveyor of a long list of important chemical manufactures, especially in coal-tar products. She has, of course, no particular advantage in raw materials; but she has had the scientific skill, the patience, the good business organization.

Many of the discoveries in this line are the work of German chemists, covered by German patents. Germany's chemical industry, though under many separate ownerships, works together as a sort of trust; so that processes are coördinated, one concern devoting itself to a certain product used by many other concerns. The whole affair is an amazing complexity of product and by-product.

Thus a non-German chemist has had to meet competition, not of any particular German concern but of a whole coördinated, close-knit, skillfully managed German industry. Mostly the foreign competitors have failed to turn the trick.

As to particular products our chemists can make them quite as well as German chemists; but when it comes to making and marketing a whole closely related line of products the Germans have easily beaten us. In short, it has been cheaper for us and for England to buy our dyestuffs and various other chemical products from Germany than to make them at home. Normally this is no disadvantage to us whatever. On the contrary, it is an advantage.

Kansas would gain nothing by withdrawing her labor from the farms and setting it to the making of calico for home consumption. It is better for her to apply her labor to farming, for which she has natural advantages and the advantages of acquired skill and experience, and then buy her calico from a New England mill where, because there is a supply of skilled labor and a big, experienced manufacturing organization, it can be made more cheaply than she could make it.

The benefit of exchange of products is clear enough in the domestic field. Normally it obtains equally

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in the international field; but these are abnormal times, and because the German supply of dyestuffs was cut off it seemed, for a time, that many of our textile mills might be seriously handicapped.

Germany supplies the world with potash. Her Stassfurt mines contain deposits thousands of feet thick and the supply is said to be almost inexhaustible. Measured in mere money value, our purchases form but a small item in foreign trade, running to only about eleven million dollars a year; but here again it is the pinch of yeast that makes the bread. The largest item comprises the potash used in fertilizers, amounting to some seven hundred thousand tons; but there is potassium carbonate, used in making glass and soap; potassium nitrate, used in gunpowder; potassium cyanide, used in photography. In other arts potash derivatives are used.

Again, an immediate effect of war was to double the price of sugar in this country. On August first the raw article sold in New York at three and twenty-nine-hundredths cents a pound; on August thirteenth at six and fifty-two-hundredths cents. All the countries at war, except England, are large producers of beet sugar. Germany and Austria-Hungary produce about four and a half million tons a year, and from them England draws a considerable part of her supply. That source, of course, was immediately cut off by the war. England began bidding for sugar wherever she could find it, even in New York; and prices went skyward. We produce about seven hundred thousand tons of beet sugar a year, and this rise looked like a windfall for our beet-sugar growers; but, though growing excellent sugar beets, our Western fields do not grow good beet seed. The seed, in fact, is imported from Germany; and there was a prospect that sugar-beet growers, with an extraordinarily high price for their product, might be unable to plant full crops.

For the cane-sugar planters of Louisiana the rise was also a windfall; but in September the Louisiana Planter reported that sugar growers were somewhat disturbed by the outlook for bags. The bags ordinarily used are made of jute that is grown in India and turned into cloth in Scotland. The bags are sold new to Cuba and packed with raw sugar. Then dealers buy them, wash and repair them, and sell them to Louisiana planters. I do not intend to imply that getting other bags would be a very serious matter, but the instance shows again the international dependence of modern industry. It is a vast, complex web; and the war cut through it, leaving severed threads everywhere.

So one immediate problem for the home market was how to get a long list of articles that are either not made at all here or are made in quantities entirely insufficient for our needs. Fortunately for us the interruption to British commerce was slight and temporary. The capacity of the British merchant fleet, as compared with the German, is, roughly, eleven million tons for the former and three million for the latter. As the German Navy soon appeared to be bottled up marine war insurance fell to a very tolerable figure, and the merchant ships of the Allies and of neutral countries moved as freely as before. Consequently our inability to obtain certain articles from Germany was our only real problem. These articles were mainly potash, dyestuffs, drugs and chemicals—things that do not bulk large in dollars and cents, though in many cases they are vital to other industries.

Doing Our Own Dyeing

Practically all these things can be produced here; or, if they cannot be produced, workable substitutes can be made. We have not produced them in the past because, on the whole, it was cheaper to import them, or at any rate that was the line of least resistance.

By the middle of September, however, the first consignment of German dyestuffs since the declaration of war reached New York. It came down the Rhine, through Holland, and was brought over in a Dutch boat. The Rhine-Holland route is open, and in that way any neutral vessel can bring over any German article not contraband of war; so, at this writing, it seems probable that the German source of supply—at least for many articles that contain comparatively large value in small bulk—will be available again. In that case the war premium on the articles will partly or wholly disappear, and there will be less inducement to manufacture them over here.

Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, pointed out that large deposits of potash are known to exist in California. They have not been worked because, under free competition with the huge and fully developed deposits of Germany, there seemed to be no great inducement to work them. With the German supply cut off and the price consequently advanced, potash mining becomes a more tempting field here; in fact, in the latter part of September it was announced that the first American potash, made in California, would be ready for the market early in the new year. Extraction of potash from kelp, particularly that along the Northern Pacific Coast, is said to be commercially feasible. If it is feasible, and high prices consequent on shutting off the German supply continue, no doubt a potash industry will develop there.

Protected by High Prices

Potash, nitrogen and phosphorus are the three essential plant foods needed in fertilizers. The nitrogen comes largely from Chile and the potash comes almost wholly from Germany; but Secretary Lane remarked that, if the Chilean supply should be cut off, nitrogen may be drawn from the air and fixed with lime by use of electricity, as is now done in Norway. It was once observed in a tariff debate that table grapes could be grown for market in hothouses on top of the Rocky Mountains if the Government would pay a sufficiently large bounty; so producing any necessary article or finding a workable substitute for it is really only a question of price. If the price goes high enough, because foreign supply is cut off, and stays high long enough, we shall either produce the article under that stimulus or produce a workable substitute for it.

It is entirely possible, too, that under the stimulus of high prices an industry may be established here which, later on, will be able to meet foreign competition on an even footing—though it could not be started here if during its infant days it had to meet the full force of foreign competition. It is possible, for example, that by shutting German coal-tar products out of this market for some time we may develop a complete, thoroughly organized industry in that line which will finally be able to sell the products as cheaply as Germany does.

This would come to the same thing as a protective tariff so high that it shut out the foreigner. In either case we should pay the home manufacturer a big bounty while we were getting started—only, in the event of war, circumstances would compel us to pay the bounty, and there would be no particular object in discussing whether bounties or prohibitive tariffs were finally profitable.

I have been speaking so far of foreign goods sold in this market as to which the foreigner virtually has a monopoly—more particularly of German goods; for it is in German trade that the war's interruptions are felt most. These goods are very important; but it may be said broadly and confidently that we shall get the German article through Holland, or find a practicable substitute for it, or make it here. There is another and bigger line of foreign goods as to which there has always been more or less competition in this market between the domestic and the foreign makers.

We import from Europe more than three hundred million dollars' worth a year of manufactures ready for consumption, or considerably more than three-quarters of our total imports under that heading. Nearly a third of this is textiles—cotton, silk and woolen goods. Cotton manufactures alone run above sixty million dollars a year; and our imports are mainly of the finer goods, in which the greatest quantity of skilled labor is embodied.

From Germany we buy, for example, about seven and a half million dollars' worth of cotton laces, edgings and embroideries, and seventeen million dollars' worth of all sorts of cotton goods. From France we buy eight million dollars' worth of laces and embroideries and twelve million dollars' worth of all kinds of cotton goods. These French and German imports are in good part a matter of very skillful and pretty cheap labor. Whether we can finally capture the home market in that line is an open question.

To some extent, of course, we do compete; but soon after war began it was announced that the New England lace mills were more or less handicapped, because so many of their French and Belgian operatives had gone home to join the colors.

To an even greater extent our silk mills were affected in the same way. In no other industry, probably, was there a greater proportion of foreign-born employees, particularly French, German, Italian and Swiss. Many of them returned to their native flags. Thus, though the war, by crippling the silk industries of Germany and France, opened new opportunities to our silk mills, both at home and abroad, there was the question of skilled labor supply. From France we import more than fourteen million dollars' worth of silk goods, and from Germany over two million dollars' worth. These are mainly the finest and most costly goods.

The supply undoubtedly will be greatly curtailed, for the operatives are mostly on the firing line. This should correspondingly increase the demand for domestic silk, even though it is not quite so fine or so fashionable as the imported article. About two-thirds of our raw silk comes from Japan, and there will probably be no difficulty in getting the raw material. On that side the most serious problem is that of dyestuffs; but if aniline colors cannot be had from Germany manufacturers can use dyewood extracts or vegetable dyes; or—as one of their number hopefully suggests—they can set a fashion of wearing nothing but black and white silks.

Here there is a good trade opportunity, and undoubtedly operatives will be found if wages are satisfactory. The matter of operatives, however, is a reminder that the domestic market draws from Europe one highly important raw material for manufacturing which is sometimes overlooked—namely, raw labor.

In the fiscal year that ended with last June, for example, nearly a million and a quarter alien immigrants reached the United States. More than three hundred and twenty thousand of them were Italians—mostly from Southern Italy. Russian Jews and peasants from Austria-Hungary made up a large part of the remainder. In ten years we have received almost ten million immigrants, more than two millions coming from Austria-Hungary, more than two millions from Italy, and nearly two millions from Russia. Mainly these immigrants have been raw labor. That they have stimulated the expansion of various industries here is quite certain.

What's Coming to Us From Abroad

The stream has by no means been a constant one; but it has ebbed and flowed with industrial conditions in this country. In the boom year 1906-07, for instance, nearly a million three hundred thousand immigrants came in and comparatively few went back home. During the next year, however, because industry here was depressed by the after effects of the panic of October, 1907, the arrival of immigrants fell off sharply and departures so increased that the one nearly offset the other. So in the first half of this calendar year, when trade was looking down in the United States, arrivals of immigrants fell off quite steadily and departures rose, until in June almost as many went out as came in.

Since then arrivals have fallen off still more. In August only twenty-eight thousand passed through Ellis Island against more than a hundred thousand during the same month last year. At the same time there was a big exodus of aliens to join their native flags. So, since war was declared, we have undoubtedly lost population on the over-sea movement, and while war lasts immigration will be almost cut off.

What will happen thereafter is, of course, anybody's guess; but if industrial conditions are tolerably good in the United States a flood of immigration is probable. And it is by no means impossible that our textile mills will get a supply of highly skilled workmen from the lace, embroidery, silk and velvet shops of France, Germany and Belgium. At any rate there is over a hundred million dollars' worth of cotton, silk and woolen imports, coming mostly from countries that are now handicapped by the war; and the handicap, like a protective tariff, gives our manufacturers just that much advantage at home.

The biggest single item in our imports from France is "art works twenty years old and over," valued at more than sixteen million dollars in 1912 and upward of twenty-one millions in 1913. There, probably, we cannot compete. We have capable artists; but it is impracticable to expand the supply of art works twenty years old and over. Another large item in our imports from France is precious stones—cut, but not set—valued in 1913 at eight and a half million dollars. There, as with lace and

embroideries, it is a question of skilled labor. Art works, precious stones, silk goods, lace and embroideries account for about fifty million dollars of our total imports from France. Add champagne, at four million dollars; gloves, at three millions; walnuts, at three millions; feather goods at more than two millions—and you have nearly half of our total French imports.

We buy from her mainly articles of taste and luxury. I believe we have the taste and I know we have the luxury; but, in the main, probably we cannot compete by duplicating the French article, but by substituting an American one.

With Germany the case is different. Our imports are larger, running to a hundred and ninety million dollars against a hundred and forty millions from France. For the chief item in place of art works we have chemical drugs and dyes, amounting to more than twenty million dollars; also potash and fertilizers, amounting to thirteen millions. There are hides, skins and undressed furs, amounting to another thirteen million dollars, and crude rubber, amounting to six millions. We buy two million dollars' worth of platinum from Germany, a million and a half dollars' worth of tin, two and a half million dollars' worth of wood pulp, a million and a half dollars' worth of hops and eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of sugar-beet seed.

In fact, aside from the finer cotton manufactures and some three million dollars' worth of china and porcelain, toys—at seven million dollars—are about the only important item that could be classed as a luxury. What we get from Germany is very largely material that feeds our own manufactures; and from a purely industrial point of view the trade is more important than that with France. To be sure, there is beer; but that amounts to only five hundred thousand dollars a year. Austria-Hungary, in fact, sells us nearly twice as much beer, and that, together with over a million dollars' worth of hops, makes decidedly the largest item in our imports from the Dual Monarchy, which amount, all told, to only twenty million dollars.

From Belgium we bought fourteen million dollars' worth of diamonds and five and a half million dollars' worth of crude rubber, the two items accounting for nearly half of our total imports from that country. Two million dollars' worth of linen was the next largest item, and there was eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of ivory.

Hope for the Home Market

The diamonds, rubber and ivory no doubt came from Africa; but we are not dependent on Belgium for them. Our imports from Russia in Europe come to twenty-six million dollars; but nineteen millions of it consists of hides and skins, two and a half millions consists of raw wool, and over a million of unmanufactured vegetable fibers. Excluding those raw materials there is hardly enough left to quarrel over.

From England we get almost everything. There are art works twenty years old and over, valued at more than twenty million dollars; and there is a million dollars' worth of hog bristles—for England, besides exporting her own manufactures, is a great clearing house for many sorts of trade. We buy over thirty million dollars' worth of crude rubber from her yearly and ten million dollars' worth of diamonds; seven million dollars' worth of lace and five million dollars' worth of pig iron. To go over the list of our imports from the United Kingdom would be to make an inventory of nearly everything we use except foodstuffs.

Of course we are interested now in what she sells us of her own manufacture. The crude rubber, wool, and so on, we now buy there we could get elsewhere. No doubt we could even get block tin, of which we buy annually about twenty-five million dollars' worth from England. That was one of the articles, however, which had a war boom, the price jumping from a trifle over thirty cents a pound, in the last part of July, to sixty-five cents a pound.

That metal, of course, makes the thin coating over a sheet of steel which constitutes tinware. The known deposits of it in this country are very small, but there are tin ores in Bolivia that could be brought here. However, as to commerce between this country and Great Britain generally, it does not seem probable that it will be seriously inconvenienced by the war. From the point of view of the home market the only question is as to how far British industries may be crippled by the withdrawal of labor or by financial conditions, thereby giving our manufacturers an advantage in supplying the domestic demand.

That there will be a really crippling shortage of British textile workers is not as yet apparent. The closing of the German market to British manufacturers and a lessened demand on the Continent generally, and even at home, due to war and hard times, would naturally have the effect of making British manufacturers fight all the harder for the market open to them—namely, our own. It is impossible to say how much they will be handicapped.

There is the financial situation. But we have a financial situation also. As soon as war became a certainty banks in New York, Chicago and other cities resorted to the issue of clearing-house certificates, which means that they suspended specie payments among themselves. Rarely is any considerable amount of actual cash withdrawn from a city bank directly, except when gold is shipped out of the country or when banks in the interior are calling for currency to be shipped them by express.

A Panic That Wasn't a Panic

When, however, a bank is losing deposits it will have a debit balance at the clearing house which ordinarily it must pay in gold. In the panics of 1873, 1893 and 1907 city banks settled their clearing-house balances with certificates issued by the clearing house against collateral deposited by the banks. Thus these certificates are simply an emergency currency, which the banks use among themselves.

How many of them were issued this fall the country over I do not know, as no complete statement has yet been published, but probably the amount is as large as it was in 1907. In addition, this year the banks issued emergency currency under the Aldrich-Vreeland Act, which was passed after the panic of 1907. This consisted of national bank notes, in form precisely the same as those secured by government bonds under the original national bank act; but they are secured by deposit with the Treasury Department of state, city and county bonds, commercial paper, and promissory notes against warehoused cotton and other commodities. Early in September more than two hundred and fifty million dollars of these emergency notes had been issued.

The banks must pay interest on the clearing-house certificates and emergency currency they take out. On the former, in New York and Chicago, the rate is seven per cent a year. On the latter the rate rises from a minimum of three per cent a year for the first three months to a maximum of six per cent a year after nine months. So long as this emergency stuff is outstanding interest rates will be high, because the banks themselves are paying interest on the certificates and notes.

This year we had panic conditions in the money market, but without a panic. Any one who went among the big banks of New York and Chicago in September, and recalled the scenes of late October and early November, 1907, must have been struck by the difference. Then at any banking hour of the day there would be a dozen decidedly nervous men in the president's anteroom impatiently waiting their turn. Everywhere inside the bank you breathed an air of anxiety and felt a nervous strain. This year, however, the big banks of New York and Chicago looked rather duller than usual. Nobody was pacing the floor or fiddling with a watch-chain.

The coolness with which the situation was accepted after the first big shock was, of course, a good feature; but there is this difference: A panic brings its own cure; as soon as it has happened the conditions that produced it have ceased—while the conditions that produced the present money stringency are still, at this writing, in very active operation. That this war will have long-enduring effects on American business is certain. That it will extend our trade opportunities in some foreign fields and give our manufacturers important advantages in the home market is highly probable. But it is not reasonable to expect these enduring results to appear to-morrow, or even next month. They will require time.

If war should continue through next year, as many dismal prophets now declare, the ruin in Europe will be incalculable. We may even see nations as bankrupt as the France of Louis XVI was. The effect of all that on business in the broadest sense is something on which the statistician of an opium joint should speculate.

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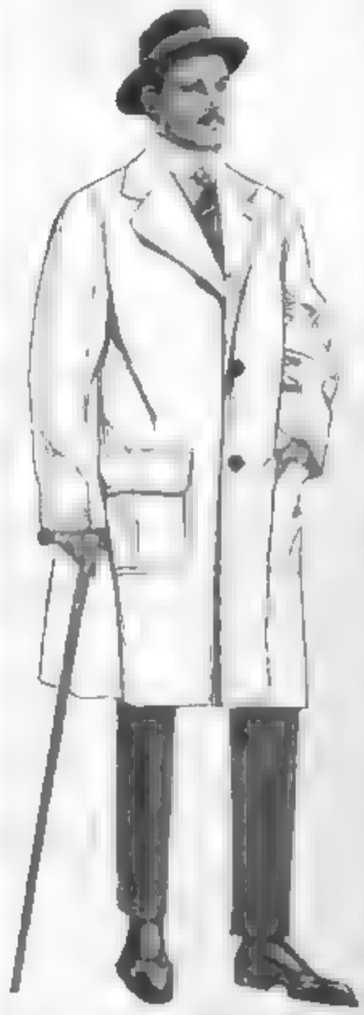

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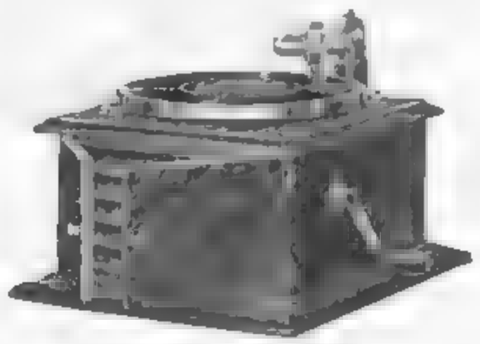

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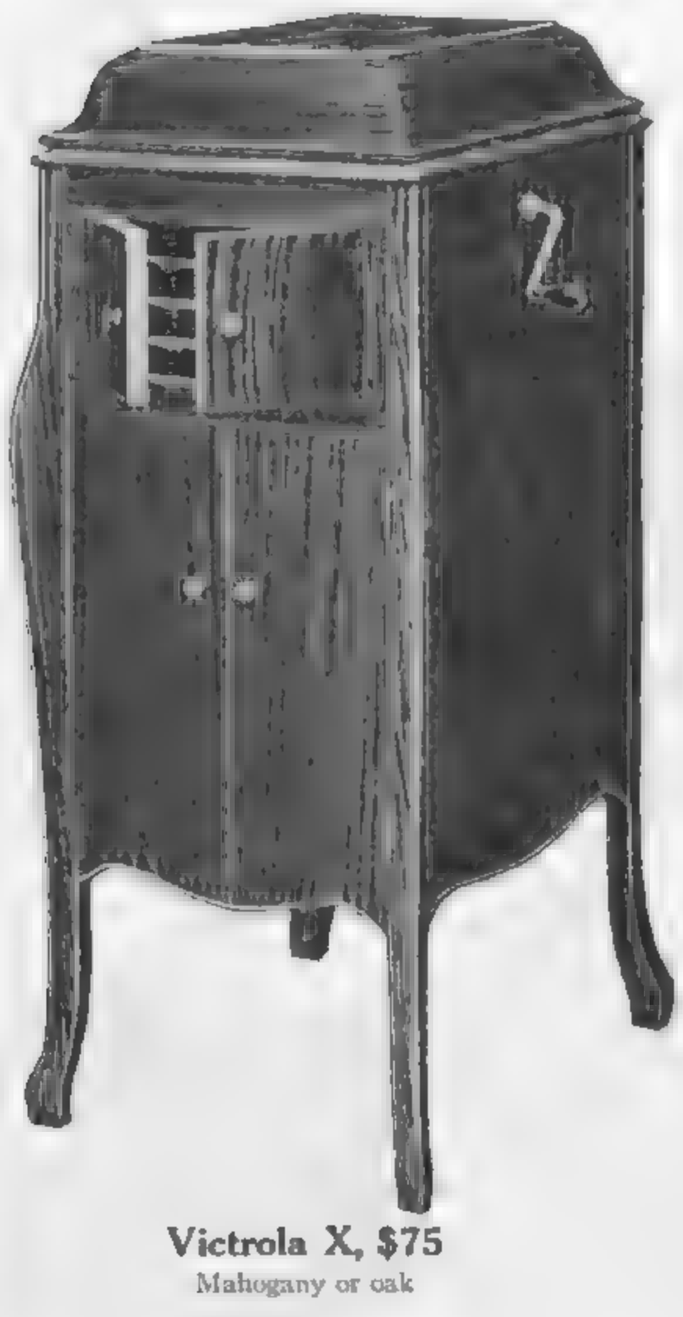

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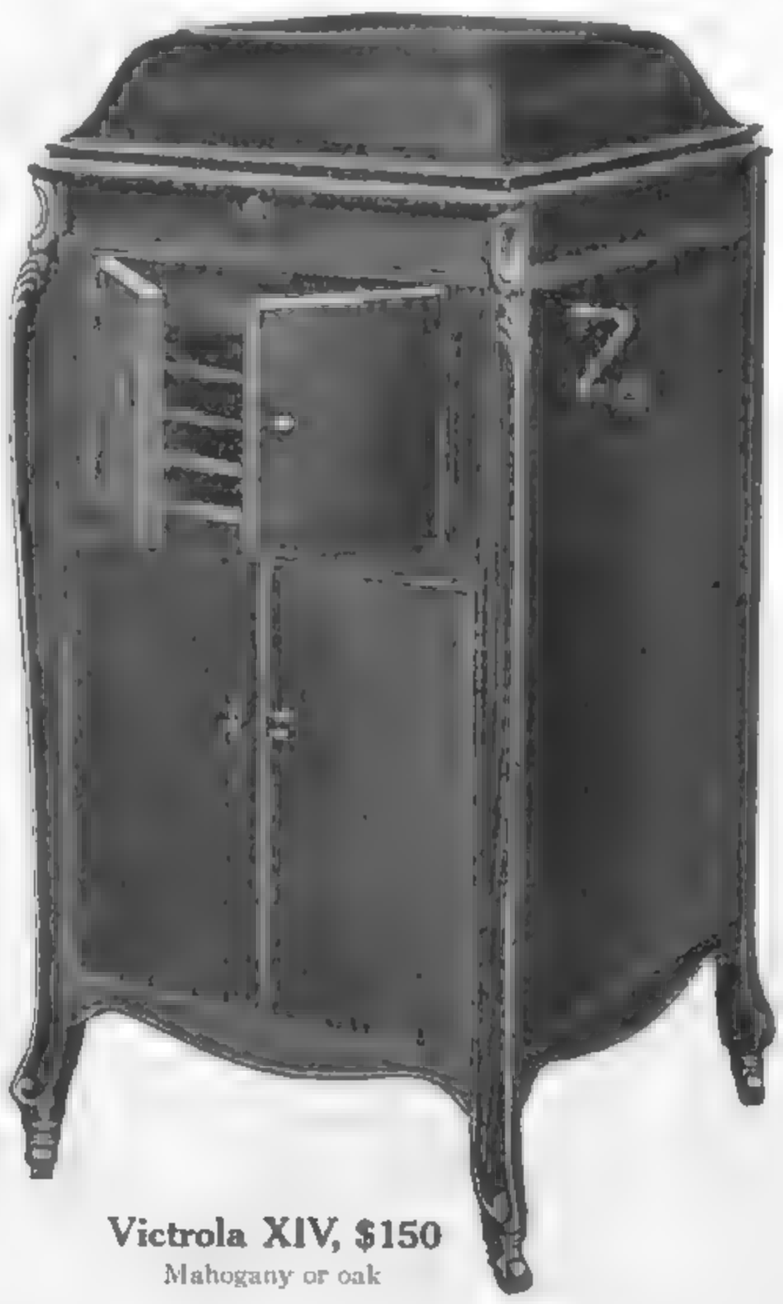

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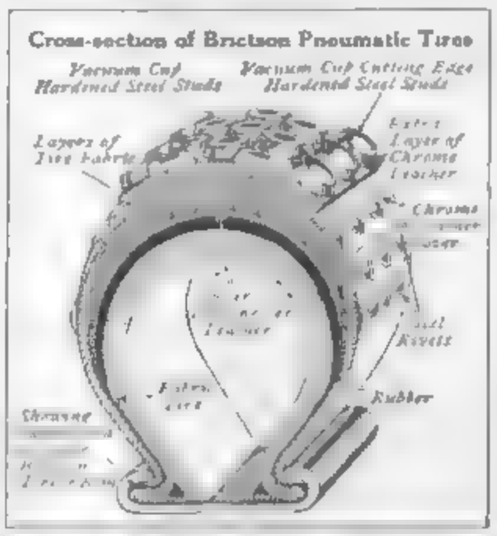

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Size of Tires

Name

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CUPID IN THE LABORATORY

(Continued from Page 8)

enveloped him. He felt the good comradeship of it. He thrilled to know that a woman was meeting him on an equality. He seated himself, his pipe forgotten, the slippers displayed on his lap.

"I'll try not to keep you awake hereafter," he murmured, glancing down at the present.

"I don't mind being kept awake," she said, relaxing slightly—"it's being wakened after I'm in dreamland that I don't like. You see I have to dream my new frocks and gowns; and it can't be done properly if a man insists on stamping overhead."

"I suppose I do walk about a good deal," was the response. "I get nervous."

"One does when one isn't used to living alone," she said practically. "And you can't wash your hair, of course?"

"Wash my hair!" echoed Justus, rubbing his neatly clipped head.

"Certainly!" said the Renewer of Gowns. "Greatest thing in the world for nerves."

Justus stared politely at the heavy masses of hair that showed beneath the queer-shaped hat and blushed. Then he took an enormous resolution.

"If you'll take off your hat I'll build up the fire," he said. "I haven't spoken to a rational soul in two weeks! Take pity on me and talk a while."

Madam Risley surveyed him coolly a moment and then laughed. She reached up and withdrew numerous pins. The hat dropped into her lap. Justus promptly moved a big chair to the fireplace and the Renewer of Gowns settled into it with a sigh of comfort.

"Do smoke," she said, "it's so much more sociable. My husband used to."

"Ah!" Justus breathed sympathetically.

Madam Risley nodded emphatically.

"He did. Bless his heart, it was all he could do!"

"Dead?"

"Quite," was the dry response. Then the Renewer of Gowns smiled gently. "He left me with an excellent taste for fine dress. After all, he made me what I am."

"It must be very interesting," Justus hastened to say.

"Ye-e-es. I suppose all women like to fuss with clothes. I do. And it pays!"

"I wish what I was doing paid," Justus remarked.

Madam Risley considered this a while, her fine eyes half closed. At last she shook herself slightly and smiled lazily at her host.

"What does one want of money when one has a fire—and slippers?"

"True! It wasn't the money part I was thinking about."

"You should get married," said the Renewer of Gowns. "How about that nice stenographer person that works for you?"

"She?" said Justus acrimoniously. "She's supposed to marry that clerk."

"She'll never do it."

"She's got to! It's part of the—part of the bargain, you know."

Madam Risley sat straight up in her chair.

"Well!" she said decidedly. "Of all things! But I'll bet you she doesn't."

"I wish she weren't going to," Justus said slowly. "I don't like him!"

"Would you marry her if you had a chance?" asked Madam Risley impudently.

"I haven't thought much about it," Justus rejoined.

"Then think about it!"

"Well, I am thinking about it. But what good will it do?" he demanded.

"No good—until you're in love with her," was the reply.

"Maybe I am!" he suggested.

Madam Risley turned and looked him full in the eyes a moment. She sighed.

"Dear me, you're my husband all over again! And the funny thing about it all is that you're dead right! You don't have to fall in love really! A girl will marry you just because you say you're in love! Women are different. They always believe a man and never believe themselves."

"Then," said Justus practically, "there is a chance for me?"

The Renewer of Gowns sniffed scornfully, gathered her skirts about her and rose.

"I'm sorry I gave you the slippers," she said.

"Why?"

"Because you aren't worthy of 'em. Maybe you will be some day, though, so keep them."

"Don't go!" Justus pleaded. "Just as we get all comfortable and get to talking you want to leave!"

"It's not safe for an unattached woman to listen to such as you," she returned promptly. "I made one mistake and I'll never make another! You're in a fit state to propose marriage to anybody—and I'm still woman enough to believe what I hear!"

Justus Evans rose too, reluctantly.

"Well, if the only condition on which you'll stay is a proposal, I'll make one. Will you marry me?"

"Never!"

"Please!" And something in his tones sounded sincere even to himself.

"You poor boy!" said Madam Risley with suddenly moist eyes. "Don't be a fool!"

At this instant came a heavy ring of the bell.

"It's the professor!" gasped Justus, staring wildly round the room.

The Renewer of Gowns seated herself again with perfect calmness and said:

"You had better open right away or he'll think you don't want him to come in."

This suggestion stirred the young man to the depths. He went to the door and swung it wide open. Vogel stepped in with a hearty "My Justus!" caught sight of the figure in the big chair, and stopped stockstill.

"It's only Madam Risley," Justus said miserably.

"And you interrupted the second proposal of marriage I ever got in my life," said she, quietly smiling over her shoulder at him. "I came up with some slippers for Mr. Little."

The professor glanced down at the soft, red woolen affairs and then at Justus' crimson face. He brushed his beard with one large hand and grunted inarticulately.

"Is this Professor Vogel?" Madam Risley went on calmly, her eyes half closed.

"It is," said Justus firmly.

"He seems embarrassed. Relieve his mind, Mr. Little. Tell him I have refused you!"

"She has!" said Justus with sudden gayety. "Our minds are both easier now that it is over, Vogel. Sit down, you chump!"

The professor removed his coat and silently accepted the chair Justus pushed up next to that of the Renewer of Gowns, produced a cigar, snipped the end off and lit it.

"You are really much better than slippers as a chaperon," said the madam. "You must feel awfully safe with that big beard!"

"For why?" rumbled Vogel, evidently startled.

"No one would dare offer you slippers! The very notion would be preposterous! So you are safe from adventurous women like myself."

"Lucky for you it isn't Vogel that lives up here!" Justus put in, smiling. "He wears boots as thick-soled as a policeman's."

"Huh!" Vogel grunted.

Madam Risley leaned forward, resting her round chin in her cupped palm. She looked at the professor with friendly glances. "As you are Mr. Little's employer, why not discuss the matter between us? I'll act as his mother and you act as his guardian. You see, he wants to marry the stenographer person."

"But ——" Vogel began, evidently in enormous perplexity.

"Exactly!" Justus put in with a freedom that astonished himself. "I proposed to Madam Risley."

"Nonsense!" was the crisp response. "You're in love with the stenographer, Mr. Little!"

Vogel tore at his beard. He muttered violently.

"She is to marry the clerk!" he broke out. "It is arranged!"

"Dear me! Who arranged it?"

"Science," said Vogel firmly.

Madam Risley turned to Justus.

"You seem helpless. I really must speak to that girl. I see she will have to interfere. Science! Is that young Irishman a scientist?" The Renewer of Gowns rose, brushing her skirt down with soft touches. "Mr. Little, I'm sorry for you. If she won't have you I'll consider a second proposal. Good night!"

She departed, smiling, through the door which Justus held open, and they heard her

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clear laughter as she sought the stairway. When the door was closed Vogel fixed a stern eye on his companion.

"A dangerous woman, my Justus! And in your rooms too!"

"You didn't expect me to propose in the hall, did you?" was the pert demand.

"I don't expect you to propose at all!" roared Vogel. "This is a scientific laboratory!"

Justus leaned over the back of the chair the Renewer of Gowns had just vacated and grinned.

"Does your science include kisses?"

"I am ashamed of you!"

"And I am ashamed of you, Vogel! Say, why didn't I ever propose to a girl before? It's an experience! Delightful! I must do it again."

Vogel stared hard and then emitted a voluminous "*Ach!*"

"My sentiments precisely!" said Justus.

"But if she had accepted you?"

Justus grimaced.

"No danger of that—but I think she enjoyed it."

"If she had known you were the Millionaire Evans and not poor John Little she would have accepted you on the spot!" said Vogel vehemently.

"Is that all that science teaches you?" demanded the other. "If so I don't want to know any more than I do now."

The professor waved away a discussion so fruitless and brought up the question of their progress with the records.

"Francis Aloysius is learning some poetry by heart," he announced.

"Ass!" said Justus.

"They have been talking about expenses in New York also," Vogel continued. "Somers thinks two can live more cheaply than one."

"He's a fool! The idea of making that charming girl live in a three-room apartment and smell gas all day! Vogel, what you scientists ought to do is to arrange some way by which fine women aren't compelled to fall in love with poor men."

"That," was the calm reply, "is what we shall adjust when we have sufficient data. At present the whole matter is a chaos. But when we know the precise laws that govern the attraction between a man and a woman, science will put a stop to these misalliances. Beauty will be mated with strength, intellect with will, virtue with aspiration! Ah, we shall restore Eden to this world, my Justus!"

"Meanwhile," said that young man deliberately, "I am going to bed to dream that the Renewer of Gowns has accepted me. Good night!"

VI

JUSTUS EVANS failed to catch Madam Risley in the hallway during the next few days and found himself oddly wretched in consequence. He told himself that he was a fool; but it did no good. Then he took a strong resolution and began to cultivate Miss Smith. He stopped to chat with her at every opportunity and elicited a few polite assents and negatives for his pains. Miss Smith's pretty head refused to be lifted from Professor Vogel's notes. When she did—once or twice—raise her eyes to his Justus could not see anything in their serene glance to justify him in a belief that she even heard what he was saying. It piqued him! He determined to break down this reserve. Was he not paying her wages and providing the funds for this whole preposterous business! Miles Evans' straightforward selfishness still inhered in his son. Like his father, Justus resented the fact that his wealth wasn't properly respected, though even his fatuity confessed that it was impossible for Miss Smith to understand the great claim he had on her attention.

Then a better strain wakened in Justus. He realized that money didn't necessarily give a man a personality that commanded respect.

"If she knew that I had a mint of money she might be pleasanter," he ruminated. "She doesn't know it. If I let her know who I am she'd think exactly the same as she does now about me—only her manner would be different. Therefore the money doesn't really count."

With this firmly settled in his thoughts, Justus proceeded to call on the Renewer of Gowns one evening. Madam Risley received him dubiously. He saw through the open door a bewildering array of gowns in all stages.

"I see this is no place for me," he said promptly. "Won't you come up and sit by my fire a while? I want to ask your advice."

"Ask it here!" was the crisp response.

"Never," said Justus. "This is really a matter of importance!"

"Well," she said grudgingly, "as you assure me it isn't a proposal or anything that serves to pass the time merely, I'll spare you half an hour. Up in a moment, Mr. Little!"

When she was installed once more in the easy chair, with a cushion under her feet, Justus strode back and forth a while and then burst out:

"I'm simply going to take you into my confidence. I'm at sea—up in the air—at a loss totally!"

Her kind smile warmed him.

"Go ahead! You ought to be able to tell almost anything to a woman you proposed to. What's the trouble? Is it about the stenographer person?"

"I don't know whether it is or not," he replied. "I'm going to tell you exactly what this office is and what the professor is about."

For five minutes Madam Risley leaned forward in her chair while Justus rapidly explained the secret of the laboratory—concealing, however, his own relation to the affair and his name and position in the city of New York.

"That's what we're investigating," he concluded. "I'm being kept out of it. At first it struck me as a wonderful thing. Then I got disgusted with it. Now I'm going to do a little investigating on my own hook—with your help."

"My word!" Madam Risley drawled. "Nobody but two men could ever have devised such a scheme. Science!" She laughed delightedly, but sobered to say: "Well, I wish some scientist had managed my marriage. It would have saved both of us a lot of trouble."

"You see," Justus went on earnestly, "things don't happen the same way to everybody. Vogel thinks they do. He's going to make up a formula that'll apply to all marriages. It'll be pure mathematics."

The Renewer of Gowns nodded.

"I know. They try to make dresses the same way. No two women ever were just alike."

"And sometimes dresses have to be renewed," Justus added. "But it's hard to fix over a marriage, you know."

Madam Risley was silent a while. When she looked up she said:

"And what advice can I give you?"

"How am I to make Miss Smith—the stenographer—notice me?"

Her eyes crinkled a little and she did not answer at once. She seemed to be thinking profoundly. Several times her glance rested on Justus with a peculiar light in it. When she spoke it was in an undertone of immense curiosity.

"And if I tell you, will you be fair to her?"

Justus looked at her in bewilderment.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say: Will you be fair to her? If you attract her attention, and make her like you and think of you as a possible husband, will you be fair? Will you carry it out?"

"My Heavens, I want to marry her!"

"I'm not much of a scientist, Mr. Little," said the Renewer of Gowns, "but there are some things I do know. Can you support a wife?"

"She must marry me just as I am!" was the firm reply.

There was a darker tint in Madam Risley's fine eyes when she looked up.

"I'll be quite frank with you," she said. "You remember your proposal to me the other night? I should have married you if you'd had any money."

"Good!" said Justus heartily. "Go on and keep telling the truth."

"And that stenographer person is like most other women who have to make their own living here in New York—all she asks is some decency and sufficient money for a home. D'ye get me?"

"But this is all out of reason!" he protested. "Is there no true love?"

"Oh, yes!" was the reply. "But you're not hunting for that."

"I am!"

"Poor boy! And hunting a woman for a wife like I'd hunt a piece of silk to match a gown!"

"Leave that to me!" was the response. "What I want to know is how I am to get Miss Smith even to look at me as if she saw me! That's all I want to know now."

"We-e-ell," said Madam Risley, rising slowly, "if that's all you want I should suggest that you go and propose to her

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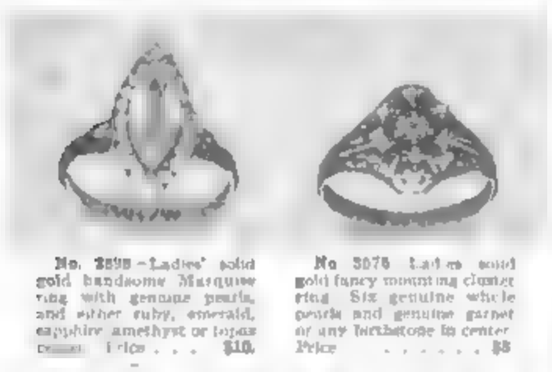

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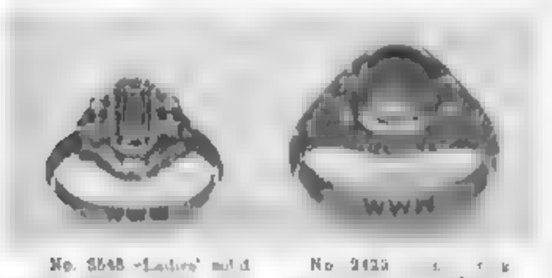

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[70]

right away. Any woman takes an interest in a man who wants to marry her. Just propose, Mr. Little!" She laughed in the doorway. "And let me know how the advice works, will you?"

When she was gone Justus sat by the fire for many hours, silently considering the vista that opened before him. The experiment Vogel was conducting had taken on a new interest for him. He no longer felt like a mere onlooker. He was going to do a little investigating himself. What did a lot of records count? Nothing at all, when one might so easily perform experiments oneself. He resolved to propose to Miss Smith the very next day.

VII

ALL morning Justus Evans had sought courage to say to Mary Eliza Smith the words he had carefully chosen as an expression of his desire that she marry him; but, though he went into the office a dozen times on various pretexts, the cold and fishy eyes of Francis Aloysius Somers froze him. He ate a hasty luncheon and returned to the office to find Vogel had gone for the afternoon, leaving a message that he would be back at five o'clock.

"Now," thought Justus, "is the accepted time!" He strolled into the other room and handed Somers a huge envelope. "Sorry to trouble you," he said quietly; "but Professor Vogel considers this package too valuable to be intrusted to any but a private hand. Would you be good enough to take it to Judge Howson's office?"

Somers nodded, rose, put on his coat and hat and departed. Justus observed that Miss Smith's expression changed slightly as she bent over her work. She seemed surprised. He walked over to her desk and said calmly:

"I'd like to speak to you a moment, Miss Smith."

"Certainly," she assented, tapping away at the machine.

"Please stop for a moment," Justus went on, "and look at me."

Frankly astonished eyes were raised to his. They were more beautiful than he had imagined.

"It won't take me long to say what I have to say," Justus went on deliberately; "but, as it is very important, I'd like you to listen carefully." She nodded gravely. "I have thought things over for some time," he proceeded, trying to keep his voice steady, "and now I am prepared to ask you for the greatest favor you can do me. I am in love with you! I wish you would consent to be my wife." Miss Smith rose hastily. "No, I'm not crazy," he said hastily—"unless being crazy in love with you portends insanity. I mean exactly what I say. I love you and I want you for my wife."

"Is this an insult?" she demanded in a low voice.

"No," he said firmly. "I am paying you the tribute of my life! You don't know how much I think of you—and I have a little money too."

"Horrible!" she panted. "I didn't suppose you'd dare!"

"I'd dare anything to win you," he said simply, and the absolute sincerity of his tone made her venture a glance at him.

Justus Evans was not handsome, but he looked manful; and on this occasion his newfound freedom made him show the rugged strain inherited from his father. Let it be distinctly understood that he was playing no farce at this moment. Even Miss Smith realized that. And Justus had his reward in a second's glimpse into kind eyes. She shook her head and sat down again.

"I shall ask you every single day," Justus went on.

"Please don't!"

"I must! I can't help it!" he averred earnestly.

Once more she met his gaze.

"Don't! It hurts!"

"Then you care that much?"

Instantly she became the capable typewriter.

"My feelings are my own," she answered coldly. "Your display of ill-timed ardor doesn't entitle you to inquire into my own emotions." She looked up with a saucy gleam in her eyes. "Don't be a fool!"

Presumably it is vouchsafed few men to listen to their own proposals of marriage through a phonographic machine. Justus removed the record from the brass hemisphere the moment the office was empty and substituted a blank one. When Vogel stormed in from the transmitter, waving his arms and swearing that the whole apparatus was out of gear, Justus merely grinned. But at midnight, while he sat listening to his own impassioned accents and Miss Smith's cool replies, he did not grin. He cursed himself violently. Without those lovely eyeglances the whole conversation sounded unspeakably futile and fatuous. And that final injunction—"Don't be a fool!"—cut his pride until it bled.

"Just wait until she finds out who I am and what she has refused!" he muttered furiously to himself, and was instantly ashamed that he was not playing the game according to the rules he had laid down for himself. Later he destroyed the record.

Then he walked the streets until dawn came and the chill of a new day warned him that even the most passionate lover needs warmth and rest. To Vogel he stated he was sick of the whole investigation and that it was pure foolishness from start to finish.

"I can tell you what makes a girl marry a man," he said roughly. "It's flowers, and candy, and theater tickets, and money in the bank! Science? Pish! If you had seventeen thousand records of seventeen thousand love affairs you'd never be any closer than that to the truth!"

The professor drew his hand down his beard and said simply:

"My Justus, go and propose again to Madam Risley. It will do you good."

Justus' eyes brightened mischievously.

"I believe I will, Vogel. Maybe she'd have me. She has fine eyes."

"She has good sense!" snorted the professor.

"Your notion is that it takes nine refusals to make a man? Well, seven more will graduate me."

Vogel returned to his records; but when he was alone in the bare room before the machine he did not switch on the power. Instead he sat stolidly motionless in the hard chair, pencil in hand over his notebook. He was not thinking of science or of the data of love; he was trying to compose a quatrain to spring, and he was dreaming of fields of flowers and open streams, and hair blown in the wind. He did not even turn his head when Justus opened the door to say loudly:

"Saturday afternoon, Vogel! I'm off to propose to the Renewer of Gowns!"

He tramped away—and still the professor sat and stared into vacancy, peopling it with laughing maidens and singing youths. Dusk darkened the windows. The lively sounds of the building grew dim. Still he sat weaving spells that had nothing to do with the cold apparatus of science. Professor Vogel was in love!

VIII

JUSTUS EVANS found Madam Risley enjoying a few moments of relaxation after the week's work. She welcomed him with twinkling eyes and informed him he might smoke if he liked.

"And now," she said when he was settled in an old chair amid the sheeted gowns that hung corpselike on every wall, "did you take my advice?"

"I did," said Justus ruefully.

"And your success? Did she notice you?"

"She did. She told me not to be a fool! But she noticed me!" he said.

"Good!"

"It's not good," he protested. "I find myself horribly in love!" He looked at her desperately. "I didn't know it could be so serious."

The Renewer of Gowns smiled faintly.

"It is serious!" she admitted. "You're a nice boy. I wish I could help you."

"What the deuce can I do more than propose?" he demanded.

"Be shameless!" was the prompt reply. "Be utterly shameless!"

"I am," he rejoined. "I can't even blush over my own folly."

The expression on Madam Risley's face lost its vivacity.

"Do you think it folly to be in love with a nice girl?"

"It looks that way. Even Vogel, who professes to know more about it than any one else, merely snorts."

"Did you make a confidant of him too?" she asked.

"No—of course not. I merely stated somewhat loudly my opinion of all that kind of thing, and he—he told me to come and propose again to you; and said you were a sensible woman. He seemed to think that it would do me a world of good!"

Madam Risley's expression grew comic.

"Huh! That's high praise from the professor."

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"Oh, he meant it!" Justus went on. "But I don't feel like proposing to you—if you'll excuse me. Honestly I can't get Miss Smith out of my mind for one moment!"

"Why don't you go and see her?"

"I can't. It's all arranged that that wretched Somers man is to have first show. To be sure, I stole a march on him and asked her to marry me; but she didn't seem to think it amounted to much. I suppose if I had preceded it by a couple of boxes of candy, ten dozen roses and seats at the opera she'd have believed I meant it."

"Exactly!" was the dry response. "But, as I said, keep on being shameless. I believe you'll win her."

Justus' face glowed.

"I hope so," he said simply. "You see I never did have any flirtations or trot round with the girls, or do any of the things that teach one how to go about a proposal. I merely fell in love and went and told her about it."

"Now look here!" said Madam Risley earnestly. "Before you go further in this I want to understand what you're going to support a wife on? Your salary?"

"I have a little capital besides what I earn," he replied uneasily.

"Enough to make that pretty girl happy and comfortable?"

"Plenty—unless she's awfully extravagant," he assured her.

"Then go ahead and be shameless. Don't be snubbed! Insist on never letting her forget you want to marry her. Don't let any chance escape you. I give her six weeks to hold out. Then she's yours! No woman can resist that kind of wooing—if the man shows decency and breeding, and isn't noseless or chinless. You have my blessing! Now I'm going to take a nap. Good luck to you!"

An hour later Justus was interviewing Mrs. Marlow at the cottage. She demurred to his earnest proposal that he take Miss Smith out for a walk.

"She's lying down, with a headache," said that excellent lady. "She came home from the office feeling miserable yesterday. I shan't disturb her."

"But I must see her—I promised her I'd do something to-day! It must be done, you know!" But Mrs. Marlow was adamant. Finally Justus said: "If I write a note to her will you give it to her?"

"Yes, I'll do that," was the reply.

So Justus sat down at the sitting-room desk to write his first love letter. He tore up three beginnings and then dashed headlong into a fourth, keeping in mind Madam Risley's injunction to be shameless. This is what he wrote:

"*Dearest Lady:* Lovers' oaths are always kept! I swore yesterday not to let a day go by without reminding you that every day you refuse to listen to my love you take one day's bliss out of my life. Please be nice and good, dear girl! At least get used to me. Maybe then you'll always want me round.

"Are your feet as little as they look or are they little so they won't hurt men's hearts too much? You will have to stand on tip toes to kiss me. So be prepared! I love you! I love you!

"THE MAN WHO DREAMS ABOUT YOU."

This missive he intrusted to Mrs. Marlow's reluctant hand, bowed himself out, and departed whistling like a boy. That evening he spent in his own rooms until ten o'clock. Then he recalled Madam Risley's advice and went to the telephone. Presently he was speaking to Miss Smith.

"This is John Little," he said quietly. "Did you get my little note?"

"Oh, was that from you?" floated back over the wire.

"It was," he answered promptly. "Of course there are lots of us; but in this case it was I."

"And the flowers too?"

Justus writhed. "Ass that I am!" he muttered to himself. "Why didn't I think of flowers? I suppose Francis Aloysius blew himself." He spoke into the receiver: "I've got to be honest—I forgot all about flowers. I was so much taken up in thinking of you!"

"I'm glad you tell the truth in some things," was the cool reply. "No flowers came. Good night, Mr. Little!"

A click told him the conversation was over. "Pretty good for one time!" he chuckled. "Lucky I didn't fall for the flowers!" Then a thought struck him. "Did she say I must be shameless? I shall be! I'll put every one of those records on the machine and listen."

He went into the record room and unlocked the cabinet. On an upper shelf stood a score and more of cylinders marked, in Vogel's script, with each date beneath the inscription, Miss Smith's Room.

Justus hesitated long, but finally reached for one and carefully set it in the machine. Then he turned on the switch. A moment later he heard a sound that drove the blood to his head and then poured it back into his heart. It was the sound of a woman sobbing! That plangent and unforgettable crying throbbed through the bare room as if each shuddering breath could be felt on his cheeks. Justus Evans had never before heard a woman weep. He bowed his face in his hands. His throat ached, and then the ache settled down about his heart.

He turned off the switch and with dimmed eyes stared at the date on the cylinder. It was of the night before the last—the evening of the day he had asked Mary Smith to marry him.

IX

THE next morning Justus carefully shaved himself—his father had always insisted that was a gentleman's own office—and waited with a strange feeling of dread the moment when he must enter the office and see the girl of his new dreams. Would there be tear stains on that face? Would there still be a catch in her throat? And how could he let her know of his longing to comfort and protect her?

When he did walk in at nine o'clock he found Francis Aloysius leaning over Miss Smith's desk making an adjustment of her machine. She did not apparently observe Justus' entrance, responded to his greeting with a nod, and bent down over her work without another glance. He dumped a pile of old papers on the clerk's desk and departed.

At noon a small, alert messenger boy brought in to Miss Smith a box of roses, with John Little's card. Justus did not appear during the day, and consequently could not appreciate the demure smile with which Miss Smith looked at them. Standing on the corner that evening at five o'clock, Justus saw with satisfaction that she wore a couple of the roses pinned to her gown as she entered the limousine. Without appetite and hungry only for a word with her, he returned to his rooms and smoked entirely too much until ten o'clock, when he again called up the cottage. Mrs. Marlow informed him that Miss Smith had gone to bed.

"Then I'll have to write again," Justus said to himself, and sat down to write his second letter; but the memory of that record stayed with him. He found it impossible to write without betraying his knowledge of her hour of weeping. So he compromised by going out and ordering the most expensive box of candy procurable in the city of New York and twenty dollars' worth of violets. This gave him back his appetite, and he supped heartily and well. As he returned to his rooms at midnight he overtook Madam Risley on the stairs. She smiled in friendly fashion and asked him how things went. Justus faced her gravely.

"You think it's all a kind of farce," he said in a new tone. "It isn't! All the happiness I shall ever have depends on my success now. I—I don't feel like talking about it."

The Renewer of Gowns nodded soberly. Her fine eyes were a little clouded. She held out one firm hand when they reached her floor. Justus did not notice a faint quivering of the capable lips. It did not even strike him as strange that Madam Risley did not speak. He lifted his hat and went on up.

The next morning he arranged the violets as best he could on Miss Smith's desk, laid work enough for a week on Somers' desk, and retired to his own room before the hour of opening the office. He did not leave his chair until noon, barely speaking to Vogel as the latter passed through the room with notebook and records. He felt that the problem he had to solve required steady thinking.

He had scarcely formulated his plans when the professor emerged from the record room with an expression of exultation that brought Justus to a realization that something had happened.

"For Heaven's sake!" he said crossly. "What's the matter?"

"Last night, my Justus! The first steps are accomplished! We have succeeded in getting an absolute transcript of all the stages leading up to the final act of volition—the climax of the wooing period."

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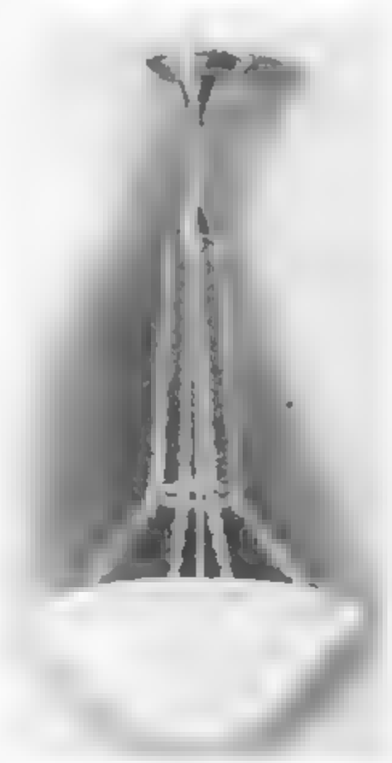

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2—DEPT. STORES: Customers stay longer and buy more where seeing is easy and comfortable. They speak well of the store and visit it often.

3—RESTAURANTS: Good light attracts patrons and makes them more comfortable. It is soft, agreeable, restful, promoting relaxation.

4—STORES: Well lighted stores and windows attract customers, and display merchandise to the best advantage. Customers stay longer and buy more

5—OFFICES: Good light means more and better work with fewer mistakes, less fatigue, and without eye-strain. Seeing is easy and comfortable

6—CLUBS: The illumination should be ample, restful, agreeable in color, beautiful, in harmony with the surroundings and entirely without strain

7—HOTELS: Good light is beautiful, brings out the beauty of the surroundings, makes seeing easy and agreeable. People enjoy themselves more.

8—BANKS: Good light is handsome and in harmony with the surroundings. It makes seeing easy, often pays for itself by increasing efficiency and preventing errors.

9—THEATRES: Good light is subtle, soft, restful, and cheerful. It is beautiful, in harmony with the surroundings, and creates a receptive attitude in the minds of the audience.

10—HOSPITALS: The light should be ample, cheerful, and restful to contribute to the comfort and quick recovery of the patients. Good light is needed in the operating rooms for precision and accuracy

11—CHURCHES: The light should be subtle, soft and agreeable. Harsh or brilliant spots, which distract the eye and attention, should be avoided.

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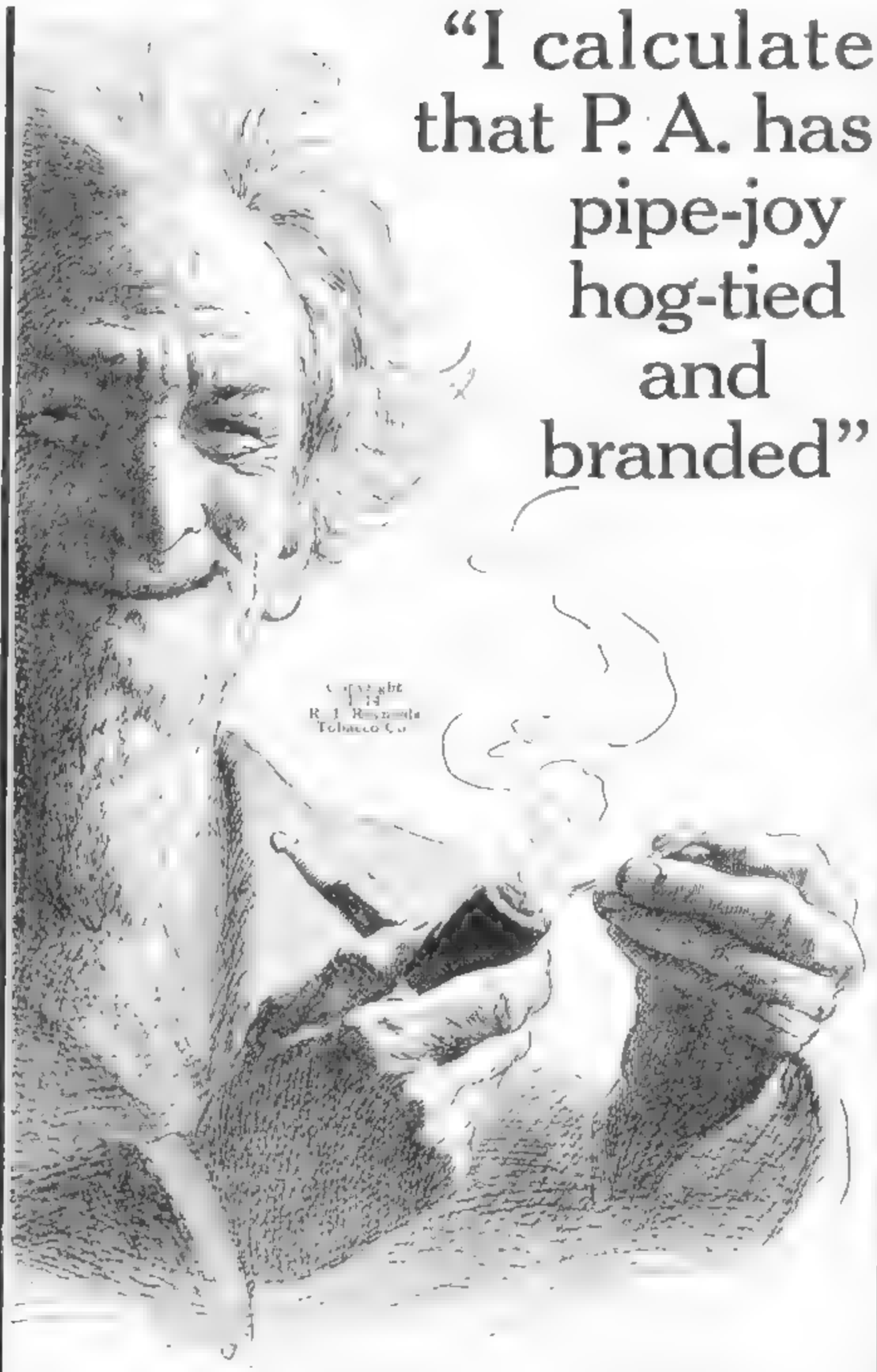

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Justus was silent a long moment. He steadied himself by one hand on the table, while his dreams fell like shattered stars about him. Then he said slowly:

"So it's all over!" He controlled his voice by a terrific effort. "I shan't have to give those beastly papers to that miserable fellow any more?"

"Precisely!" said Vogel, combing his beard in an access of delight. He vanished again into his sanctum.

Very quietly Justus Evans put on his coat and hat, picked up his gloves and stick; and thus equipped he entered the outer office. Mary Eliza Smith glanced up and blushed faintly. Justus nodded and then addressed Somers, who seemed to be laboring under suppressed excitement.

"Are you pretty well up with your work?" he asked him.

Francis Aloysius nodded, and then said in a low voice and with a side glance at his fair fellow worker:

"I have been working specially to have everything ready for your inspection this evening, sir. I—I have a position in view that I feel I should accept. I know this is very short notice; but, in view of the somewhat arduous conditions of labor here, I feel that I am justified in trying to get work where there is a better chance of advancement."

"Quite so," Justus murmured. "To-night, you say?"

"If possible, sir."

"Quite so. By the way, I think Professor Vogel spoke to me about you the other day, and suggested that when you made a change he knew of a much better position in a larger office. Should you like to consider that too?"

Somers flushed.

"I should indeed, sir," he said gratefully.

"Then I'll bring the matter to the professor's attention," said Justus. He glanced at Miss Smith. She was blushing divinely amid the violets. He turned to her. "So spring is here!"

To his utter amazement the usually calm young woman bowed her head. Two tears flowed slowly down her cheeks. Justus stared a moment and then fled.

Vogel shook his head when Justus opened the record-room door, but the young man turned off the switch and said brusquely:

"I have written a note to Judge Howson. Give it to Somers, will you, as from yourself?"

"Wherefore?" demanded the professor indignantly. "Am I forever to be interrupted?"

"Yes, you are to-day. Somers leaves this evening. The letter will assure him a good position."

"Wretch!" roared the scientist. "You will deprive me of the very record I wish most—the record of the final conversation before he quits the office. Boor! Pig!"

"Some things are beyond my power to endure," said Justus coldly. "This affair has passed from the domain of science. I refuse to be a party to any further recording of it. Somers leaves the cottage before to-night or you destroy the records to-morrow!"

Vogel recognized that he could not insist and grimaced.

"Well, we must find another to take his desk, my Justus."

Justus waved his stick impatiently.

"No! Enough!"

He slammed the door after him and Vogel resumed his work.

It was very late that afternoon when Justus Evans returned. He bore a choice bouquet of costly wild flowers. When he had taken off his outer coat and brushed his blond hair he entered the outer office, flowers in hand. Somers was gone. Miss Smith answered his inquiring look with a quiet:

"Mr. Somers left early in order to attend to some business. I think it was about a letter Professor Vogel gave him."

"Ah, yes!" Justus murmured. "Well, I must offer you these, then, without his presence. I wish you—I wish you ——"

His tongue stumbled over the formal words, for Mary Eliza's lovely eyes were looking into his. He merely laid the costly blossoms on her desk.

She picked them up slowly and a rich color warmed her cheeks. She bent her head over and smelled delicately of their perfume. Then she glanced up.

"They are very lovely, Mr. Little. Thank you!"

He said nothing more, but retired to his own room and viewed its new desolation. It was desolate! Justus Evans sat down and bowed his head miserably in his hands.

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Vogel passed through and elicited only a grunt. He heard the office door close—Mary Eliza was gone! He did not go down for his dinner. Instead he sat in the darkness trying to understand what had happened.

She had accepted Somers! That was the gist of the matter. Somers the clerk had won the prize! Justus Evans, with his millions and his heart on fire with love, had lost! Gradually his bitterness toward the fortunate rival deepened into an ignoble feeling that, after all, Mary Smith had made a poor choice—a choice she would deeply regret some day. But how had Somers managed it? Justus writhed. He felt that he was going to do the meanest act of his life. He was going to pry and peer! He was going to find out how Francis Aloysius had managed to persuade that lovely girl to marry him.

He rose and went into the record room and extracted from the file the latest record, labeled Sitting Room, 7: 24 P. M.—9: 36 P. M., April twenty-sixth, and hurriedly put it in the machine. Then he set the switch and listened intently, with varying expressions, for one good hour. At the end of that time he took the record out, put it in the file, went to his own room and dressed hastily, after calling over the telephone for a taxi. It was exactly nine o'clock when he reached the street.

x

NOT half an hour after Justus had slammed the door behind him Professor Vogel rang. Receiving no answer, he opened the door with his private key, switched on the lights and proceeded to disencumber himself of some records. Presently he went into the record room. Here he fumbled about a while until a knock brought him back into Justus' room. He opened the door. Madam Risley stood outside, smiling.

"How is my neighbor?" she asked gayly.

"Out somewhere," Vogel answered politely. "Will you come in? I'm merely finishing up a little work."

"You seem to be always working," said the Renewer of Gowns, entering. "It must be very important!"

"It is," Vogel answered gruffly. "It is science!"

"I've heard you are an expert on love and marriage," Madam Risley remarked, seating herself. "I suppose you are very busy these spring days."

"Science takes no account of seasons," Vogel answered.

"Then it is inferior to dressmaking." She smiled across at him.

The professor clapped his hands impetuously.

"Ah, an idea! It is most important! Dress in its relation to the growth of the feeling of affinity!" He strode over to her and stared at her gown. "I see!" he went on. "Like the plumage of the bird, the dress signifies that one desires to attract." He smiled magnificently upon her.

"I should like to attract some man," she said slowly, looking up at him demurely.

"What a subject for study you would be!" he went on. "You are beautiful! You know the allure of costuming!"

"Flatterer! You like the gown? I made it myself."

Vogel laughed.

"You are really a scientist, madam. I must learn of you. You will instruct me?"

She shook her head.

"I could teach you nothing. But I am interested in our young man's love affair. How is it progressing?"

"Our young man!" echoed the professor. "Who?"

"Why, Mr. Little, of course! I'm really anxious. He must win that girl."

Vogel solemnly brought up a chair and seated himself.

"You are mistaken, my dear madam. Mr.—er—Little is merely associated with me in this investigation. I assure you he has no affair of the heart whatever. The girl is merely a stenographer here, copying my notes on The Play of Animals. Your idea is preposterous!"

The Renewer of Gowns looked at him a moment compassionately. Then she sighed.

"After all, I believe I could teach you something," she said dryly. "The first lesson I'll give you is about what is under your nose. Your Mr. Little is heels over head in love with the stenographer person, and, unless I'm greatly mistaken, she's falling in love with him."

Vogel stared and then groaned. "Dreadful! Awful! Incredible!" he burst out in a stentorian voice.

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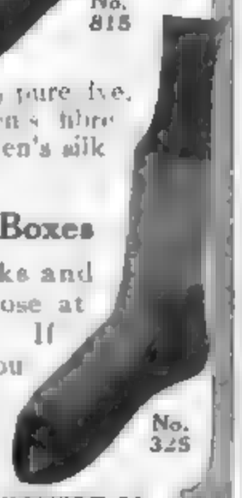

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"I don't see anything awful about it," said Madam Risley calmly. "Anybody with two eyes in his head would have seen how things were going long ago."

Vogel started up wildly.

"It must be stopped! It will ruin his career! I shall be forever disgraced!"

"The time to stop those affairs is before they start," was the practical response. "But I fail to see what is so dreadful about a nice young fellow's falling in love with a nice young woman."

"Ah, you don't know what a terrible thing it is! It is desperate—unheard of! To think that Justus Evans should fall in love with a poor stenographer! Millions wasted! A career blasted!"

Madam Risley leaned forward with bright eyes fixed on Vogel. "Justus Evans? The millionaire? Well, I must say!"

The professor forgot all caution in his agony. "Yes, the son of old Miles Evans the richest young man in the city of New York save one! Ass that I am!"

The Renewer of Gowns laughed with delight. "And he'll marry a working girl! Oh, you scientists!"

"But what am I to do?" demanded Vogel imploringly. "Aid me! Assist me to stop this terrible misalliance, madam!"

"Stop it?" she laughed. "Never!"

"But it must be stopped! I am responsible for him. It was my scheme—my investigation! I must instantly see Judge Howson."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Madam Risley firmly. "You've meddled enough as it is. Now be a good man and let 'em be happy."

"Happy!" said Vogel in a sepulchral tone. "Ha!"

"Happy, I said," was the reply. "She's a nice girl. I can tell by her looks. And he's a dear boy—and he loves her!"

"Loves her! Ha! A mere boyish passion!"

For half an hour the Renewer of Gowns pleaded with the professor. She used every argument within her reach and at last succeeded in persuading him that he could not venture to meddle—but his gloom was of the darkest; so for thirty more minutes Madam Risley cheered him up. She pictured the naturalness of this swiftly born passion, intimated that Justus was lucky not to have fallen into the clutches of a fortune hunter, and ended by laughing so heartily and whole-souledly that Vogel himself was forced to join her.

"And to think," she giggled as she rose to go, "that I actually refused to marry him!"

"Ah, I should never have forgiven you!" said Vogel with a sudden change of tone. "He is a fool—unworthy of such a woman!"

For an instant Madam Risley's fine eyes were fixed on the floor. Then she said hurriedly: "I must go. It is late. But promise me one thing, professor!"

"Anything!"

"Don't interfere! Love is sacred!"

She departed and Vogel closed the door slowly after her. He went to the window and stared out into the warm dusk. When he turned into the room again he squared his shoulders.

"After all," he muttered to himself, "I am a scientist! I recognize the realities! Be it so!"

XI

AT NOON the next day Professor Vogel peered into the outer office and nodded when he saw Miss Smith making ready to go to the grill for her luncheon. He returned to Justus Evans' room and reread a scrawled note which informed him that Justus would not return until five o'clock. Vogel inspected this missive carefully, slowly brushing his beard. Then he proceeded to call Judge Howson on the telephone. After a short colloquy the professor said:

"All right! I'll expect you immediately, as I said in my letter this morning."

When the bell rang he ushered the lawyer in and said, without preface:

"Accompany me, please, into the record room."

"This is really very irregular," Judge Howson remarked with a faint smile.

"Nothing is irregular in science, sir. I have made a grave error. I am going to leave the facts in your possession."

When they were seated before the machine Professor Vogel turned the switch and nodded at the first voice that sounded. The judge leaned forward with a curious and paternal expression on his aged face:

"I know you'll think it strange of me—calling on you to-night, Miss Smith. But I had to; I couldn't wait ——"

"About the office, Mr. Little? Don't you want me any more?"

"Want you any more? I want you always! Listen! Don't run away! I must talk to you!"

"It is impossible for me to hear you, Mr. Little. I mustn't!"

"You must, my dear! But we can't talk in this room. Come and walk in the park with me."

"You know the conditions under which I am here, Mr. Little."

"I don't care a rap for the conditions. Come for a walk!"

"I—I don't see how I can. It is out of the question—and it's so lovely out to-night!"

Vogel obeyed a gesture by Judge Howson and shut off the motor.

"Professor," said the lawyer, "I feel that this is hardly justifiable. It is a gross intrusion on another person's privacy."

Vogel combed his great beard nervously. "I have not listened to this record myself, sir. I am thoroughly convinced, however, that you will find my conclusions correct. I feel myself in a terrible mess. Whom else can I consult except Justus Evans' personal attorney and friend?"

"True!" said Howson, after a moment's thought. "Proceed!"

"Spring is here, my dear!"

"Oh!"

"And I've got to tell you something—out in the dusk."

"But what will Mrs. Marlow say?"

"Hang Mrs. Marlow!—I mean, let's pay no attention to her! Come, dearest girl!"

"We-e-ell, I'll come—a little way. I must change my shoes."

The machine whirred on for five minutes, while a particular expression of anxiety gathered on Professor Vogel's brow. It deepened when the masculine voice resumed with repressed feeling:

"How dear you are to-night! And you are wearing my flowers!"

"I have no others. Please don't buy me any more. They are too expensive—but I love them!"

"Nothing is too expensive for you to wear!"

"Really—I can't go with you if you will talk that way!"

"Come! Come! Come!"

The machine uttered the closing of a door and was silent. For a moment the judge and the professor looked at each other. Then Vogel broke out wildly:

"Pig! Beast! Wretch of a sentimental millionaire! The record is missing! Bah! They have gone to the park! He is no scientist, but a fool!"

"So his father thought," said the judge mildly. "You are both wrong. Justus Evans is no fool!"

A sudden suspicion seemed to strike Vogel, and he looked sharply over his glasses at his companion.

"It was you who recommended Miss Smith to me, sir!" he burst out.

"Certainly," said the judge. "When the young man whose interests are in my charge sees fit to make an ass of himself in promoting science and research I should be derelict in my duty if I did not throw every safeguard about him. Miss Smith is an excellent young woman—exactly what she professes to be—a self-supporting young lady without resources. I admire and honor her."

The professor pawed his beard in helpless rage. "Then all was planned ahead!"

"By no means," replied Judge Howson warmly. "Neither Evans nor Miss Smith had an inkling that I knew anything about it. I merely took what I considered to be proper precautions. I am glad now that I did take such precautions."

"Then," said Vogel, hoarse with indignation, "all this has not been scientific, but——" He waved anguished hands.

The judge laid a soothing finger on his arm. "This is something greater than all your science!" he said quietly. "Cupid has no place in the laboratory!"

The professor smiled bitterly. "You are right, sir. I—I am going to marry a dressmaker—a modiste—a renewer of gowns. I must marry her! I cannot help it! Is destiny greater than the goddess Science? Bah!"

Under Vogel's heavy hand several scores of precious records crashed to the floor, while Judge Howson sat in wise and profound immobility. When the professor had slammed out he sighed, thinking of his own springtime and the days of his exuberant and foolish youth.

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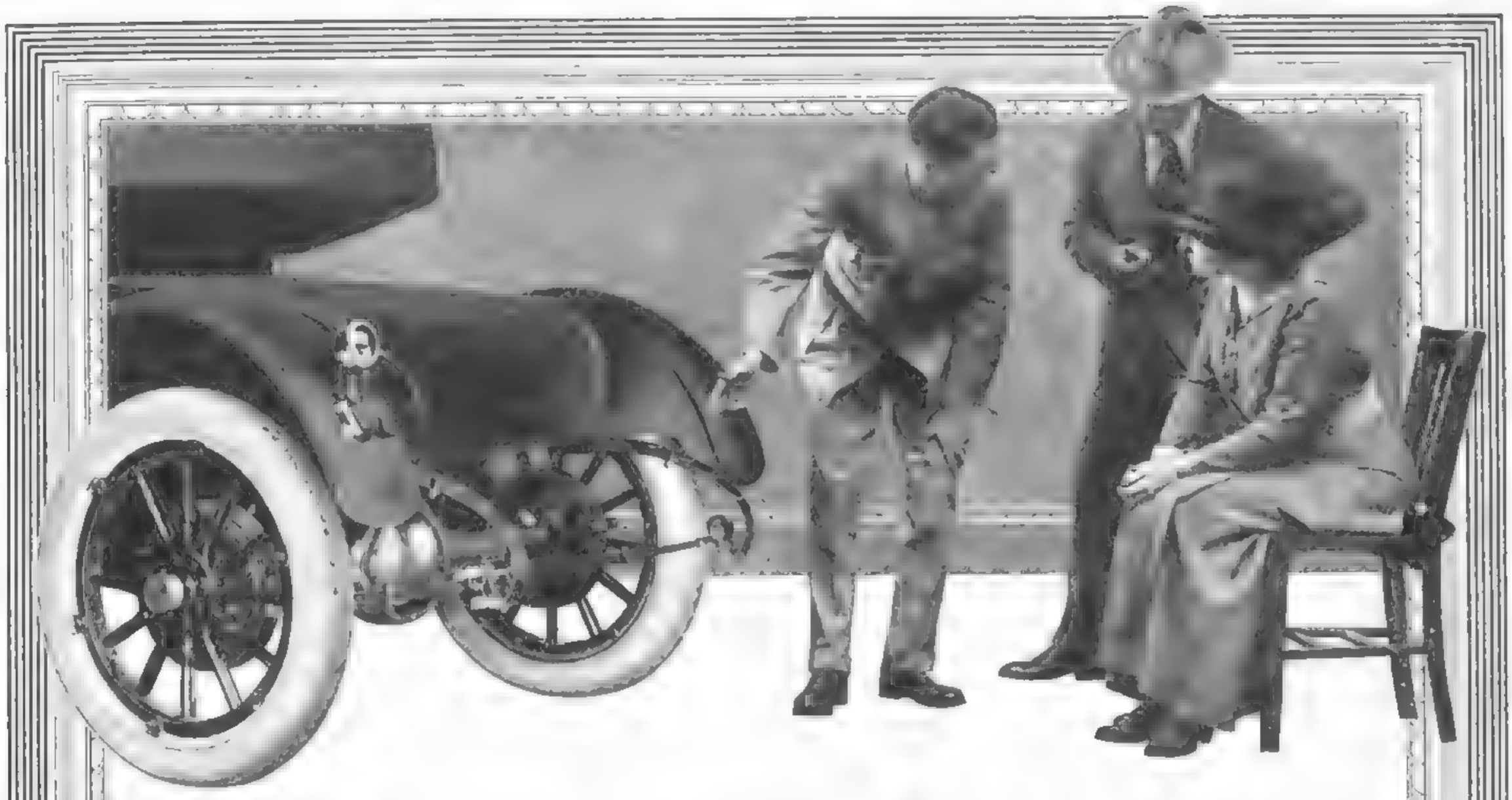

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THE BUSHER BEATS IT HENCE

(Continued from Page 23)

Wilson the President of the united states and in the letter president Wilson says he had got an other letter from the king of Japan who says that they would not stand for the White Sox and giants comeing to Japan un less they brought all there stars a long and president Wilson says they would have to take there stars a long because he was a scared if they did not take there stars a long Japan would get mad at the united states and start a war and then where would we be at. So Comiskey wired a telegram to president Wilson and says Mathewson could not make the trip because he was so old but would everything be all O. K. if I was to go a long and president Wilson wired a telegram back and says Yes he had been talking to the priest from Japan and he says Yes it would be all O. K. I asked them would they show me the letter from president Wilson because I thought may be they might be kiding me and they says they could not show me no letter because when Comiskey got the letter he got so mad that he tore it up. Well Al I finely says I did not want to brake up there trip but I knowed Florrie would not stand for letting me go so Callahan says All right I will wire a telegram to a friend of mine in Chi and have him get a hold of Allen and send him out here and we will take him a long and I says It is to late for Allen to get here in time and Mcgraw says No they was a train that only took 2 days from Chi to where ever it was the boat is going to sale from because the train come a round threw canada and it was down hill all the way. Then I says Well if you will wire a telegram to my wife and fix things up with her I will go a long with you but if she is going to make a holler it is all off. So we all 3 went to the telegram office to gether and we wired Florrie a telegram that must of cost $2.00 but Callahan and Mcgraw payed for it out of there own pocket and then we waited a round a long time and the anser come back and the anser was longer then the telegram we wired and it says it would not make no diffrence to her but she did not know if the baby would make a holler but he was hollering most of the time any way so that would not make no diffrence but if she let me go it was on condishon that her and the Allens could get a flat to gether and stay in Chi all winter and not go to no Bedford and hire a nurse to take care of the baby and if I would send her a check for the money I had in the bank so as she could put it in her name and draw it out when she need it. Well I says at 1st I would not stand for nothing like that but Callahan and Mcgraw showed me where I was makeing a misstake not going when I could see all them diffrent countrys and tell Florrie all a bout the trip when I come back and then in a year or 2 when the baby was a little older I could make an other trip and take little Al and Florrie a long so I finely says O. K. I would go and we wires still an other telegram to Florrie and told her O. K. and then I set down and wrote her a check for ½ the money I got in the bank and I got $500.00 all together there so I wrote the check for ½ of that or $250.00 and maled it to her and if she cant get a long on that she would be a awfull spendrift because I am not only going to be a way untill March. You should ought to of heard the boys cheer when Callahan tells them I am going to make the hole trip but when he tells them I am going to pitch for the giants and not for the White Sox I bet Crawford and Speaker and them wisht I was going to stay to home but it is just like Callahan says if they bat against me all winter the pitchers they bat against next season will look easy to them and you wont be supprised Al if Crawford and Speaker hits a bout 500 next year and if they hit good you will know why it is. Steve Evans asked me was I all fixed up with cloths and I says No but I was going out and buy some cloths includeing a full dress suit of evening cloths and he says You dont need no full dress suit of evening cloths because you look funny enough with out them. This Evans is a great kidder Al and no body never gets sore at the stuff he pulls some thing like Kid Gleason. I wisht Kid Gleason was going on the trip Al but I will tell him all a bout it when I come back.

Well Al old pal I wisht you was going a long to and I bet we could have the time of our life but I will write to you right a long

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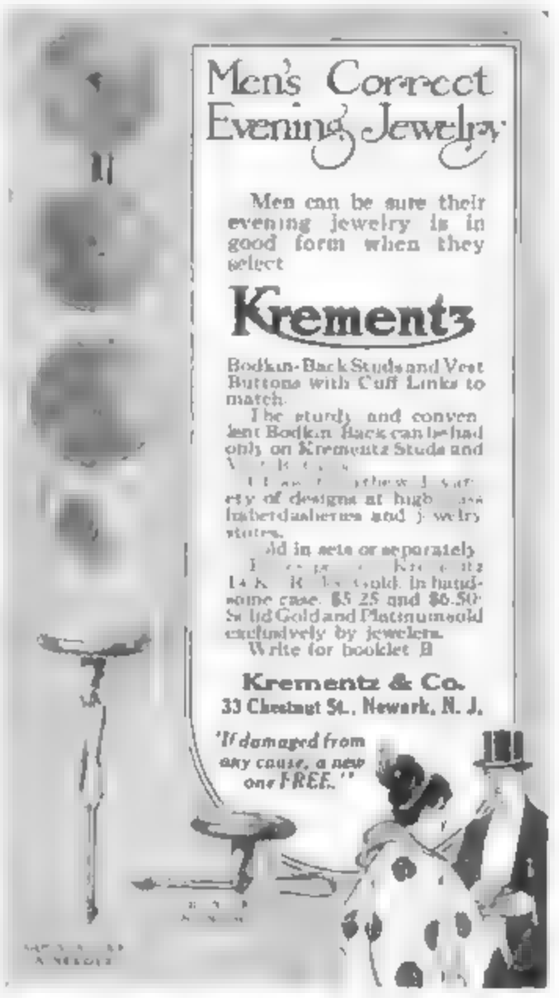
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Al and I will send Bertha some post cards from the diffrent places we head in at. I will try and write you a letter on the boat and male it as soon as we get to the 1st station which is either Japan or Yokohama I forgot which. Good by Al and say good by to Bertha for me and tell her how sorry I and Florrie is that we cant come to Bedford this winter but we will spend all the rest of the winters there and her and Florrie will have a plenty of time to get aquainted. Good by old pal. Your pal, JACK.

SEATTLE, WASH., Nov. 18.

AL: Well Al it is all off and I am not going on no trip a round the world and back and I been looking for Callahan or Mcgraw for the last ½ hour to tell them I have changed my mind and am not going to make no trip because it would not be fare to Florrie and besides that I think I should ought to stay home and take care of little Al and not leave him to be tooken care of by no train nurse because how do I know what would she do to him and I am not going to tell Florrie nothing a bout it but I am going to take the train tomorrow night right back to Chi and supprise her when I get there and I bet both her and little Al will be tickled to death to see me. I supose Mcgraw and Callahan will be sore at me for a while but when I tell them I want to do the right thing and not give my famly no raw deal I guess they will see where I am right.

We was to play 2 games here and was to play 1 of them in Tacoma and the other here but it rained and so we did not play neither 1 and the people was pretty mad a bout it because I was anounced to pitch and they figured probily this would be there only chance to see me in axion and they made a awful holler but Comiskey says No they would not be no game because the field neither here or in Tacoma was in no shape for a game and he would not take no chance of me pitching and may be slipping in the mud and straneing my self and then where would the White Sox be at next season. So we been laying a round all the P. M. and I and Dutch Schaefer had a long talk to gether while some of the rest of the boys was out buying some cloths to take on the trip and Al I bought a full dress suit of evening cloths at Portland yesterday and now I owe Callahan the money for them and am not going on no trip so probily I wont never get to ware them and it is just $45.00 throwed a way but I would rather throw $45.00 a way then go on a trip a round the world and leave my famly all winter.

Well Al I and Schaefer was talking to gether and he says Well may be this is the last time we will ever see the good old US and I says What do you mean and he says People that gos acrost the pacific Ocean most generally all ways has there ship recked and then they is not no more never heard from them. Then he asked me was I a good swimer and I says Yes I had swam a good deal in the river and he says Yes you have swam in the river but that is not nothing like swiming in the pacific Ocean because when you swim in the pacific Ocean you cant move your feet because if you move your feet the sharks comes up to the top of the water and bites at them and even if they did not bite your feet clean off there bite is poison and gives you the hiderofobeyn and when you get that you start barking like a dog and the water runs in to your mouth and chokes you to death. Then he says Of course if you can swim with out useing your feet you are all O. K. but they is very few can do that and espesially in the pacific Ocean because they got to keep useing there hands all the time to scare the sord fish a way so when you dont dare use your feet and your hands is busy you got nothing left to swim with but your stumach mussles. Then he says You should ought to get a long all O. K. because your stumach mussles should ought to be strong from the exercise they get so I guess they is not no dunger for a man like you but men like Wiltse and Mike Donlin that is not hog fat like you has not got no chance. Then he says Of course they have been times when the boats got acrost all O. K. and only a few lifes lost but it dont offten happen and the time the old Minneapolis club made the trip the boat went down and the only thing that was saved was the catchers protector that was full of air and could not do nothing else but flote. Then he says May be you would flote to if you did not say nothing for a few days.

I asked him how far would a man got to swim if some thing went wrong with the boat and he says O not far because they is a hole lot of ilands a long the way that a

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man could swim to but it would not do a man no good to swim to these here ilands because they dont have nothing to eat on them and a man would probily starve to death un less he happened to swim to the sandwich ilands. Then he says But by the time you been out on the pacific Ocean a few months you wont care if you get any thing to eat or not. I says Why not and he says the pacific Ocean is so ruff that not nothing can set still not even the stuff you eat. I asked him how long did it take to make the trip acrost if they was not no ship reck and he says they should ought to get acrost a long in febuery if the weather was good. I says Well if we dont get there until febuery we wont have no time to train for next season and he says You wont need to do no training because this trip will take all the weight off of you and every thing else you got. Then he says But you should not ought to be a scared of getting sea sick because they is 1 way you can get a way from it and that is to not eat nothing at all while you are on the boat and they tell me you dont eat hardly nothing any way so you wont miss it. Then he says Of coarse if we should have good luck and not get in to no ship reck and not get shot by 1 of them war ships we will have a grate time when we get acrost because all the girls in europe and them places is nuts over ball players and espesially stars. I asked what did he mean saying we might may be get shot by 1 of them war ships and he says we would have to pass by Swittserland and the Swittserland war ships was all the time shooting all over the ocean and of coarse they was not trying to hit no body but they was as wild as most of them left handers and how could you tell what was they going to do next.

Well Al after I got threw talking to Schaefer I run in to Jack Sheridan the umpire and I says I did not think I would go on no trip and I told him some of the things Schaefer was telling me and Sheridan says Schaefer was kiding me and they was not no danger at all and of coarse Al I did not beleive ½ of what Schaefer was telling me and that has not got nothing to do with me changeing my mind but I dont think it is not hardly fare for me to go a way on a trip like that and leave Florrie and the baby and supose some of them things really did happen like Schaefer said though of coarse he was kiding me but if 1 of them was to happen they would not be no body left to take care of Florrie and little Al and I got a $1000.00 insurence policy but how do I know after I am dead if the insurence co. comes acrost and gives my famly the money.

Well Al I will male this letter and then try again and find Mcgraw and Callahan and then I will look up a time table and see what train can I get to Chi. I dont know yet when I will be in Bedford and may be Florrie has hired a flat all ready but the Allens can live in it by them self and if Allen says any thing a bout I paying for ½ of the rent I will bust his jaw.

Your pal, JACK.

VICTORIA, CAN., Nov. 19.

DEAR OLD AL: Well old pal the boat gos tonight I am going a long and I would not be takeing no time to write this letter only I wrote to you yesterday and says I was not going and you probily would be expecting to see me blow in to Bedford in a few days and besides Al I got a hole lot of things to ask you to do for me if any thing happens and I want to tell you how it come a bout that I changed my mind and am going on the trip. I am glad now that I did not write Florrie no letter yesterday and tell her I was not going because now I would have to write her an other letter and tell her I was going and she would be expecting to see me the day after she got the 1st letter and in stead of seeing me she would get this 2nd. letter and not me at all. I have all ready wrote her a good by letter today though and while I was writeing it Al I all most broke down and cried and espesially when I thought a bout leaveing little Al so long and may be when I see him again he wont be no baby no more or may be some thing will of happened to him or that train nurse did some thing to him or may be I wont never see him again no more because it is pretty near a cinch that some thing will either happen to I or him. I would give all most any thing I got Al to be back in Chi with little Al and Florrie and I wisht she had not of never wired that telegram telling me I could make the trip and if some thing happens to me think how she will feel when ever she thinks a bout wireing me that telegram and she will feel all most like us if she was a murderer.

Well Al after I had wrote you that letter yesterday I found Callahan and Mcgraw and I tells them I have changed my mind and am not going on no trip. Callanan says Whats the matter and I says I dont think it would be fare to my wife and baby and Callahan says Your wife says it would be all O. K. because I seen the telegram my self I says Yes but she dont know how dangerus the trip is and he says Whos been kiding you and I says They has not no body been kiding me. I says Dutch Schaefer told me a hole lot of stuff but I did not beleive none of it and that has not got nothing to do with it. I says I am not a scared of nothing but supose some thing should happen and then where would my wife and my baby be at. Then Callahan says Schaefer has been giveing you a lot of hot air and they is not no more danger on this trip then they is in bed. You been in a hole lot more danger when you was pitching some of them days when you had a sore arm and you would be takeing more chances of getting killed in Chi by 1 of them taxi cabs or the dog catcher then on the Ocean. This here boat we are going on is the Umpires of Japan and it has went acrost the Ocean a million times with out nothing happening and they could not nothing happen to a boat that the N. Y. giants was rideing on because they is to lucky. Then I says Well I have made up my mind to not go on no trip and he says All right then I guess we might as well call the trip off and I says Why and he says You know what president Wilson says a bout Japan and they wont stand for us comeing over there with out you a long and then Mcgraw says Yes it looks like as if the trip was off because we dont want to take no chance of starting no war between Japan and the united states. Then Callahan says You will be in fine with Comiskey if he has to call the trip off because you are a scared of getting bit by a fish. Well Al we talked and argude for a hour or a hour and ½ and some of the rest of the boys come a round and took Callahan and Mcgraws side and finely Callahan says it looked like as if they would have to posepone the trip a few days untill he could get a hold of Allen or some body and get them to take my place so finely I says I would go because I would not want to brake up no trip after they had made all there plans and some of the players wifes was all ready to go and would be dissapointed if they was not no trip. So Mcgraw and Callahan says Thats the way to talk and so I am going Al and we are leaveing tonight and may be this is the last letter you will ever get from me but if they does not nothing happen Al I will write to you a lot of letters and tell you all a bout the trip but you must not be looking for no more letters for a while untill we get to Japan where I can male a letter and may be its likely as not we wont never get to Japan.

Here is the things I want to ask you to try and do Al and I am not asking you to do nothing if we get threw the trip all right but if some thing happens and I should be drownded here is what I am asking you to do for me and that is to see that the insurence co. dont skin Florrie out of that $1000.00 policy and see that she all so gets that other $250.00 out of the bank and find her some place down in Bedford to live if she is willing to live down there because she can live there a hole lot cheaper then she can live in Chi and besides I know Bertha would treat her right and help her out all she could All so Al I want you and Bertha to help take care of little Al untill he grows up big enough to take care of him self and if he looks like as if he was going to be left handed dont let him Al but make him use his right hand for every thing. Well Al they is 1 good thing and that is if I get drownded Florrie wont have to buy no lot in no cemetary and hire no herse.

Well Al old pal you all ways been a good friend of mine and I all ways tried to be a good friend of yourn and if they was ever any thing I done to you that was not O. K. remember by gones is by gones. I want you to all ways think of me as your best old pal. Good by old pal.

Your old pal, JACK.

P. S. Al if they should not nothing happen and if we was to get acrost the Ocean all O. K. I am going to ask Mcgraw to let me work the 1st game against the White Sox in Japan because I should certainly ought to be right after giveing my arm a rest and not doing nothing at all on the trip acrost and I bet if Mcgraw lets me work Crawford and Speaker will wisht the boat had of sank. You know me Al.

THE SPOTTED SHEEP

(Continued from Page 14)

with great care. He fingered the soft bandages on Young Sullivan's hands and pronounced them satisfactory. He sliced an orange and offered a bit of it to his gladiator, who refused it with scorn; and he tied a small American flag in his corner of the ring.

These maneuvers would have amused Young Sullivan had he seen them, but he was still staring at the four spectators.

Kid Smalley, engaged in "breaking" the new gloves to take the stiffness out of them, received a sharp poke in the ribs.

"Say," whispered Young Sullivan, "which one is the sucker?"

"The fellow on this end," answered Smalley.

The fighter showed his teeth.

"Nix!" said he. "You can't hand that to me. How long do you think I've been round this town, not to know a con man like Logan when I see him? If he's mixed up with a frame it ain't on the sucker end, Smalley. I know Three-Card Davis too; so you might as well tell me, because I'll find it out anyway."

Kid Smalley, realizing the truth of this remark, surrendered at discretion.

"It's the shrimp with the glasses," said he. "The fellow with the stop watch is a pal of his. We let him act as stakeholder and timekeeper so as to make it look good."

"Oh, that's it!" said the fighter. "Well, I just wanted to know."

"Now that you know," growled Smalley, "you'd better forget it. Some things ain't healthy to talk about."

Young Sullivan grunted—a noncommittal sort of grunt, which might have expressed assent, doubt or defiance. After that he sat staring straight in front of him. When the time came he extended his hands for the gloving process, but what aid he rendered in the operation was purely mechanical.

Having finished with his man Mr. Wenger stepped briskly across the ring to the spectators.

"Still think you've got a cinch, do you?" said he to Billy, who nodded in reply.

Wenger drew out another roll of currency.

"Here's the stuff that talks!" said he.

Billy shook his head.

"The bet is big enough as it stands," said he. "Not another nickel!"

He held to this in spite of Wenger's bluster and sarcasm and Logan's whispered advice.

"You're a hot sport!" said Wenger. "You say you've got a cinch, but you're afraid to bet on it!"

"Not afraid," corrected Billy; "merely unwilling. My man is ready, Wenger. Don't delay the game."

"Cold feet!" growled Smalley to Young Sullivan as Wenger retreated to his corner, still waving his roll of bills.

"Huh!" remarked Young Sullivan.

Three-Card Davis rose, removed his hat and coat, and ducked under the ropes, with a finger crooked at each corner—the mark of the referee the world over.

The fighters advanced to the center of the ring for their instructions—Wenger's champion open-mouthed and curious; Young Sullivan apathetic and preoccupied, meditatively squinting at vacancy over the referee's shoulder.

"No claim of foul will be allowed unless the man is disabled," finished Davis. "Go to your corners!"

"All set?" called Freddy Van Pelt, amateur timekeeper and stakeholder. . . . "Time!"

At the word Mr. Wenger's champion stepped cautiously out of his corner. He had been assured and reassured that no harm could come to him; but in spite of this comforting thought there was something disconcerting in the sinister expression on the professional's face—something alarming in his steady, flat-footed advance, chin low on his breast in battle crouch, left hand well extended, and the annihilating right fist held far back, like a thunderbolt in leash.

"Don't stop to shake hands!" yelled Mr. Wenger. "This ain't no pink tea! Pile right into him, boy! Fight him off his feet!"

The unknown hesitated for an instant; then, spurred on by a roar from his corner, hurled himself blindly at his antagonist. In the same instant Young Sullivan took two quick steps—one forward, the other slightly to the left—and with the second step came a thudding impact of bone and leather against an unprotected jaw. Mr. Wenger's champion reeled and then toppled slowly backward, striking the floor with a crash.

"There, you crook!" snarled Young Sullivan, menacing the referee with a doubled fist. "Call that a foul—if you dare!"

Three-Card Davis did not call it anything. His nimble brain was racing to adjust itself to altered conditions, but as yet speech was beyond him. He could only gape at the limp figure stretched at full length on the floor.

In the astounded silence there rose the somewhat too cheerful voice of the official timekeeper, counting off the seconds as prescribed by the late Marquis of Queensberry.

"Eight—nine —— He's out! You win, Billy; and here's the money! Hooray!"

"I say, Wenger," called the winner as he stuffed the working capital of the Logan-Emerson combination into his pocket, "I owe you an apology. He didn't jump out of the ring—there wasn't time. . . . Great Scott, Freddy! Wenger's out too!"

V

HENRI, head waiter at Tortoni's, was far too polite to arch his eyebrows at sight of a sweater and a cauliflower ear; so he bowed low to Billy Allison and led the way swiftly to a private room. On the other hand Young Sullivan had never before met a head waiter face to face; so the surprised interest was mutual.

Billy gave the order as briefly as possible, and when they were alone he came quickly to the business at hand, speaking a language the fighter could understand.

"Kid," said he, "there was a queer kick to that little show of ours the other night—a few things I haven't been able to figure out. The way some of my friends acted after that knockout rather surprised me. You'd have thought they suspected me of putting one over on Wenger."

Young Sullivan gaped incredulously.

"Ain't you wise to it yet?" he demanded.

"Wise to what?"

"Gee, but you are easy!" exclaimed the fighter. "Why, I thought you'd tumble to it the minute it came off. Didn't you know that you was up against a frame?"

"A frame!" ejaculated Billy. "Why, man alive, I won! How could it have been a frame?"

Young Sullivan laughed.

"Sure, you won," said he; "but the way they had it fixed up I was to take a poke on the jaw and go out. Then you'd have lost, and ——"

"'They!'" repeated Billy. "Whom do you mean by 'they'?"

"That whole crooked outfit—Logan and Smalley and Davis. The fat guy and the other fighter was in it too."

"Not Logan!" cried Billy. "Why, it can't be! I've known him for years ——"

"And it's cost you money," supplemented the fighter. "Don't tell me it can't be when I know it is! They're crooks, I tell you—all of 'em; and Logan's the main finger of the bunch—the boss. The others are cappers and steerers. Why, listen: Smalley, he comes to me and says they've got a sucker ribbed up to bet on a fake fight. I was to get a hundred for going out ——"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Billy. "They told me it would be better if Smalley made all the arrangements."

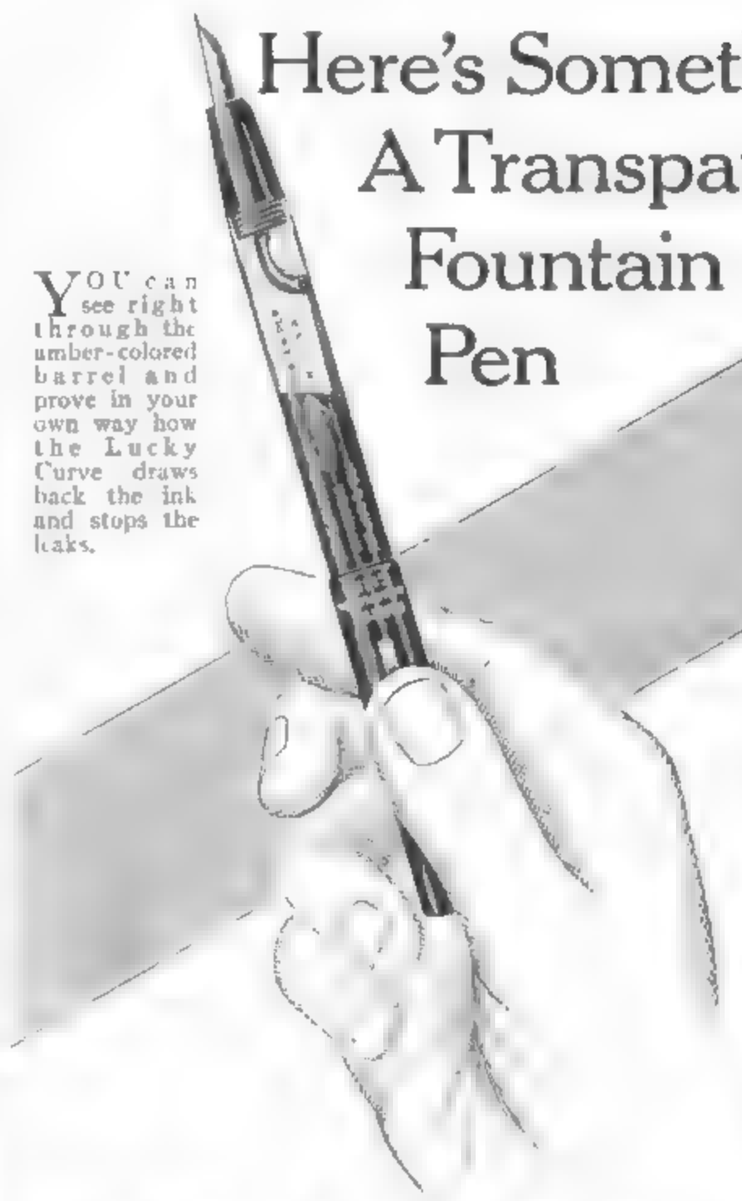
"That would keep us from getting together," said Young Sullivan. "They didn't take any chances on you waking up and crossing 'em. You let 'em run the whole proposition, didn't you? Pretty easy for 'em—pretty easy, boy!"

Billy's tottering egotism did not need the final touch of mingled pity and contemptuous familiarity in the fighter's tone. The wreck of his self-esteem was complete. For years he had deemed himself wise, in the slangy tenderloin sense of the word—wise in the things not worth knowing and the ways not worth traveling.

Yes, Billy Allison had thought himself wise; but it had remained for a low-browed, thick-skulled fighter to show him the extent of that wisdom, and to make him see himself as he appeared to others—"a sucker ribbed up to bet on a fake fight!" Billy Allison a sucker!

Another man, confronted with a revelation so humiliating, might have buried his head in his hands and groaned; but there

Here's Something New—
A Transparent
Fountain
Pen



YOU can see right through the amber-colored barrel and prove in your own way how the Lucky Curve draws back the ink and stops the leaks.

YOU will surely take pride in the ownership of this fascinating fountain pen. It's so different from others—so unique and interesting—so practical that you will enjoy its use and companionship.

—Geo. S. Parker.

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WRITING with Parker Pens is a big source of satisfaction. When you've finished, the *Lucky Curve* sends the ink scampering back *down* into the barrel instead of letting it be forced up into the cap to ooze out and stain your fingers or linen. That's because it has the *Lucky Curve Inkfeed* exercising a fundamental law of nature. And the *Lucky Curve*, mind you, is but one of several exclusive Parker improvements which add to the convenience and comfort of fountain-pen use.

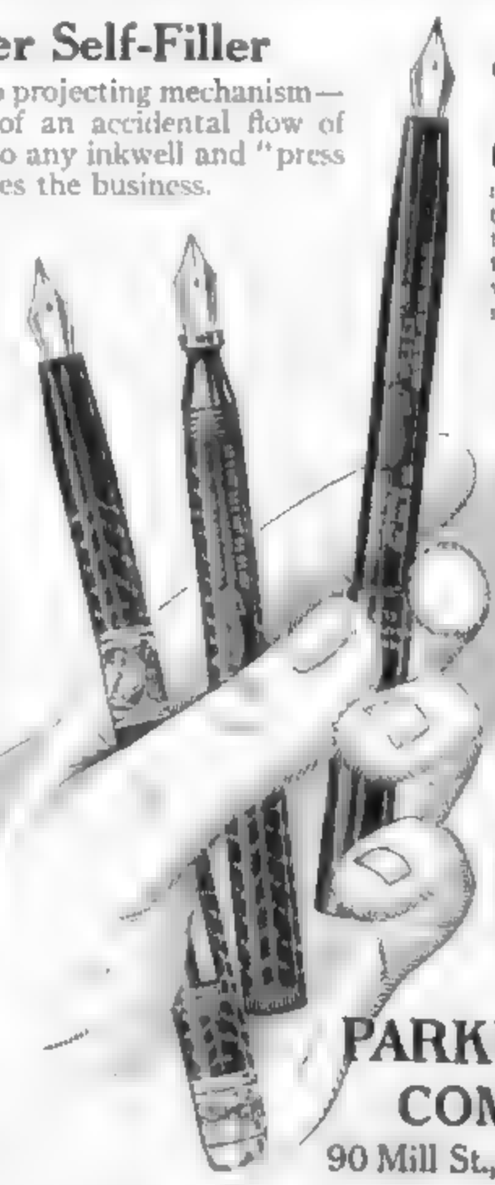
The New Parker Self-Filler

Perfectly smooth barrel—no projecting mechanism—no slots or slits—no danger of an accidental flow of ink. To fill, drop the point into any inkwell and "press the button." Two seconds does the business.

The Jack Knife Safety

This handy, leak-proof pen is winning new friends every day. Handle it carelessly as you please, thrust it into vest or trousers' pocket, lady's purse, handbag or trunk tray, it won't leak, for it has the *Lucky Curve* and a vise-like lock that bars back the ink. Always writes like a fresh-dipped pen.

Parker Pens are made in more than 200 styles—Standard, Self-Filling, Jack Knife Safety, Transparent. 15,000 progressive dealers sell them. With Level Lock Clip that hangs on like a bull terrier but disappears flat to side of barrel when you write, 25c extra. If you cannot locate a dealer, write for free illustrated catalog



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GIVE Parker Pens for Christmas and be content with the knowledge that the name Parker on the barrel carries with it a positive assurance of quality.

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This month many merchants are [illegible] a display of Parker Fountain Pens in show windows. Watch for them. The assortments are at their best right now.

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63, High Holborn, London, W. C.; No. 25 Bredgade, Copenhagen, Denmark; Cairo, Egypt; New York Retail Store, Woolworth Building.

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are the expressions of all kinds and conditions of men, with one trait in common, the enjoyment of a mild but full-flavored cigar.

GIRARD Cigars

are winning their way because the men who read about them try them, like them, and want more.

We would like *you* to try the unique Girard blend.

Girard Cigars are made in 14 sizes, from 3 for a quarter to 20c straight.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 1871

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Can you think of a gift which, at an expenditure of $1.50, will give greater pleasure or be a more lasting reminder of the donor than a year's subscription for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman*?

We will announce the gift by sending the recipient a large, beautifully illuminated card stating that the periodical has been ordered by you for the ensuing year. This will be received on Christmas day along with the first copy.

Order now, sending $1.50 for each subscription ordered (the Canadian price of *The Post* is $1.75, of *The Journal* $2.00, of *The Country Gentleman* $2.25, except in Toronto, where the price of *The Post* and of *The Journal* is $1.50 each).

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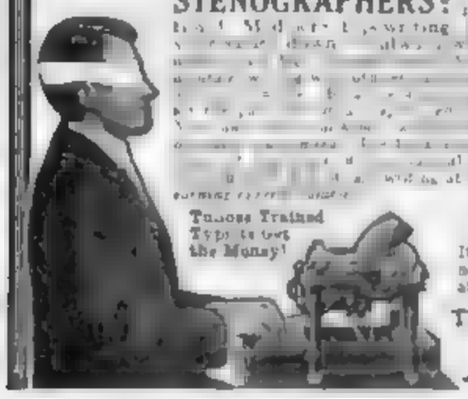

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was nothing of the theatrical about Billy. He merely removed his glasses and polished them with his handkerchief, blinking near-sightedly the while.

"Well, wouldn't that frost you?" he murmured. "Wouldn't that frost you?"

"You got to learn some time," said Young Sullivan consolingly. "You won't be such a soft mark for the next bunko game."

Billy continued to blink and polish his glasses. Another angle of the matter was forcing itself on his consideration—another thing to be explained.

"I gave Smalley five hundred dollars the night before the fight," said Billy slowly. "He was to give it to you if you won. He held that out, of course?"

"Sure, he did!" was the disgusted reply. "The only deal I had was one hundred if I lost."

"Oh!" said Billy. "Then you didn't get ——"

Young Sullivan laughed harshly.

"I didn't get a thing out of it but the exercise," said he—"not a copper cent!"

Billy put on his glasses and regarded the fighter steadily. Young Sullivan avoided his gaze.

"Did you need the hundred?" asked Billy.

"Sure, I needed it!" said Young Sullivan. "You don't think I'd have framed to go out to a dub unless I was broke?"

"Why did you change your mind?" demanded Billy. "What made you double-cross that outfit? There must have been a reason."

"There was," said the fighter. "You don't remember me, I guess."

"Oh, yes, I do!" protested Billy. "I've seen you fight lots of times."

Young Sullivan threw out his hand in an impatient gesture.

"Before that. No; you don't remember me, but maybe you ain't forgot that kid with the broken leg—three years ago in Mercy Hospital? Well, I'm his brother—I'm Mannie Rosenblatt."

Mr. Hawley had often said that nothing Billy Allison might do could surprise him, but he disproved the truth of this statement by appearing at his club twenty minutes ahead of his luncheon schedule with news of a startling nature.

This is the latter portion of the monologue with which he regaled the cronies of the late Henry Allison:

"'And,' says he, 'if you don't mind, I think I'd like to take an active interest in the business from now on. I'm through fooling,' he says—'and I'm through for keeps! What time shall I show up in the morning?'"

Salt Solutions

COMMON kitchen salt promises to solve one of the most complicated and annoying problems with which civil engineers have struggled for generations—the measurement of the amount of water flowing in a stream or through the wheels of water-power apparatus. Stream-flow gauging is now a difficult matter, involving much machinery and a great quantity of figuring and estimating of the effect of friction of the banks, dirt in the water, and so on.

The new idea is to pour salt into the water, and then fish out a bucketful of water downstream and see how much salt there is in it, which for chemists is a comparatively simple job. The saltier the water in the bucket the slower is the stream, and the exact flow can be figured out without much difficulty.

The accuracy with which the salt is fed regularly into the stream is a very important point. This is accomplished by dissolving the salt in water and having a steady flow of this solution from a tank through a feeding apparatus that keeps it uniform.

For instance, a salt solution is made containing six hundred grams of salt to each gallon of water, and this is fed into the stream at the rate of one-tenth of a gallon a second. In a lively stream or in water-power races the solution mixes quickly and evenly with all the water. A gallon of water is then dipped out downstream and the amount of salt in it is determined. If the gallon contains six-tenths of a gram of salt, that shows the water is flowing at the rate of exactly one thousand gallons a second.

So far this method is being used principally for measuring the water flowing through turbines; but it is being tried out also on lively streams.

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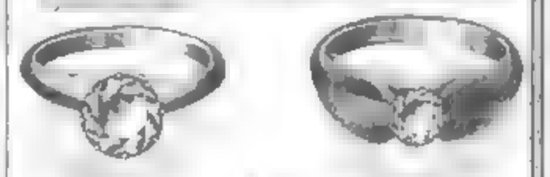

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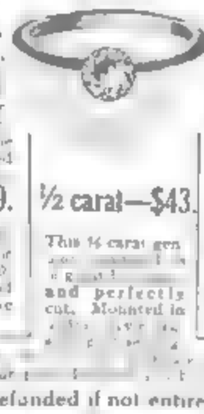

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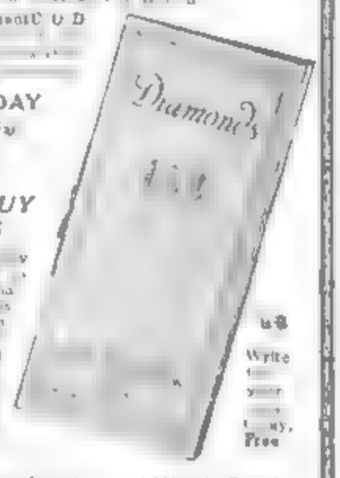

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THE year 1915 is the year of decision—the year you have been planning for always. You have always wanted to see California. The land of sunshine and orange blossoms.

Especially have you determined to see Southern California, because—you know—that is the California you have read and heard about. Now you can readily afford to gratify your heart's desire. The railroads and the hotels have arranged to meet you half way.

Furthermore, everybody is going to the Exposition and you can't afford to be a "stay at home" and listen in wide-eyed amazement to the tales of this Wonderland, when your friends return. The San Diego Exposition is a dream city of the old world. A city of Spanish Mission Colonial architecture, with Mission bells in low towers around which hover flocks of pigeons. Rug-draped balconies twined by banks of purple bougainvillæa.

No tired and footsore spectators will emerge from the gates of this Exposition. Intense interest and enlightenment [illegible] Exposition. No other Exposition, past or present, resembles it. Instead of finished products, the things we use and wear and eat are made before our very eyes by machinery transplanted from the throbbing factories of the world.

And perhaps—very likely—you will find in this land of promise during your visit, the opportunity you have sought to free yourself from the bondage of your present business struggle for financial independence

California spells opportunity and her arms are extended in hearty welcome to you in 1915.

Your nearest railroad ticket agent will tell you about the low rates.

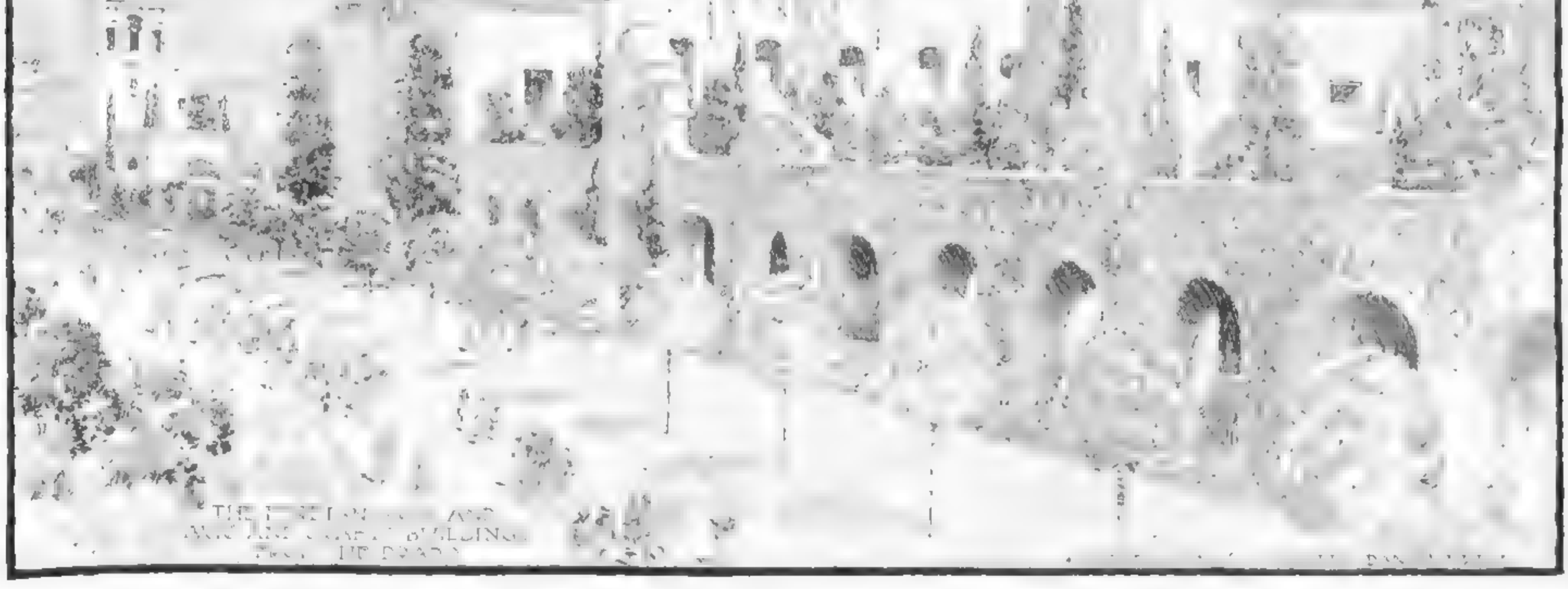
1915
All the year

Get your ticket to San Diego

"Oh! España, como mi joven corazón
por tí latía en tiempos pasados."
Longfellow.

"How much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore!"
Longfellow.

1915
All the year



Note How Goodyears
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No man can doubt—if he looks around—that Goodyear tires have best met men's requirements.

Note what a percentage of motorists have adopted them—men who want quality tires. Goodyear tires, after 15 years of testing, outsell any other.

Those Goodyear users number hundreds of thousands. Together they have tried out more than four million Goodyear tires.

They are men like you—with wants like yours. They seek safety and sturdiness, freedom from trouble. They look for low cost per mile, just as you do.

They have decided, in this overwhelming way, that Goodyear tires excel. And today the cars with Goodyear equipment would reach a thousand miles, placed end to end.

Doesn't that suggest that, when you know what these men know, you'll also use these tires?

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

All-Weather Treads

This is another exclusive Goodyear feature—this tough, double-thick anti-skid. The grips are deep and enduring, sharp-edged and resistless. Yet they are flat and regular.

Here is all of a plain tread's smoothness, combined with extra thickness, extra toughness and a bulldog grip. What other tread, however costly, meets winter needs like this?

What Brings Men to These Tires

We spend $100,000 yearly in laboratory work to insure you the utmost in a quality tire. All rubber and fabric must pass radical tests.

In No-Rim-Cut tires—in a way we control—we make rim-cutting impossible.

We spend $450,000 yearly on our exclusive "On-Air" cure. It ends a major cause of blow-outs.

By a patented method—used by us alone—we reduce by 60 per cent the risk of tread separation.

Thus we directly combat, in ways exclusive to Goodyear, the main causes of tire ruin. We spend fortunes in these ways to save tire users millions. And we avoid for our users countless needless tire troubles. These are the reasons—resistless reasons—which are bringing men to Goodyears.

They are bound to bring you.

When you call for Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires you will get tires like these. Any dealer will supply you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
AKRON, OHIO

THE GRAPES OF WRATH

Continued from Page 11)

a spirit of bitter irony, was posted a proclamation, signed by the burgomaster and the military commandant, calling on the vanished dwellers of this place to preserve their tranquillity!

On the side of the fort away from the city, and in the direction whence we had come, a corporal's guard had established itself in a half-shattered house in order to be out of the wet. On the front of the house they had hung a captured Belgian bugler's uniform and a French dragoon's overcoat, which latter garment was probably a trophy brought back from the lower lines of fighting; it made you think of an old-clothes-man's shop. The corporal came forth to look at our passes before permitting us to go on. He was a dumpy, good-natured looking Hanoverian with patchy saffron whiskers sprouting out on him.

"Ach! yes," he said in answer to my conductor's question. "Things are quiet enough here now; but on Monday"—that would be three days before—"we shot sixteen men here—rioters and civilians who fired on our troops, and one graverobber—a dirty hound! They are yonder."

He swung his arm; and following its swing we saw a mound of fresh-turned clay, perhaps twenty feet in length, which made a yellow streak against the green of a small inclosed pasture about a hundred yards away. We saw many such mounds that day; and this one where the ignoble sixteen lay was the shortest of the lot. Some of them were fifty or sixty feet in length. I presume there were distinguishing marks on the filled-up trenches where the German dead lay, but from the automobile we could make out none.

As we started on again, after giving the little Hanoverian the last treasured copy of a paper we had managed to keep that long against continual importunity, a big Belgian dog, with a dragging tail and a sharp jackal nose, loped round from behind an undamaged cow barn which stood back of the riven shell of a house where the soldiers were quartered. He had the air about him of looking for somebody or something

He stopped short, sniffing and whining, at sight of the gray coats bunched in the doorway; and then, running back a few yards, with his head all the time turned to watch the strangers, he sat on his haunches, stuck his pointed muzzle upward toward the sky and fetched a long, homesick howl from the bottom of his disconsolate canine soul. When we turned a bend in the road, to enter the first recognizable street of Liège, he was still hunkered down there in the rain. He finished the picture. The composition of it—for me—was perfect now.

Liège After the Storm

I mean no levity when I say that Liège was well shaken before taken; but merely that the phrase is the apt one for use, because it better expresses the truth than any other I can think of. Yet, considering what it went through last month, Liège seemed to have emerged in better shape than one would have expected.

Driving into the town I saw more houses with white flags—the emblem of complete surrender—fluttering from sill and coping, than houses bearing marks of the siege. In the bombardment the shells mostly appeared to have passed above the town which was natural enough, seeing that the principal Belgian forts stood on the hilltops westward of and overlooking the city and the principal German batteries at least, until the last day of fighting—were posted behind temporary defenses, hastily thrown up, well to the east and north

Liège, squatted in the natural amphitheater below, practically escaped the fire of the big guns. The main concern of the noncombatants, they tell me, was to shelter themselves from the street fighting, which, by all accounts, was both stubborn and sanguinary. The doughty Walloons who live in this corner of Belgium have had the name of being ready and willing workers with bare steel since the days when Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, sought to curb their rebellious spirits by razing their city walls and massacring some ten thousand of them. And quite a spell before that, I believe, Julius Cæsar found them tough to bend and hard to break.

As for the Germans, checked as they had been in their rush on France by a foe whom they had regarded as too puny to count as a factor in the war, they sacrificed themselves by hundreds and thousands to win breathing space behind standing walls until their great seventeen-inch siege guns could be brought from Essen and mounted by the force of engineers who came for that purpose direct from the Krupp works.

In that portion of the town lying west of the Meuse we counted perhaps ten houses that were leveled flat and perhaps twenty that were now but burnt-out, riddled hulls of houses, as empty and useless as so many shucked pea-pods.

Of the bridges spanning the river, the principal one, a handsome four-span structure of stone ornamented with stone figures of river gods, lay now in shattered fragments, choking the current, where the Belgians themselves had blown it apart. One more bridge, or perhaps two—I cannot be sure—were closed to traffic because dynamite had made them unsafe; but the remaining bridges, of which I think there were three, showed no signs of rough treatment. Opposite the great University there was a big, black, ragged scar to show where a block of dwellings had stood.

Liège, to judge from its surface aspect, could not well have been quieter. Business went on; buyers and sellers filled the side streets and dotted the long stone quays. Old Flemish men fished industriously below the wrecked stone bridge, where the débris made new eddies in the swift, narrow stream; and blue pigeons swarmed in the plaza before the Palais de Justice, giving to the scene a suggestion of St. Mark's Square at Venice.

Trouble Brewing Under Cover

The German *Landwehr*, who were everywhere about, treated the inhabitants civilly enough, and the inhabitants showed no outward resentment against the Germans. But beneath the lid a whole potful of potential trouble was brewing, if one might believe what the Germans told us.

We talked with a young lieutenant of infantry who in more peaceful times had been a staff cartoonist for a Berlin comic paper. He received us beneath the portico of the Théâtre Royale, built after the model of the Odéon in Paris. Two waspish rapid-fire guns stood just within the shelter of the columns, with their black snouts pointing this way and that to command the sweep of the three-cornered Place du Théâtre.

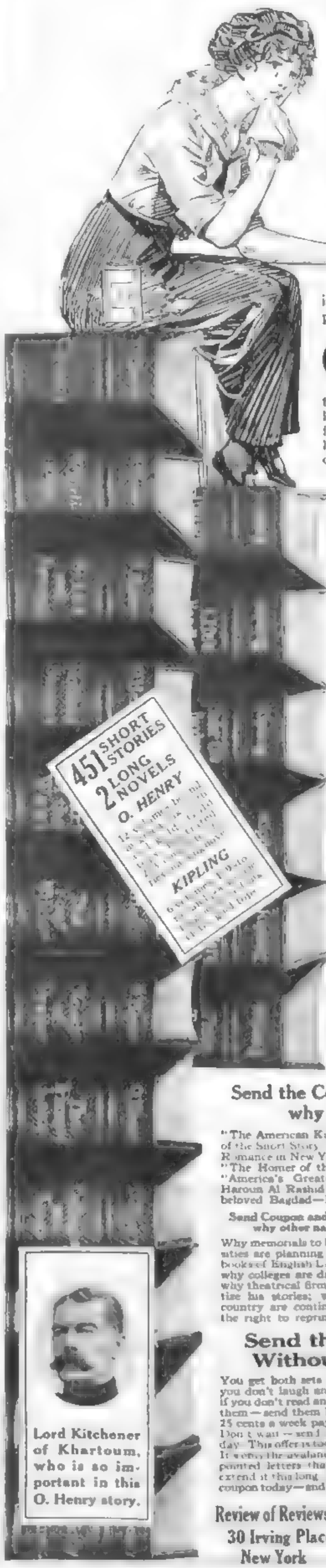
A company of soldiers was quartered in the theater itself. At night, so the lieutenant said, those men who were off duty rummaged the costumes out of the dressing rooms, put them on, and gave mock plays, with music. An officer's horse occupied what I think must have been the box office. It put its head out of a little window just over our heads and nickered when other horses passed.

Against the side of the building were posters advertising a French company to play the Gallicized version of an American farce—Baby Mine—by Margaret Mayo. The borders of the posters were ornamented with prints of American flags done in the proper colors.

"Yes, Liège seems quiet enough," said the lieutenant; "but we expect a revolt to break out at any time. We expected it last night, and the guard in the streets was tripled and doubled; and these little pets"—patting the muzzle of one of the machine guns—"were put here; and more like them were mounted on the porticoes of the Hôtel de Ville and the Palais de Justice. So nothing happened in the city proper, though in the outskirts three soldiers disappeared and are supposed to have been murdered, and a high officer"—he did not give the name or the rank—"was waylaid and killed just beyond the environs.

"Now we fear that the uprising may come to-night. For the last three days the residents, in great numbers, have been asking for permits to leave Liège and go into neutral territory in Holland, or to other parts of their own country. To us this sudden exodus—there seems to be no reason for it—looks significant.

"These people are naturally turbulent. Always they have been so. Most of them are makers of parts for firearms—gunmaking, you know, was the principal industry here—and they are familiar with weapons; and many of the men are excellent shots. This increases the danger. At first they were content to ambush single soldiers who strayed into obscure quarters after dark.



Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, who is so important in this O. Henry story.

Finish This Story for Yourself—

The girl got $6 a week and was lonely. "Piggy"—you can imagine his kind—was waiting downstairs. He knew where champagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing (Lord Kitchener, who is so great a figure in the Allies' Campaign). But another night?

O. HENRY

tells about it in this story, with that full knowledge of women, with that frank facing of sex, and that clean mind that have endeared him to the men and women of the land.

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BY WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

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In the issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Now it is forbidden for less than three soldiers in a party to go anywhere at night; and they think from this that we are afraid, and are growing more daring.

"By day they smile at us and bow, and are as polite as dancing masters; but at night the same men who smile at us will cheerfully cut the throat of any German who is foolish enough to venture abroad alone.

"Besides, this town and all the towns between here and Brussels are being secretly flooded with papers printed in French telling the people that we have been beaten everywhere to the south, and that the Allies are but a few miles away; and that if they will rise in numbers and destroy the garrisons reënforcements will arrive the next morning to hold the district against us.

"If they do rise it will be Louvain all over again. We shall burn Liege and kill all who are suspected of being in league against our troops. Assuredly many innocent ones will suffer then with the guilty; but what else can we do? We are living above a seething volcano."

Certainly, though, never did volcano seethe more quietly. As my German-American friend and I went through a side street to visit garrison headquarters in the Palais de Justice, and to have our return permit viséed, small boys were playing at soldiers. They were divided into opposing forces, and had leaders and scouts and all; and they brandished wooden guns and swords of lath.

The garrison commander would not hear of our visiting any of the wrecked Belgian fortresses on the wooded heights behind the city. As a reason for his refusal he said that explosives in the buried magazines were beginning to go off, making it highly dangerous for spectators to venture near them.

Back in Peaceful Germany

However, he had no objection to our going to a certain specified point within the zone of supposed safety. With a noncommissioned officer to guide us we climbed up a miry footpath to the crest of a high hill; and from a distance of perhaps a hundred yards we looked across at what was left of Fort Loncin, one of the principal defenses.

I am wrong there. We did not look at what was left of Fort Loncin. Literally nothing was left of it. As a fort it was gone, obliterated, wiped out, vanished. It had been of a triangular shape. It was of no shape now. We found it difficult to believe that the work of men's hands had wrought destruction so utter and overwhelming.

You could conceive of a tidal wave or an earthquake, or even a tornado, doing this, but not things of human devisement. Where masonry walls had been was a vast junk heap; where stout magazines had been bedded down in hard concrete was a crater; where strong barracks had stood was a jumbled, shuffled nothingness.

Standing there on the shell-torn hilltop, looking across to where the Krupp surprise wrote its own testimonials at its first time of using, in characters so deadly and devastating, I found myself somehow thinking of that foolish nursery tale wherein it is recited that a pig built himself a house of straw, and the wolf came; and he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house down.

The noncommissioned officer told us an unknown number of the defenders, running probably into the hundreds, had been buried so deeply beneath the ruins of the fort in the last hours of the fighting that the Germans had been unable to recover the bodies.

Even as he spoke a puff of wind brought to our nostrils a smell which, once a man gets it into his nose, he will never get the memory of it out again so long as he has a nose. Being sick, we departed thence.

As we rode back, and had got as far as the two ruined villages, it began to rain very hard. The rain, as it splashed into the puddles, stippled the farther reaches of the road thickly with dots, and its slanting lines turned everything into one gray etching which you might have labeled Desolation! And you would make no mistake in your labeling.

Then—with one of those tricks of deliberate drama by which Nature sometimes shames stage managers—the late afternoon sun came out just after we crossed the frontier, and shone on us; and on the dapper young officers driving out in carriages; and on the peaceful German country places with their formal gardens; and on a crate of fat white German pigs riding to market to be made up into sausages for the placid burghers of Aix-la-Chapelle.

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A War Story of American Enterprise

("PASSED BY THE CENSOR")

Being the Dramatic Romance of How, between the Ultimatum to Servia, July 23d, and the Declaration of War, August 1st, the mighty Gas Industry of America was Protected, and Cheaper Light was Assured for the American People.

By FRANCIS BELLAMY

THIS is a War-Story of foresight and prompt, daring action.

The foresight of it began a year ago. The sudden, courageous action was a few weeks ago.

The Foresight

A year ago, Mr. Sidney Mason, the president of the Welsbach Company, declared: "A great War is coming, with Germany on one side and England on the other."

"It may be soon, it may be later," he said to his directors (and also to members of a Senate Committee when the Tariff Bill was up). "But it is inevitable; and when it comes, England's fleet will stop our importations from Germany. We must prepare."

Now, all the gas-mantles, which have made gas the softest and brightest light in the world, are made from Nitrate of Thorium. The Thorium ore comes chiefly from Brazil. But the chemical re-agent which reduces Thorium to a Nitrate is made in Germany and Austria. So, the Thorium ore has been sent to Europe, which, in turn, has shipped the finished Nitrate of Thorium to the American manufacturers of gas-mantles.

Thus, for all our gas-mantles we have heretofore been dependent on Germany.

The Effect of Europe's War on Our Gas-Light

"Here is what war between Germany and England would do to America," said Mr. Mason:

"*First*, that war would ultimately stop the making of gas-mantles.

"*Second*, the whole Gas-lighting Industry would be at stake. For this arrest of the supply of gas-mantles would reduce the output of our American Gas Plants more than half. 'Gaslight' now signifies gas-mantle light, and nearly *fifty-five per cent.* of the whole gas output is burned through these mantles.

"Such a collapse in gas production, all over the country, would menace the American gas industry—involving investments of hundreds of millions of dollars, and the savings of hundreds of thousands of small investors.

"*Third*, it would mean that every municipality, either city or village, which uses gas (in part or in whole) for public lighting, would suddenly be up against darkness in the streets, or else the costly installation of electric light systems, with higher taxes.

"*Fourth*, it would mean that every American home, in which gas-mantles now make a light as soft and brilliant as the day, would be suddenly robbed of that common necessity. Nine out of ten of all who now use gas for lighting would be driven to electricity, with its higher cost.

"Therefore," he argued, "the Welsbach Company, at least, must be prepared for the eventuality of a European War."

There was the proposition: Prepare.

The first step in this preparation for the effects of the inevitable War was the gradual collection of immense lots of Thorium ore. Enough of it is now piled in the space behind the factory to supply the country with mantles for years to come.

It needed but the chemical re-agent, made in Germany, to reduce it to the essential base from which the mantles are made.

That is the story of the long foresight.

The Rapid-Fire Action

Then something happened overnight.

On July 23d Austria sent its Ultimatum to Servia.

Within twenty-four hours the Welsbach Company had ordered its purchasers to buy up every available pound of the imported re-agent, held by jobbers and importers, from coast to coast.

Enough of the chemical re-agent was secured within two or three days to make (by its application to the Thorium ore already stored-up) enough mantles *to supply all America for a year.*

The long foresight had gathered thousands of tons of the ore; the quick action obtained the chemical that could transform it.

But with the two elements together (and in plenty), it became possible at once to avert the national disaster to gas-light which was impending. It also became possible to supply the regular gas-mantle demand until American enterprise shall be able to manufacture enough of the re-agent, here at home, to meet all future demands.

This master-stroke was all between the first little shadow of War on July 23d and the Declaration of War on August 1st. By that time the price of the precious chemical re-agent had jumped 400 per cent.

The Day Was Won

But the Gas-lighting Industry had been saved.

Countless small investors in gas plants in every town had been safe-guarded from loss.

Continuance of public gas-light had been insured to all cities and villages.

The innumerable homes where the soft mantle-light is an every-night comfort had been protected.

It was a daring and a masterly stroke.

But it was the American brand of courage, which sees straight and acts quick.

It was America's first answer to Europe's merciless War: "*You shall not fetter American industry, nor cause our people loss. You shall see what Made-in-America can mean.*"

Thus, the First Act of this new Welsbach enterprise, started by the War, undertaken with American foresight and quickness, has PRESERVED a daily necessity to All the People.

What Then?

But if that First Act was thrilling, the Second Act, you will admit, is amazing.

Act I was an example that our proud old American spirit of "go ahead" has not lost its nerve. Act II now shows the newer American spirit—that Advance brings with it an Obligation: that a big Advantage should be made Mutual.

For the Welsbach Company followed its brilliant Made-in-America stroke with a notice of a sweeping *Reduction in Prices.*

That overnight emancipation from Europe and the simultaneous reduction in prices make a story, the like of which has not been seen before in American business.

Look back a minute.

The Welsbach gas-mantles have always been the standard of high quality.

Their prices, for the higher grades, have always been higher than those of other gas-mantles: (1) because of their rare quality and higher cost of production, (2) because they gave a brighter light for every cubic-foot of gas, (3) because they lasted longer.

But long before this War broke out the Welsbach Company had planned to reduce the prices of their finer grades. By new efficiencies the Company had been preparing for the reduction.

To Dare Again

When the War came, and the revolutionary re-adjustment became necessary, the Company resolved *not to postpone the notice of Reduced Prices.*

The Made-in-America operation was an untried path. But there was no dilly-dally about the plan of price-reduction.

Danton, in the most perplexing hour of the French Revolution, said that France's only safety was "to dare, and dare again, and then to dare."

So, too, the Welsbach "dared again, and then dared."

It not only equipped itself, within a week, to cut loose from Europe.

It also enlarged its plant, and hired 800 new workmen, and began to work day and night to supply all America.

The People's Gain

Then the Company gave notice that it would henceforth sell its high-grade Welsbach and Reflex mantles at a reduction of from THIRTY to FORTY per cent. from its former prices. Grades formerly costing 35 cents now sell at 25 cents, and grades formerly 25 cents now sell at 15 cents.

It furthermore pledged the public that every Welsbach mantle made under the new conditions and sold at a lower price, shall be absolutely up to the former standard, which has made the Welsbach reputation.

Why should not the People share in the advantages to come through increased efficiency and greater production?

For it is the People's long appreciation of the Welsbach quality which now enables the Welsbach Company to create its own resource instead of depending on Europe.

Thus the Second Act of this recent Welsbach enterprise—a Forty per cent. reduction in price—is a fair example of how the new adjustments in American business, forced by War, may be made to work to the advantage of All the People.

Good of the Greatest Number

DEMOCRACY is founded on the *greatest good of the greatest number.* Government, education, philosophy, science—all recognize that the *few* must not be allowed to flourish at the expense of the *many.*

A price-cutting retail merchant sells certain standard articles at ruinously low prices. He takes a loss on the sale. But of course he benefits in some other way, else he wouldn't have held the sale. So, also, do the few customers who get the bargains receive a temporary benefit.

But, on the other hand, the whole community suffers.

First, the price cutting shakes public confidence in the value of the articles cut. If people have once bought a thing for 19 cents, it is hard to make them believe that it is worth 25 next time. So, if the price cutting continues, it becomes more and more difficult to sell the article for what it is really worth. Something else, without a known value, and therefore not attractive as a bargain, takes its place.

It will be agreed by every one that it is not good for the public to have the competition of honest standard goods removed from the market.

Second, price cutting breaks down the established standard of values. It makes it hard for the public to know what merchandise is really worth. It thus opens the way to general overcharging by unscrupulous merchants.

Third, price cutting undermines the small store which maintains an honest, steady level of prices on all goods the year round. The small store thus threatened is one of the important economic factors of community life.

Fourth, price cutting hurts the trade of reputable manufacturers by creating an unfair doubt as to the real worth of their goods.

All for the sake of a questionable advantage to the price cutter and a few hundred bargains to a few hundred individuals.

This is hardly for the greatest good of the greatest number.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 20

underlying note of contempt in Hunterleys' manner, in his whole attitude.

"I do not know," he replied grimly. "I only hope that if he stays we shall find the means to make him regret it!"

XII

HUNTERLEYS stood for several minutes, watching his wife's play from a new point of view. She was certainly playing high and with continued ill fortune. For the first time, too, he noticed symptoms that disturbed him. She sat quite motionless, but there was an unfamiliar glitter in her eyes and a hardness about her mouth. It was not until he had stood within a few feet of her for nearly a quarter of an hour that she chanced to see him.

"Did you want me?" she asked with a little start

"There is no hurry," he replied. "If you could spare me a few moments later I should be glad."

She rose at once, thrusting her notes and gold into the satchel she was carrying, and stood by his side. She was very elegantly dressed, but she was pale, and, watching her with a new intentness, he discovered faint violet lines under her eyes, as though she had been sleeping ill.

"I am rather glad you came," she said. "I was having an abominable run of bad luck, and yet I hated to give up my seat without an excuse. What did you want, Henry?"

"I should like," he explained, "to talk to you for a quarter of an hour. This place is rather crowded and it is getting on my nerves. Would you object to driving with me—say, as far as Mentone and back?"

"I will come if you wish it," she answered, looking a little surprised. "Wait while I get my cloak."

Hunterleys hired an automobile below and they drove off. As soon as they left the main street he thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat and handed her the half sheet of note paper.

"Violet," he said, "please read that."

She read the few lines instructing the English bank to hand over Sir Henry Hunterleys' letters to the bearer. Then she looked up at him with a puzzled frown.

"I don't understand."

"Did you write that?" he inquired.

She looked at him indignantly.

"What an absurd question!" she exclaimed. "Your correspondence has no interest for me."

Her denial, so natural, so obviously truthful, was a surprise to him. He felt a sudden impulse of joy mingled with shame. Perhaps after all he had been altogether too censorious. Once more he directed her attention to the sheet of paper. There was a marked change in his voice and manner.

"Violet," he begged, "please look at it. Accepting without hesitation your word that you did not write it, doesn't it occur to you that the body of the letter is a distinct imitation of your handwriting and the signature a very clever forgery of mine?"

"It is rather like my handwriting," she admitted, "and as for the signature, do you mean to say really that that is not yours?"

"Certainly not," he assured her. "The whole thing is a forgery."

"But who in the world should want to get your letters?" she asked incredulously. "And why should you have them addressed to the bank?"

He took the paper, folded it and put it in his pocket.

"Violet," he said earnestly, "for the disagreements which have resulted in our separation I may myself have been to some extent responsible, but we have promised each other not to refer to them again. All I can say is that there is much in my life that you know little of, and for which you do not, therefore, make sufficient allowance."

"Then you might have treated me," she declared, "with more confidence."

"It was not possible," he reminded her, "so long as you chose to make an intimate friend of a man whose every interest in life is in direct antagonism to mine."

"Mr. Draconmeyer?"

"Mr. Draconmeyer," he assented.

She smiled contemptuously.

"You misunderstand Mr. Draconmeyer completely," she insisted. "He is your well-wisher and he is more than half an Englishman. It was he who started the league between English and German commercial men for the preservation of peace. He formed one of the deputation that went over to see the emperor. He has, both by his speeches and by his letters to the newspapers, done more to promote a good understanding between Germany and England than any other person. You are very mistaken about Mr. Draconmeyer, Henry."

"The fact remains, my dear Violet," Hunterleys said emphatically, "that it is not possible for me to treat you with the confidence I should like to, on account of your friendship with Mr. Draconmeyer."

"You are incorrigible!" she exclaimed. "Can we change the subject, please? I want to know why you showed me that forged letter."

"I am coming to that," he told her. "Please be patient. I want to remind you of something else. So far as I remember, my only request, when I gave you your liberty and half my income, was that your friendship with the Draconmeyers should decrease. Yet almost the first persons I see on my arrival in Monte Carlo are you and Mr. Draconmeyer."

"Your wish was an unreasonable one," she protested. "Linda and I were schoolgirls together. She is my dearest friend and she is a hopeless invalid. I think that if I were to desert her she would die."

"I have every sympathy with Mrs. Draconmeyer," he said slowly, "but you are my wife. I am going to make one more effort—please don't be uneasy—not to reestablish any relationship between us, but to open your eyes as to the truth concerning Mr. Draconmeyer. You asked me a moment ago why I had shown you that forged letter. I will tell you now: it was Draconmeyer who was the forger."

She looked at him incredulously.

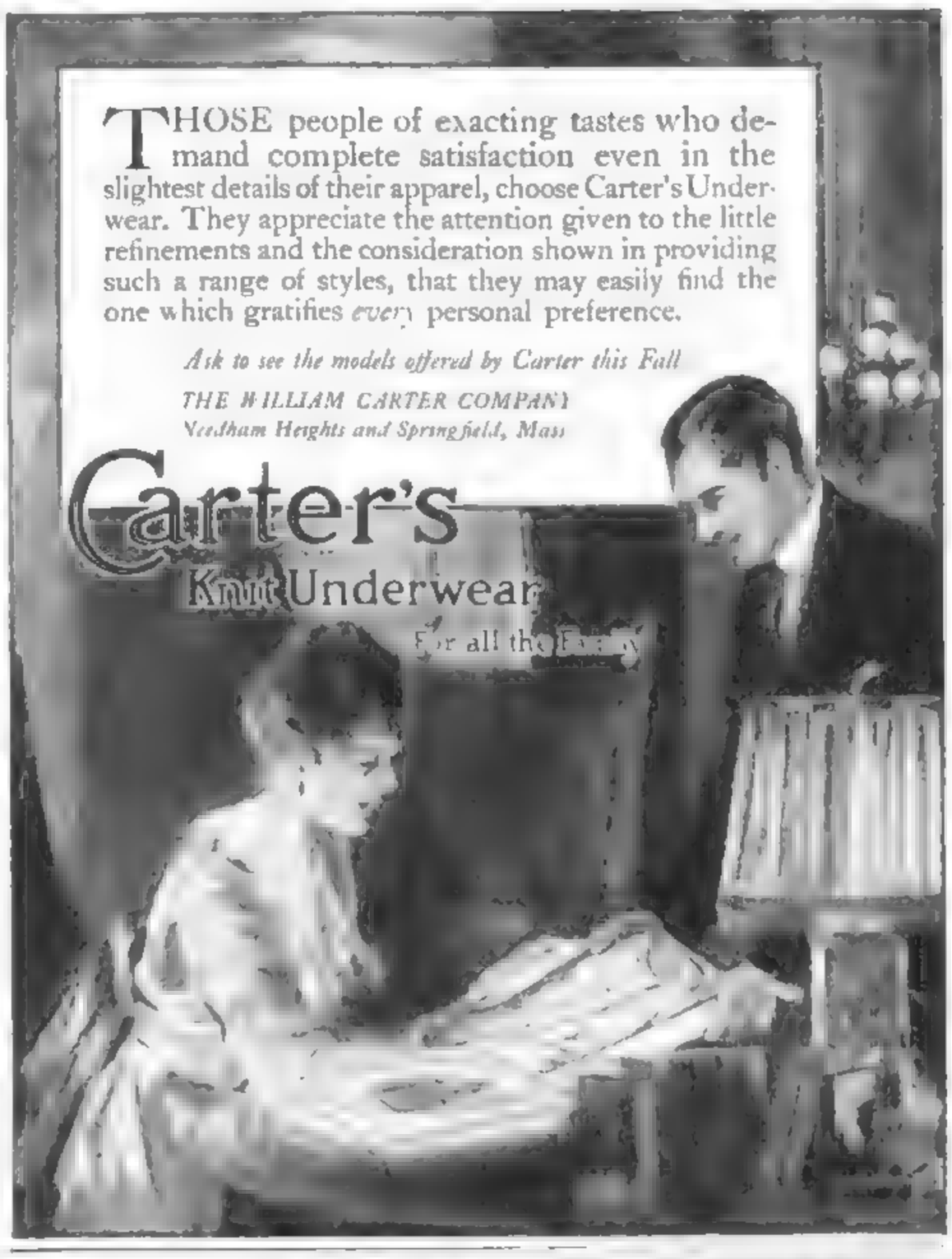
"You mean to say that Mr. Draconmeyer wrote that order—that he wanted to get possession of your letters?"

"Not only that," Hunterleys continued, "but he carried out the business in such a devilish manner as to make me for a moment believe that it was you who had helped him. You are wrong about Draconmeyer. The man is a great schemer, who under the pretense of occupying an important commercial position in London is all the time a secret agent of Germany. He is there in her interests. He studies the public opinion of the country. He dissects our weaknesses. He is there to point out the best methods and the opportune time for the inevitable struggle. He is the worst enemy to-day that England has. You think that he is here in Monte Carlo on a visit of pleasure—for the sake of his wife perhaps. Nothing of the sort! He is here at this moment associated with an iniquitous scheme, the particulars of which I can tell you nothing of. Furthermore, I repeat what I told you on our first meeting here—that in his cold way he is in love with you."

"Henry!" she cried.

"I cannot see how you can remain so willfully blind," Hunterleys continued. "I know the man inside out. I warned you against him in London. I warn you against him now. This forged letter was designed to draw us farther apart. The little brown man who has dogged your footsteps is a spy employed by him to make you believe that I was having you watched. You are free still to act as you will, Violet, but if you have a spark of regard for me or yourself you will go back to London at once and drop this odious friendship."

She leaned back in the car. They had turned round now and were on the way back to Monte Carlo by the higher road. She sat with her eyes fixed upon the mountains. Her heart in a way had been touched, her imagination stirred, by her husband's words. She felt a return of that glow of admiration that had thrilled her on the previous night, when he and Richard Lane alone among that motley company had played the part of men. A curious, almost pathetic wistfulness crept into her heart. If only he would lean toward her at that moment, if she could see once more the light in his eyes that had shone there during the days of their courtship! If only he could remember that it was still his part to play the lover! If he could be a little less grave, a little less hopelessly correct and fair! Despite her efforts to disbelieve, there was something convincing about his words. At any moment during that brief space of time a single tremulous word, even a warm clasp of the hand, would have brought her into his arms.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But so much of inspiration was denied him. He sat waiting for her decision with an eagerness of which he gave no sign. Nevertheless, the Fates were fighting for him. She thought gratefully, even at that moment, yet with less enthusiasm than ever before, of the devout homage, the delightful care for her happiness and comfort, the atmosphere of security with which Draconmeyer seemed always to surround her. Yet all this was cold and unsatisfying, a poor substitute for the other things. Henry had been different once. Perhaps it was jealousy that had altered him. She turned toward him, and her voice when she spoke was no longer querulous.

"Henry," she said, "I cannot admit the truth of all that you say concerning Mr. Draconmeyer, but tell me this: If I were willing to leave this place to-night ——"

She paused. A sudden embarrassment had seized her. There was a tinge of color at last in her pale cheeks. She seemed to him now, as she leaned a little forward in her seat, completely beautiful.

"If I make my excuses and leave Monte Carlo to-night," she went on, "will you come with me?"

He gave a little start. Something in his eyes flashed an answer into her face. And then the flood of memory came. There was his mission. He was tied hand and foot.

"It is good of you to offer that, Violet," he declared. "If I could—if only I could!"

Already her manner began to change. The fear of his refusal was hateful, her lips were trembling.

"You mean," she faltered, "that you will not come? Listen. Don't misunderstand me. I will order my boxes packed, I will catch the eight-o'clock train and go either to London or to Paris—anywhere. I will do that if you will come. There is my offer. That is my reply to all that you have said about Mr. Draconmeyer. I shall lose a friend who has been gentleness and kindness and consideration itself. I will risk that. What do you say? Will you come?"

"Violet, I cannot," he replied hoarsely. "No, don't turn away like that!" he begged. "Don't change so quickly! It isn't fair. Listen. I am not my own master."

"Not your own master?" she repeated incredulously. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am here in Monte Carlo not for my own pleasure. I mean that I have work, a purpose ——"

"Absurd!" she interrupted him almost harshly. "There is nobody who has any better claim upon you than I have. You are overconscientious about other things. For once remember your duty as a husband."

"You must trust me a little," he pleaded. "Believe me that I really appreciate your offer. If I were free to go I should not hesitate for a single second. Can't you trust me, Violet?" he implored.

The woman within her was fighting on his side. She stifled her wounded feelings, crushed down her disappointment that he had not taken her at once into his arms and answered her upon her lips.

"Trust me, then," she replied. "If you refuse my offer, don't hint at things you have to do. Tell me in plain words why. It is not enough for you to say that you cannot leave Monte Carlo. Tell me why you cannot. I have invited you to escort me anywhere you will. Shall we go?"

The woman had wholly triumphed. Her voice had dropped, the light was in her eyes. She swayed a little toward him. His brain reeled. She was once more the only woman in the world for him. Once more he fancied that he could feel the clinging of her arms, the touch of her lips. These things were promised in her face.

"I tell you that I cannot go!" he cried sharply. "Believe me—do believe me, Violet!"

She turned away quickly. He caught at her hand. It lay passively in his. He pleaded for her confidence, but the moment of inspiration had gone. She heard him with the air of one who listens no longer. Presently she stopped him.

"Don't speak to me for several minutes, please," she begged. "Tell the chauffeur to put me down at the hotel. I can't go back to the club just yet."

"You mustn't leave me like this," he insisted.

"Will you tell me why you refuse my offer?" she asked.

"I have a trust!"

The automobile had come to a standstill.

"I was once your trust," she reminded him as she passed into the hotel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

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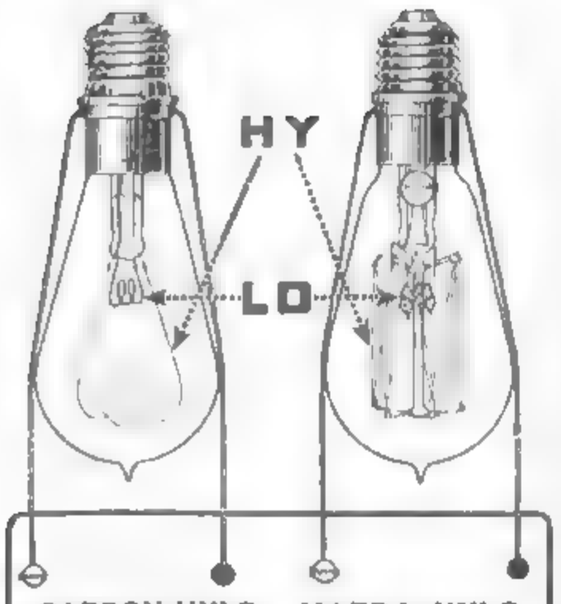

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FEEDING A MILLION MEN

(Continued from Page 17)

Not only does the most scientific, up-to-date army ration match, as to its composition, the kind that mother used to cook, but it is approaching it as rapidly as possible in methods of cooking and serving. In an early day each soldier carried not only his food supply but also his cooking utensils on his back or at his saddlebow, squatted down in the dirt and literally messed for himself.

Echoes of that Golden Age still linger, and even in textbooks on military hygiene you will find regretful allusions to the days when the Scotch Borderer rode down from the Grampians on his shaggy pony, with a bag of oatmeal, a little salt and a sheet-iron griddle plate hanging at his saddle for his entire commissariat department; or to the famous Arab cavalry, which would start on a three weeks' campaign with a bag of parched barley on one side of the saddle and one of dried dates on the other.

These gentle adventurers expected to rob everybody they came across; but, though they could make a campaign after a sort on such chicken feed, they could not have stood up before a modern bayonet charge for two minutes on any such trash. If they happened to be kept in the field for more than three or four weeks three-quarters of them never went home, but died of typhoid, cholera, dysentery and other filth diseases that come from men-folks' ways of cooking.

The modern soldier, of course, still carries his mess tin, pannikin, knife, fork and spoon; and the things he cannot cook and eat with this excellent rough-and-ready outfit would make a very short list indeed. The mess tin is a particularly admirable utensil of oval shape, about the size and depth of an ordinary pie tin, made of the thickest of block tin, which means, of course, sheet iron thickly plated with tin. It has a lid or cover and also a handle, hinged to it, which can be folded over it when it is closed. Put on the cover and you have a good small Dutch oven or baking dish, which can be buried in the coals; straighten out the handle and you have an excellent frying pan, in which both biscuits and bread can be baked.

When a Man Messes for Himself

The pannikin, or cup, is made in one piece, also of the heaviest block tin, holds more than a pint, has a folding handle, and will boil anything that can be boiled, from coffee and tea to beans and onions—except, of course, rice as tackled by the raw recruit. A classic story is told of a green soldier who, finding a pound of rice in his ration, proceeded to cook it for supper. He poured it all into his quart cup, covered it with water, and put it on to boil. When it started to swell it began to erupt gently and flow over the side of the cup into the fire. In alarm he spooned out the top layer into his tin plate; but the can was full again before he could turn round. Next he ladled his frying pan full and then filled his tin cup. Then he filled the pie tin and the water dipper, until finally every utensil in camp was full to the brim. Still the rolling flood of rice pudding rose and swelled and majestically overflowed.

Inside the mess tin are three canvas bags for salt, sugar and coffee; and in the haversack there is a ration of bacon, bread and beans. This outfit is intended only to make the soldier self-supporting for a few days, or a week at the outside, when he leaves his baggage wagons behind or is separated from them. The plan now is to cater and cook for an army in the field almost as carefully and in as appetizing a manner as in garrison or at home. Instead of dividing the men—on the ancient and venerable method that was one of Sparta's contributions to the art of war—into messes of eight or ten, one of whom would volunteer or be commandeered as cook—which was probably the origin of the classic epigram, "God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks!"—the unit of the cook supply is either the company, as in the United States Army, or the battalion, as in most European armies.

The army cook is a well-paid trained expert, who has either learned his profession in private life or been sent to one of the schools of cookery maintained by the army. The United States Army, for instance, has three of these—one in the East, one in the South, and one in the West. He has for his company—ranging from sixty men in time of peace to one hundred or one hundred and

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Think! How many times have you wished *you* had a *typewriter?*—one that *you* could operate?——Think!

[illegible] had an important letter to [illegible] it looked bad [illegible] wasn't [illegible]

Or perhaps you were on a train [illegible] you had detained [illegible] and you wanted to fire [illegible] to your office; [illegible] stenographer, if there were one, was busy [illegible] the lurching, jerking of the Pullman practically [illegible] writing by hand.

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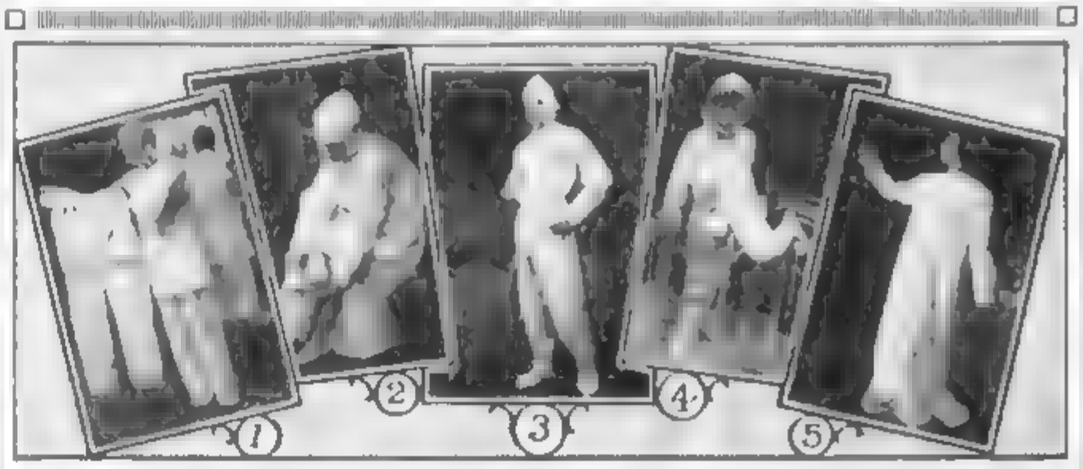

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Send for the Fashion Box.

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Zinc

in paint keeps the weather out. The best prepared paints contain Zinc.

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ten on a war footing—a staff of from one to three assistants, two cook's police, and a helper or two.

In the early days a cook had to be an inventor as well as a mechanic; and stories are still told of famous army cooks who could make bread, ready to eat within twenty-five minutes, out of flour in the barrel, without pans, cooking utensils, range or stove. Their method was to knock in the head of the barrel; scoop a hole in the top of the flour; pour into this hole water, with salt and, if available, baking powder or yeast; mix up the dough in this flour-lined kneading pan and pat it into flat cakes; knock one or two barrels apart, sharpen the staves at both ends, cut them in two, stand them up in front of the fire, slap a cake of the dough on each of these shingles, and, when it was done on one side, turn it over and roast it on the other.

To-day, however, the army cook takes the field with a portable sheet-iron stove, into which, telescoping into one another, fits a full equipment of pans, kettles, boilers, and dishes of all sorts. This stove is quickly set up; the pans, as emptied out, are passed round to his helpers; and within thirty minutes he has a full outdoor kitchen improvised that needs only an awning stretched over it to make it a regular cookhouse.

Fancy Cooking at the Front

Some of the Continental armies, notably the Russian, go farther than this and have regular portable kitchens or cooking stoves mounted on wheels and drawn by one or two horses, or even driven by motors, which accompany each battalion in the field. These kitchens are provided not merely with a fire box and cooking utensils but also with water tanks and waterproof lids, which can be screwed down so that a meal can be started before breaking camp and continue cooking while on the march. The moment the army stops, all that is necessary is to take off the lids and serve the soldiers a hot, steaming meal.

These portable kitchens also have the great advantage of keeping the army, while on the march, constantly supplied with hot water from which tea, coffee or other nutritives may be made.

The United States Army now provides a capital special manual for army cooks, which gives careful directions for the most appetizing and attractive methods of cooking the different elements of the ration and the best ways of serving; insists on the most scrupulous care in keeping dishes and utensils of every sort spotlessly clean and sweet, and so on. Complete and most appetizing recipes are included for mincemeat, lemon pie, ice cream, pineapple ice, corn fritters, layer cake, crullers, potato salad, clam chowder, crab-meat stew, and other things that fairly make the mouth water.

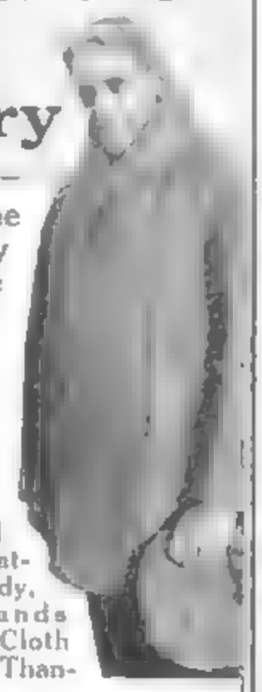
The elaborateness of providing and serving the army ration is not a sign of the growth of luxury or effeminacy—it is a matter of the highest economy and best possible strategy, as well as of investment; because men will march better, fight better, drink and dissipate far less on an abundant, varied, well-cooked, hot and attractively served diet than they will on bacon and hard-tack cooked in the ashes—which means in the dirt—and served on sticks or slabs of bark.

Everybody who has had experience in camping knows that camp cookery and men folks' cookery generally are simply a dirty and rather disagreeable form of mitigated starvation. It is all very well to live on camp diet when you are simply loafing and amusing yourself; but when you try to work on it it soon blows up—or, rather, you do. Lumber camps, railroad gangs, and engineering camps of every sort and description now give as rich, liberal, varied and well-cooked a diet as can be found anywhere in civilization—not out of philanthropy, but because it pays.

One of these days a nation or a community at peace will study its food supply, arrange for its proper production in the most appropriate soils and climates; its shipment with the greatest economy of movement and least possible expense; its handling and storage with the highest degree of cleanliness and economy; and its distribution to the consumer in good condition and at a low price—in the same way that an army commissariat department now supplies its troops.

When it does this we shall see an increase in national efficiency, in working power, in health and in happiness of at least thirty-five per cent within thirty years.

Wool of the North Country



THE sheep of the North Country are comfortable because Nature has given them a coat that resists all weather.

Patrick Mackinaw Yarn comes from these sheep. It is long-fibred wool and possesses great insulating power. The sturdy, outdoor man demands Patrick Mackinaw Cloth to make him Bigger-Than-Weather.

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Bigger-Than-Weather

are made of this Patrick Mackinaw Yarn. Ask your dealer to show you one of the Patrick Macka-Knit Sweaters. You will glory in these great, thick, comfortable coats—Northern wool resists wind, cold and moisture. Then ask to see the Patrick-Duluth Wool Socks. Such quality you never saw or felt in any other socks.

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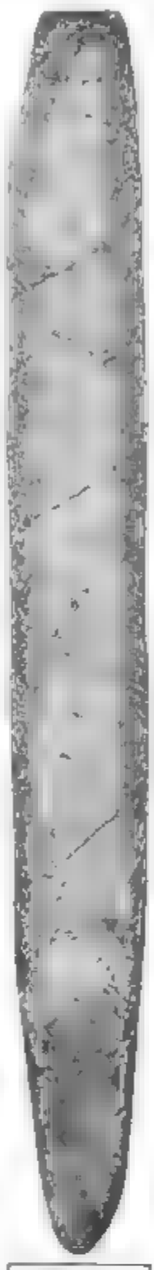
About eighty out of every hundred men who smoke ten of my Panatelas like them well enough to keep right on smoking them. So it pays me to give ten cigars to each of the twenty in order to get in touch with the eighty whose ideas of good tobacco are the same as mine.



It pays me so well that I am able to sell at $5 a hundred the quality of cigar you willingly pay 10c for at cigar stores.

My Panatela is hand made by skilled adult men cigar makers in the cleanest factory that I know of. It is made of Cuban Grown Havana Tobacco, with a genuine Sumatra wrapper. It sells for $5 per hundred, or $2.50 for 50.

I do not sell through dealers, but do business directly with you.

MY OFFER IS. I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Shivers' Club Special is identical with my Panatela except that it is shorter and fatter and has a larger burning surface. Sold on the same terms as the Panatela.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give references, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

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You can prove it. Take a rolled-up Scot Tissue towel and place in a glass of water. Note how much it absorbs in a few seconds. Make a comparative—buy on absorbent results and we feel pretty sure that Scot Tissue will be your favorite. Then you will also enjoy the luxury of using Scot Tissue for use as a towel to save your linen. You need an *absorbent* paper towel.

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THE TOLL

(Continued from Page 4)

And what is the real cause of this war that has transformed Europe into one great battlefield and brutalized civilized peoples? If we look beyond all the immediate causes to the fundamental one, we will find it in the trade rivalry of two great nations. There are no peoples in the world who are keener after commercial advantage, after trade and the money to be made in it, than the English and the Germans. You may talk about the slowness and the stolidity of the English all you please, but there is no more wide-awake person on the globe than an Englishman when there is a shilling to be made.

Consequently when there comes, in the course of a generation, another strong, keen, productive race into competition for this trade that the British have so laboriously and so successfully established, the Englishman naturally and fervently begins to hate the German, who is taking from him some of the money and trade the Englishman feels is his by right of establishment and by right of enforced power. The German has been splitting the market with him. The German has turned a confederation of little and impotent states into a great trade-getting and money-making empire, in direct and acute competition with the British Empire; and the British resent that, as is entirely human.

And it works out exactly the same way when viewed from the German position. Germany, considering herself the greatest country in the world, thinks that any nation which interferes with her ambitions and her fortunes is her fiercest foe. The English are the people who have stood sturdily in the path of German trade. To be sure, England and Germany have done much trading with each other, because Germans are apter at cheap manufacturing, and have greater facilities and are quicker to adopt new methods; and the countries have exchanged commodities, because that was the easy and the commercial thing to do. But—and this is the important feature of it all—the British have known well enough that, if it were not for the rapid rise of Germany as a manufacturer, jobber and trader, most of the trade Germany has secured would have been England's trade.

A Serious Family Quarrel

I spent a good deal of time in England and Germany before this war began, and I have talked with many well-informed people on both sides who have been willing to talk freely. There is no doubt—notwithstanding the assumed cordiality between the countries, the blood ties between their monarchs, the constant interchange of amenities—that for years the average German has distrusted the average Englishman, and the average Englishman has maintained, in a more English way, the same sort of sentiments concerning the Germans.

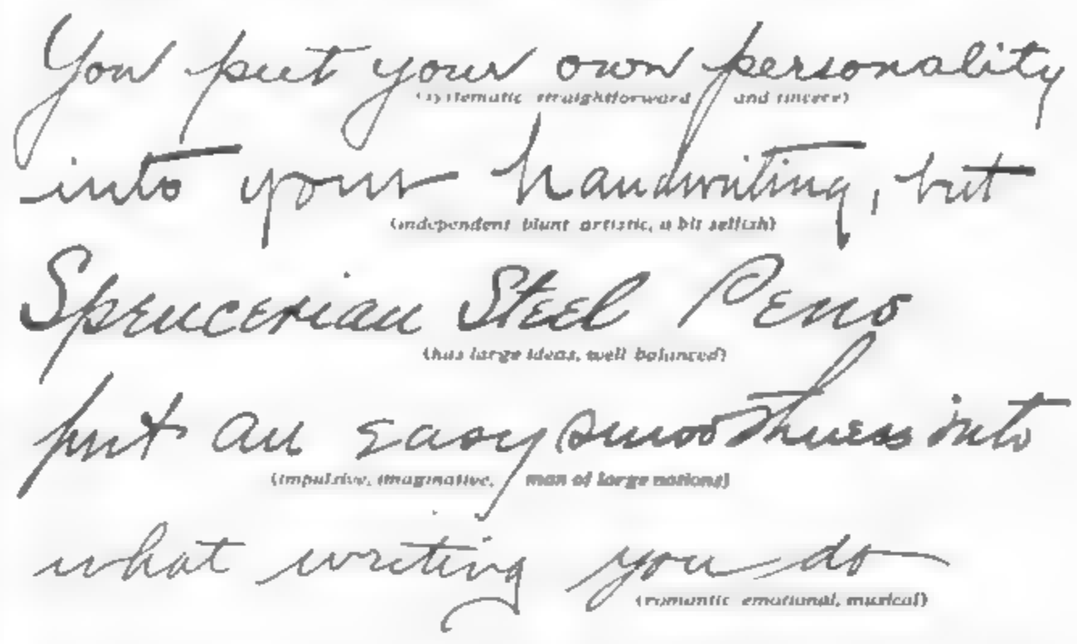
The Englishman is indifferent about whipping the Austrians, except as the Austrians may be aids to the Germans. He pays no attention to them, as may well enough be, judging from their performances in the field; but, even though the Austrians were fighting well, they would be only incidental foes of the British. Conversely the Germans have no deep-seated feeling of hatred toward France; and they went after Belgium only because Belgium was in the way. When this war is over you will find that the differences least easy to compose will be the British and German differences—unless, indeed, one or the other country is crushed utterly.

The truce between these countries has been an armed truce for a long time. Twice, perhaps oftener, in the past six years Great Britain and Germany have been on the brink of war. These differences, like the present one, were ascribed to international politics, to breaches of neutrality; and this present breach has the best of reasons—the invasion of Belgium. Back of that, however, are the things I have written in the paragraphs above. Those are basic.

Historically, diplomatically and morally, from at least a portion of the historical view, Great Britain will be held impeccable, as Germany undoubtedly will find chroniclers to hold her impeccable also.

Go back of that. England and France have known for years that when this war came Germany would invade Belgium instead of trying to come up through the death traps left open for her by France. Indeed, there was a long-standing contract between

Do you know what your handwriting means?


You put your own personality
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into your handwriting, but
(independent blunt artistic, a bit selfish)
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(has large ideas, well balanced)
put an easy smoothness into
(impulsive, imaginative, man of large notions)
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Great Britain and France that, in case of Belgian invasion by Germany, the British Empire should put into the field one hundred and fifty thousand troops; and that is exactly what the British Empire did—and did before those outside of officialdom knew anything of the movement of troops.

What those familiar with the situation know is that the rock-bottom reason for the feeling which exists between Great Britain and Germany, and which no one familiar with the circumstances will deny, is a business reason, a trade reason, a commercial-supremacy reason. As these reasons are infinitely more vital than treaty reasons or diplomatic reasons or political reasons as they strike at the heart of national things the desperate nature of the toil this war will take is clear.

I was at the house of a friend in London a day or so ago to pay my devotions to his six-year-old daughter, who was celebrating her birthday. The boys and girls of the neighborhood were in. They played nothing but the game of soldiers; and they all expressed the most intense though childish feeling against the Germans. Probably it is so in Germany. These two nations, now at grips—no matter which shall be victorious—will go on and on for years in this spirit of antagonism. And so will the other nations involved. The brotherhood of man is sadly disorganized. The present war has in every aspect brutalized a continent. Whether it is to be a long war or a short war depends probably on fortune. A great victory might end it, with its consequent great defeat.

When the Polish Rubs Off

The opinion of the men who are directing it, however, is that it will be a long war; that it will last eighteen months or two years. The British are making all their calculations and all their preparations on that basis. The Germans have no idea of quitting, so far as can be seen, for months and months.

The possibility could arise, of course, that France and Russia might think they had gained enough and be ready to stop; but there is the treaty signed by the Allies pledging themselves to make peace conjointly and not separately. Austria is said to be ready to stop at any time, but cannot do so until Germany does; and poor Belgium must continue so long as anybody is firing a gun. France is doing the bulk of the land fighting in the west, with two or three million men, as against the two hundred thousand of Great Britain; but it is safe to say, notwithstanding the desires of France—provided France gets Alsace-Lorraine—Great Britain and Germany will continue the war until one or the other nation is decisively beaten.

Whether it is to be a long war or a short war is immaterial. If it is a long war we shall all be super-brutes instead of just plain brutes. That is the initial and greatest toll. The veneer is off. The enamel has been cracked. Underneath we are all savages, and all with the blood instinct.

What is going to happen after the war is over? Where shall we be then? Brutalized already, will the reversion hold, or shall we jounce back to our former standards? Shall we become reveneered? Shall we repair the enamel? That is the greatest and most interesting problem of this war. That is the condition to consider. If it took us two thousand years and more to acquire this veneer of civilization, which even then was so thin it cracked overnight, can we recover ourselves at once or must it be a long process? Can we debrutalize ourselves in a short time? Can we resurrect the ideals that are shattered? Can we come back?

Will this cataclysm put us on another basis? Is it not possible that the brute will predominate for a time, having been so thoroughly roused and so effectively unleashed? Will reconstruction predicate regeneration? It seems to me, if this war lasts for eighteen months or two years, that the time of recovery will be slow. You can brutalize a man in a day, but it takes time to debrutalize him. It took many centuries to get us where we were before this war began.

Of course we have not fallen back entirely; but after a two-years' war of the magnitude of this we shall be somewhat on our way.

That is the greatest toll this war demands—not the toll of blood and treasure, though that toll will be heavy beyond conception, but the toll that will be taken from civilization—the warp and the woof that will be torn from the social fabric.

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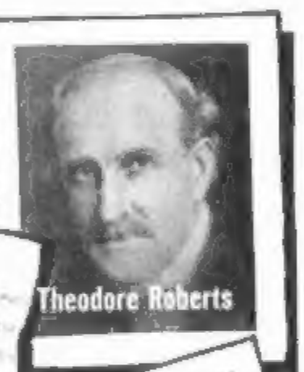

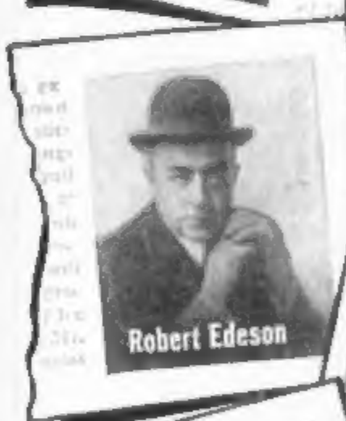

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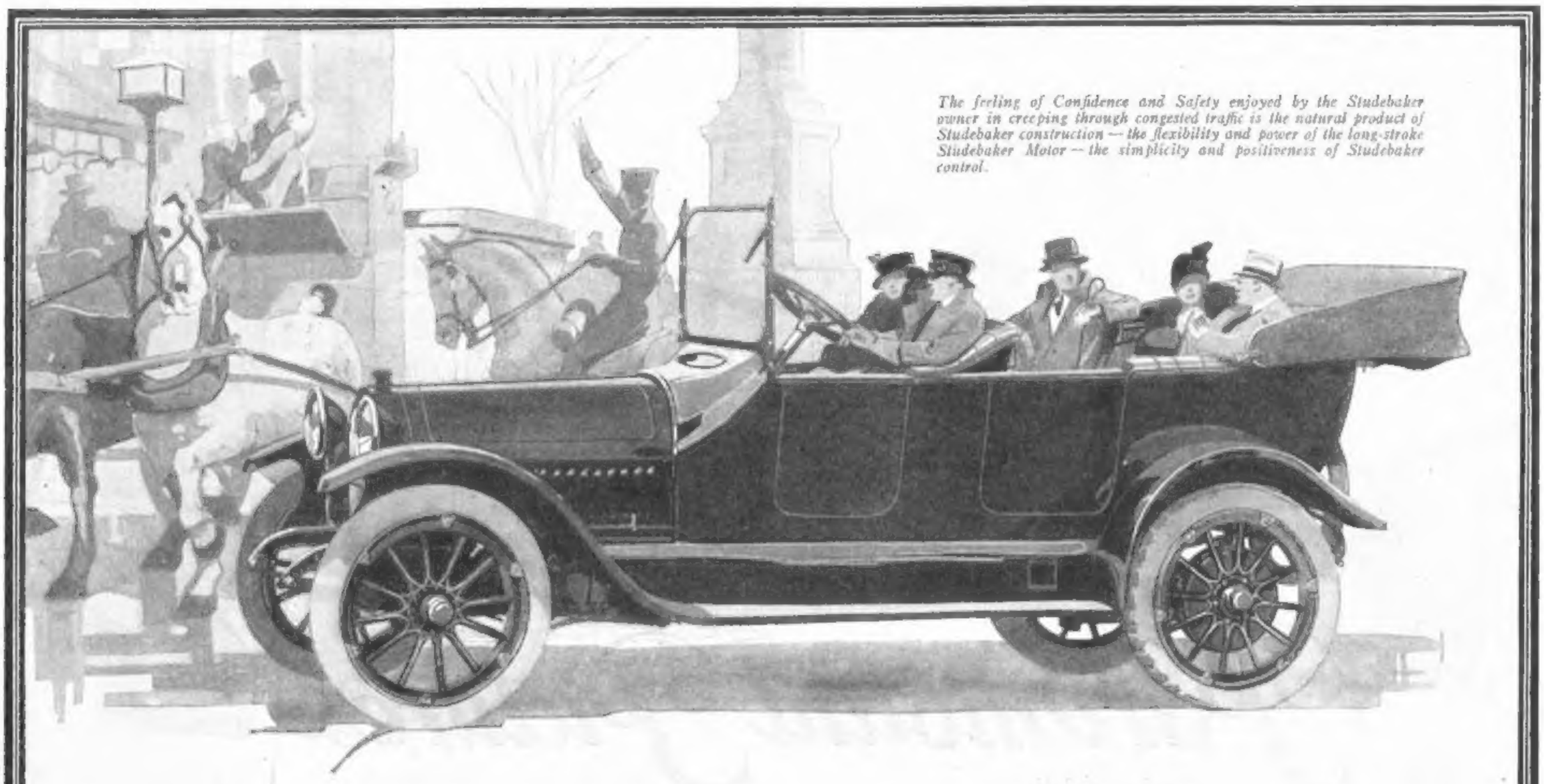

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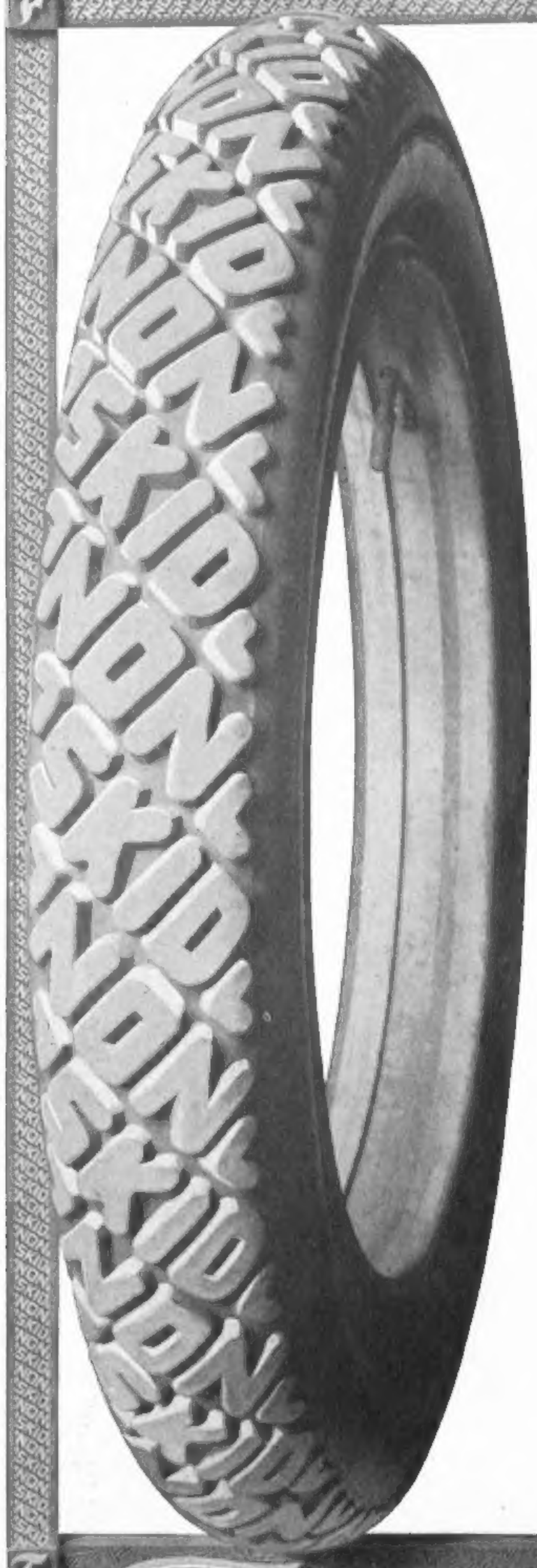

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